POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 30 • 1963 20c

The decline of the INDIVIDUAL

By Admiral H. G. Rickover

Hollywood's phony wars by **James Jones**

PALM SPRINGS / 6 pages in color

Dr. Kildare TV's strange star rises / **Ernie Davis** "I'm not unlucky"

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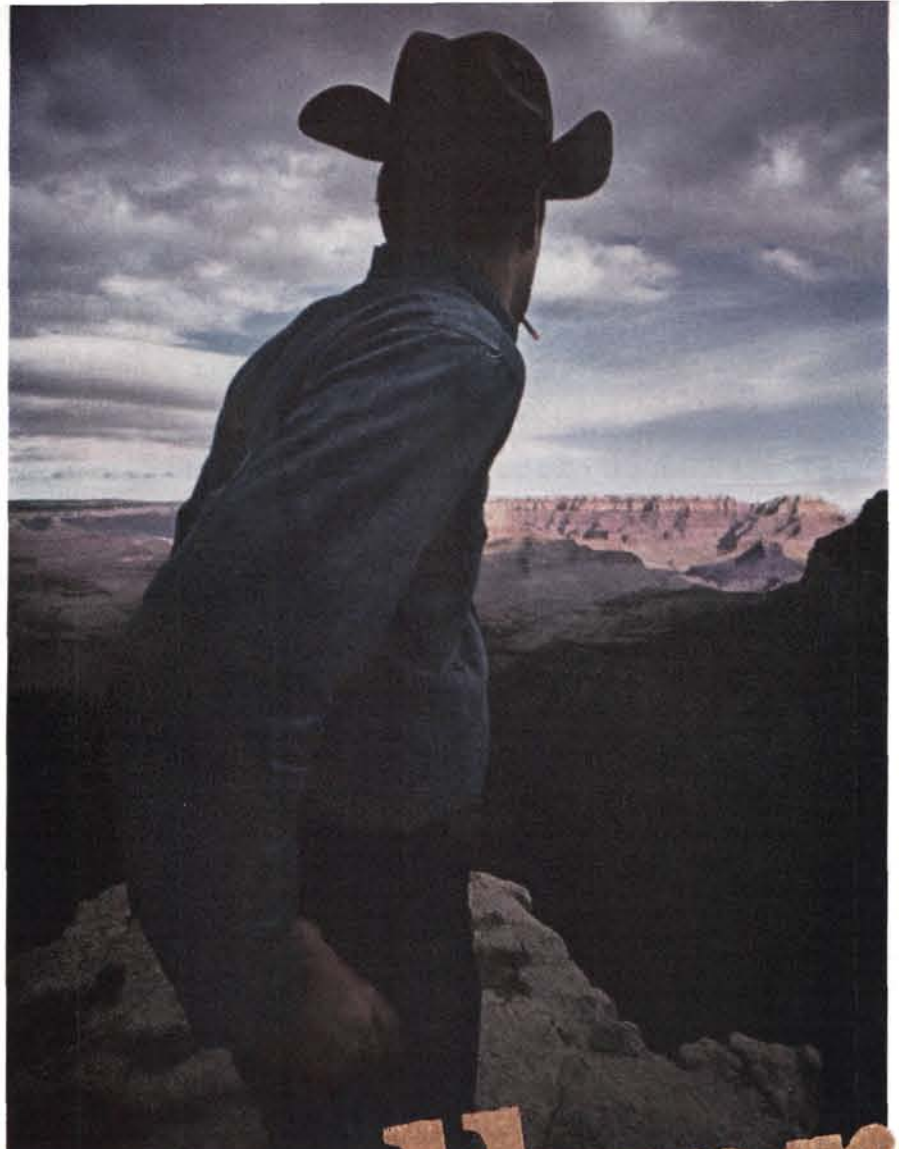

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33 years later, he got the bug.

We're glad that most people don't wait 33 years to buy their first Volkswagen.

But Albert Gillis did, and maybe he had the right idea all along.

He didn't buy a new car for 33 years because he didn't happen to need one.

He and his 1929 Model A Ford did just fine by each other.

He always did his own repairs and even jacked it up at night to save the tires.

When he needed a new car last year, he went out and bought a Volkswagen.

"I heard they hold up," he explained.

Does he like the VW?

Mr. Gillis is 78, a Justice of the Peace, and not given to hasty decisions.

"Your inspectors sure do a good job of inspecting," was as far as he would go.

But he did mention that he and Mrs. Gillis took a trip for their 54th anniversary.

They drove 6,750 miles and spent $62 on gas and 55¢ on oil.

"I didn't think they were supposed to burn oil," he said.

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In This Issue

Volume 236, Number 12

Articles

Bring Back the Whipping Post! *(Speaking Out)* . . *By Judge Stewart Lynch* 6
The Decline of the Individual . . . . . *By Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover* 11
Dr. Kildare Is a Doll . . . . . *By Melvin Durslag* 14
Palm Springs . . . . . *Photographs by John Bryson* 16
Ring-a-ding Resort . . . . . *By Herbert Gold* 22
Living in Tune With Time . . . . . *By Mackey Brown* 26
This Is the U.N. at Play . . . . . *By Suzanne and Robert Massie* 54
"I'm Not Unlucky". . . . . *By Ernie Davis with Robert August* 60
Phony War Films . . . . . *By James Jones* 64
Will the Law Ever Get Hoffa? . . . . . *By Homer Bigart* 68

Fiction

Black Snowflakes . . . . . *By Paul Horgan* 30
The Obvious Woman . . . . . *By John D. MacDonald* 38
King Caliban . . . . . *By John Wain* 44

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 58
Hazel 62
Editorials 72

Great Americans have traditionally raised their voices to warn of threats to freedom. Patrick Henry was nearly silenced by fellow legislators when he dared protest the tyranny of George III, but above the cries of "Treason" he urged Virginians to defy the crown. The man pictured at right has won a place of honor among Americans for the same sort of unflinching determination before his critics. In the face of immense power and opinion marshaled against him, Admiral Rickover launched the Navy's atomic-propulsion program. The result, of course, is the nuclear submarine and consequently the Polaris missile system, now the free world's first line of defense. The moral to be drawn is clear: "All new ideas begin in a nonconforming mind that questions some tenet of the 'conventional wisdom.'" This quotation is from Admiral Rickover's essay in this issue, where he makes a significant plea for reviving individualism in order to keep our society free.

Other Bylines. **Melvin Durslag** is a columnist for the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. . . . **Herbert Gold** is a celebrated novelist and prize-winning author of short stories. . . . **Mackey Brown's** article is a paean to middle age, an estate she recently entered. . . . Contributing editor **Robert Massie** and his wife **Suzanne** made a marathon round of almost 100 parties to research their article about the U.N. social whirl. . . . Leukemia-stricken football star **Ernie Davis** collaborated on his story with **Robert August,** sports editor of the Cleveland *Press*. . . . **James Jones,** a World War II combat veteran, makes his second recent *Post* appearance in this week's issue. . . . **Homer Bigart** is a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for *The New York Times*.

The Cover photograph by **John Bryson** shows Florence Horne lolling in a Palm Springs pool.

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LETTERS

Dilemma in Alabama

Dear Sirs:

I would like to thank *The Post* and Joe David Brown [BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA: A CITY IN FEAR, Mar. 2] for saying what should have been said long ago.

In my estimation it was a fair article, simply stating on paper what every Alabamian knows is the truth. Mr. Brown did not exaggerate the facts; he was as honest and fair as a writer could be. I hope some day the people of Alabama, Birmingham and the South will stop saying, "God is on our side," and will *start asking*, "Are we on the side of God?"

GAIL SHARROTT
Hartselle, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Your article now places your magazine in the unenviable category of yellow journalism, synonymous with cheap sensationalism. Mr. Brown's cursory investigation of social and political conditions reveals distorted facts and half-truths. Frankly, we citizens are in fear of many things. We in Birmingham fear the gradual erosion of the constitutional government of our forefathers; we are in fear of scalawag reporters who invade our city and write slanted views, with specious reasoning, which tend to promote racial strife.

L. KENNETH ENGLAND
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA: A CITY IN FEAR expresses so many of the words I would like to publicly express in my city, but fear stops me. And I speak from experience—let your expressions run in the wrong direction and you will not long feel free to express your opinion freely. I only wish I were brave enough to tell the people of my city many of the truths which you mentioned.

T.D.S.
Birmingham, Ala.

Integration Stand

Dear Sirs:

Having just read your editorial [THE POST AND INTEGRATION, Mar. 2], I find myself pleased and proud to be a reader of *The Post*.

MRS. MICHAEL P. LOVETT
Cranston, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

Why not try being pro-American for a change instead of pro every loud-mouthed minority organization which does not like our way of life here? I am sure that many of your subscribers would appreciate it.

RUSSELL F. BLADES
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

May I commend you upon your forthright editorial, THE POST AND INTEGRATION, and your unbiased reporting of the race issue? You are rendering a real service to the American ideal of equality and justice, as well as to the religious ideal of brotherhood and goodwill.

W. LYNN CROWDING
Shippensburg, Pa.

Britain's Role

Dear Sirs:

I wish to congratulate *The Saturday Evening Post* for the article by Selwyn Lloyd [Mar. 2, ENGLAND'S PLACE IN THE SUN], because without the slightest doubt it was based upon actual truth. Concerning the remarks made by Dean Acheson at West Point on December 5, this man, who in my opinion is merely a politician wishing to pose as a statesman, was just venting his long-existing spite against Great Britain.

F. G. COOPER
Detroit, Mich.

The Divine Challenge

Dear Sirs:

You are to be commended for permitting Dr. Norman Vincent Peale to speak for hundreds of us lesser-known clergymen, through his magnificent reply to the young minister who told us in *The Post* why he quit the ministry. Doctor Peale's article [WHY I DIDN'T QUIT THE MINISTRY, Mar. 2], will help the public to realize that there are ministers who serve in difficult situations who are motivated by an inescapable conviction of a divine calling and a high challenge. It will also serve as a warning to those who may be considering the Christian ministry from motives of materialism, social advantage, or self-indulgence.

(REV.) DR. ALBERT C. LIBBY
Westbrook, Maine

Dear Sirs:

After reading Norman Vincent Peale's article on why he did not quit the ministry, I have concluded that his reason was because he could make more money writing about why he didn't quit. I was really surprised that you would allow a trite piece like the Peale article to appear in your usually outstanding magazine.

ROGER KLAUE
San Francisco, Calif.

Comedian Benny

Dear Sirs:

Your excellent article, BUCK$ BENNY RIDES AGAIN [by Bill Davidson, Mar. 2], was warm and had just the right sincerity about a great comedian admired by this fan since early childhood and Sunday-night suppers with radio's "Jello" funnyman. However, the author missed one of the strongest reasons why Jack Benny has been Top Banana in show biz. He has always maintained a strong supporting cast which he unselfishly allows to take the lines. Such famous stars as Don Wilson, Phil Harris, Kenny Baker, Rochester, Harold Perry, Mel Blanc, Dennis Day, Jack Paar and other stars of today have all worked with him, and his genius at recognizing individual talent and using these talents in his shows has contributed greatly to his top rating for these many years.

HAROLD HAWKINS
Park Ridge, Ill.

New Fiction Trend

Dear Sirs:

Because of the recent change in your attitude toward fiction [Editorial: THE POST AND FICTION, Mar. 2], *The Saturday Evening Post* has become for me a living organism, something to be looked forward to each week, rather than a household ornament.

ROBERT TRUETT
Gary, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

As a free-lance writer of little or no renown I was irked at *The Post* for closing the doors to aspiring new fiction writers. My dream had always been to see a story of mine in *The Saturday Evening Post*, a dream I will now probably never see come true.

Then with your March 2 issue I met John O'Hara (THE GLENDALE PEOPLE) and now I can't get enough of him. At present I am reading his *Ten North Frederick*, another great piece of writing. He makes his characters ring so true to life.

So Hurrah for Mr. John O'Hara and John Updike and Stuart Cloete and all the other "Big" names. Let's have more of them.

All is forgiven by a "No Name" writer.

M. ENRIGHT
Cambridge, Mass.

Helpful Heloise

Dear Sirs:

In regard to the article on Heloise Cruse in the March 2 issue of *The Post* [DISHRAGS TO RICHES: THE SAGA OF HELOISE], Maxine Cheshire's peevish indictment merely emphasizes that Heloise is guilty of only three things: (1) dodging freeloaders, (2) baffling snoops, (3) success. More power to Heloise! And thanks for a fascinating article—peevish though it was.

MRS. JOHN B. SCHOOLFIELD
Guilford, Conn.

COMING...in next week's Post

A worried President:

The Crisis in His Foreign Policy

By Stewart Alsop

BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS

IN COLOR:

Women's Wacky Hatters

When Jackie moves, they follow

New short stories

by KINGSLEY AMIS and ALBERTO MORAVIA

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Ollie Atkins. • 6–Jack Rosen. • 11–Ollie Atkins. • 14, 15–Don Cravens. • 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22–John Bryson. • 29–Rodden; From Curtis Brown; Joseph Janney Steinmetz. • 30, 31–Dave Blossom. • 38, 39–Ray Prohaska. • 44, 45–Jon Balet. • 54, 55, 56, 57–John Zimmerman. • 60, 61–Jim Drake. • 65–Vytas Valaitis. • 68, 69–Ollie Atkins. • 70, 71–Lynn Pelham.

Recent Reader Reactions

Dear Sirs:

About 1894, back in Iowa, I read *The Saturday Evening Post*. Today I subscribe for more periodicals than I can read, but *The Saturday Evening Post* is read first! I still like it!

CARL CHANGSTROM
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

As a new reader of *The Post*, I'd like to express my enjoyment of your magazine. The candor, variety and value of both your articles and fiction make each issue a rewarding experience for me. It's the only magazine I scrutinize from cover to cover. Thanks again for saying the things that should be said.

RICHARD F. SPRAGUE
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am 12 years old. Our school is encouraging us to read magazines and newspapers that really inform the public. As one of your readers and admirers, I really think this magazine is an informative one.

ELINOR LESLIE
Oklawaha, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

In all my sixty-odd years of reading I do not recollect ever having seen contained within the covers of a single edition a collection of articles, both fact and fiction, representing such heights of journalistic perfection, as can be found in your issue of March 2nd.

DOUGLAS B. CALDERWOOD
San Diego, Calif.

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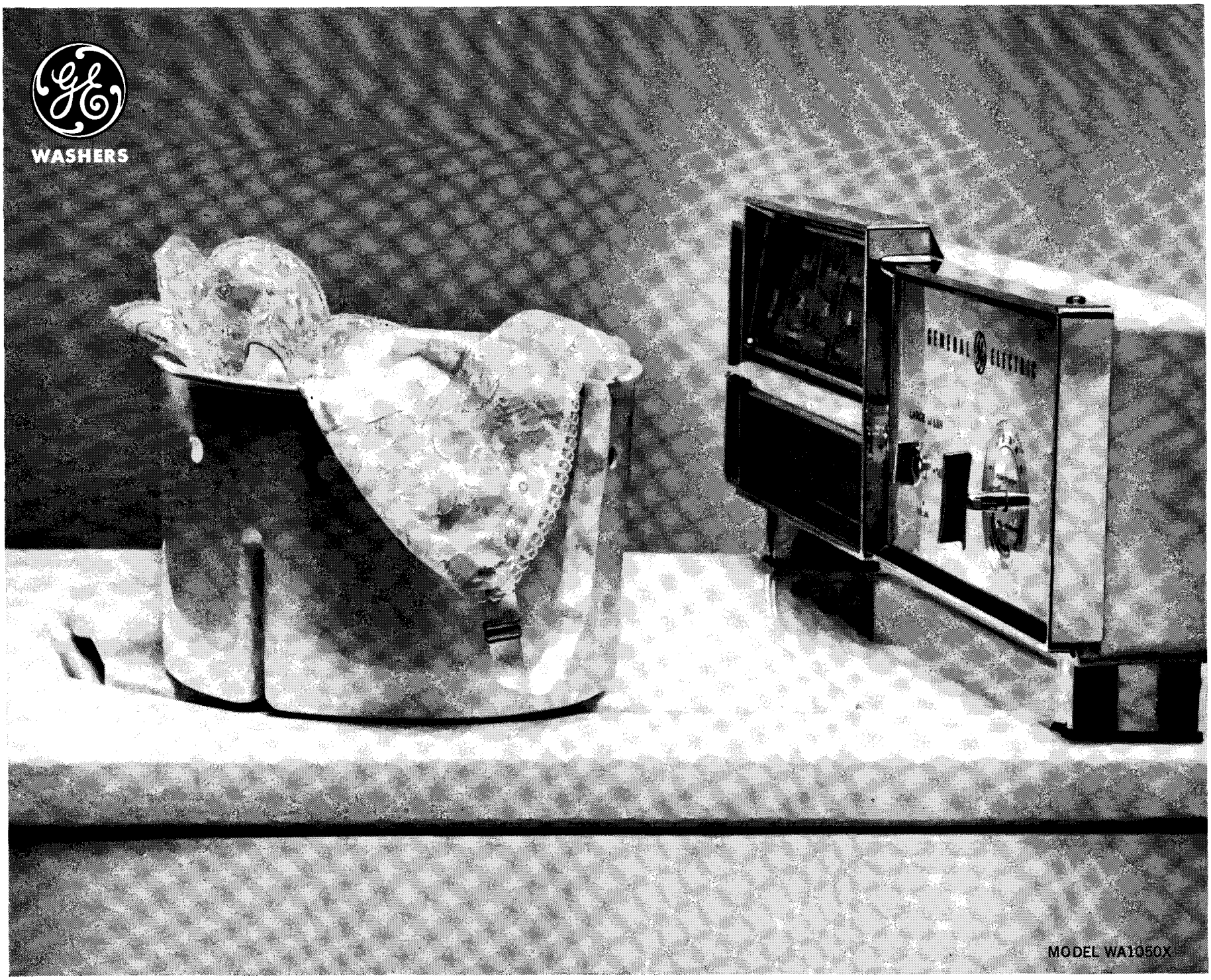
WASHERS



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It washes separately, as part of the MINI-WASH system, with its own speed, water needs, controls. Indeed, it is a washer within a washer. When MINI-BASKET is not on duty, lift it out and put it away. Now you're ready for a mammoth wash . .

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The big washbasket gets great big 12-pound family loads truly clean. How can it wash so much, so thoroughly? The whole washing system is so powerful, and the action is so relentless, that dirt cannot survive. Hard as it works, this washer can be trusted: in laboratory tests, it has worked the equivalent of 40 years without lying down on the job.

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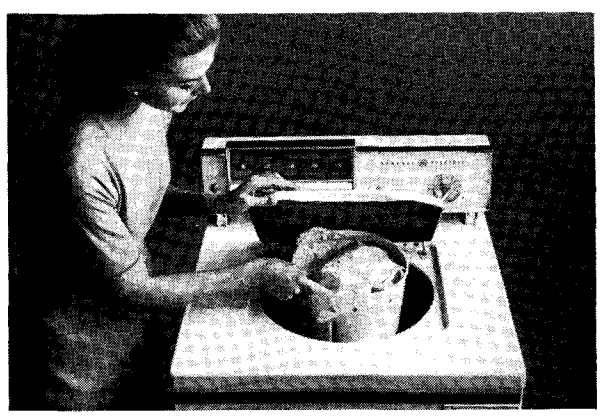

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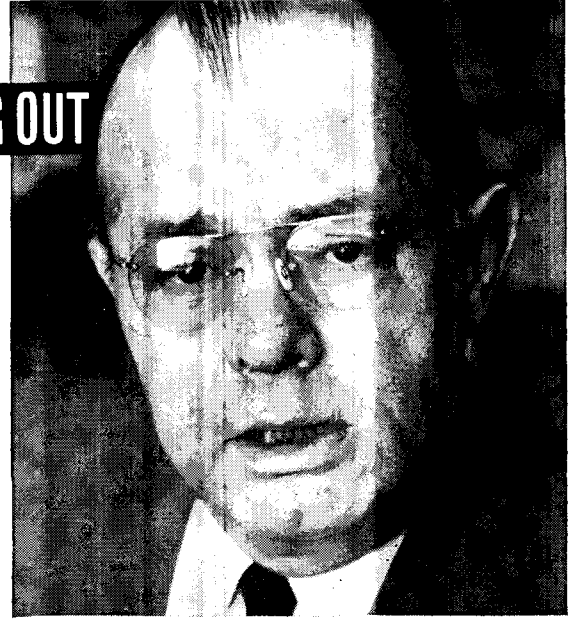
SPEAKING OUT



Appointed a judge of the Superior Court of Delaware in 1961, Stewart Lynch is a former Wilmington city solicitor and one-time U. S. Attorney for Delaware. A graduate of Harvard Law School (1924), Judge Lynch has seven children, 20 grandchildren.

BRING BACK THE WHIPPING POST!

BY JUDGE STEWART LYNCH

A judge from the only state where flogging is still legal insists it is neither cruel nor inhumane.

As parents and as members of society we are neglecting one of our most effective means of dealing with wrongdoing, corporal punishment.

I believe in corporal punishment, and, as a jurist in the only state where public flogging of criminals is legal, I have sentenced men to the whipping post. For this I have been called hard, cruel, inhumane, barbaric, medieval and worse. I don't consider I fit any of these categories. I am concerned only with the protection of the public from criminals who have no concern for anyone.

Perhaps some of my critics have an exaggerated notion of what transpires at a whipping in Delaware. The whip is a wooden stick, 18 inches long, to which several leather thongs are attached. The thongs are one-quarter-inch wide and, by law, 25 inches long. If used according to the statute, the thongs are brought across a man's bare back stiff-armed. In whippings which I have viewed, the subject's skin was not broken at all. There was no blood. There wasn't even a welt. I would say there was scarcely more than a marking. The lash stung, I'm sure, but no more than the switch our mothers used when we were children.

This view of a modern Delaware whipping is shared by Dr. Robert G. Caldwell, whose book, *Red Hannah, Delaware's Whipping Post*, is widely quoted by advocates of abolition of this punishment. Said Doctor Caldwell of the whippings he viewed in Delaware, "They weren't nearly as severe as those you read about in earlier days. . . . The wardens used a stiffened arm, lessening the impact. The backs were reddened, but no blood was drawn. There were physical exams before and after."

So what I am talking about is not a bloody, gory, 18th-century flogging in which a person is mutilated and scarred. We are not throwing Christians to the lions in Delaware, and we are not reenacting Hollywood movie scenes. I quite share the average person's abhorrence of any treatment which is cruel and inhumane. I would be the last to advocate it.

There is one more important fact about a Delaware whipping which should be known: The sentence is not imposed on first offenders. I have been practicing law since 1924, and I have never known a judge in Delaware, including myself, to impose lashes unless the accused had a prior record of criminality. Lashes are not given until it develops that imprisonment has done nothing for him. He has been put on probation as a first offender. He has been given a light sentence the second time. When he comes back the fourth or fifth time, he has established himself as an enemy of society. Then I think other measures are to be considered. He must be really punished.

What reforms criminals?

But why physically punish him?

Let me say first what corporal punishment is not. It is not a deterrent to crime, although many people have the mistaken notion it is. No punishment is a deterrent to crime, whether the punishment is a $5 fine or life imprisonment.

True, many of the men and women who go to prison lead model lives upon their release. It wasn't, however, the time spent in prison that changed them. They were remotivated in their manner of living. What causes such remotivation is not always clear.

In searching for causes, I have read the legal philosophers who say we live by a compact with society in which there is an implicit agreement that we will abide by the norms of society or be punished for violating them. I have read the religious philosophers who say that we are good or we are evil, and it is up to us which we will be. I believe there is a great deal more to this theory of good and evil than is now being recognized.

Many will say such a view is old-fashioned or naïve. Our "advanced thinkers" are ready to explain a person's evil conduct on the grounds of mental illness. Or they blame his parents, housing, education, drunkenness—anything rather than the fact that he has an evil mind toward you, me and everyone he meets.

Our basic error is in offering excuses for that which, if we are to live together as a society, is inexcusable. We say, "He couldn't help himself." Well, I've seen boys from the worst possible environment turn out to be as good as you and I think we are, and I've seen boys from our so-called first families become criminals. Trouble is we have lost sight of the fundamental Biblical concept of free will. We fail to remember that everyone has the choice of whether to be good or to be evil.

Part of the task of the law is to find some way to rehabilitate the evil person toward good. You don't rehabilitate him with a fine building or with a marvelous professional staff—unless that staff includes someone who has concern for his ethical and moral approach to life.

If I had my way I would commit an offender to an indeterminate sentence. Let someone of a religious nature, or the plain, simple love of a wife, father, mother, husband, son or daughter, remotivate him toward good. If he is remotivated in a week, a month, a year, then free him.

But if you cannot remotivate him—and in my state of Delaware 80 percent of the criminals under age 26 repeat their crimes, and I believe as high as 67 percent nationwide repeat some forms of crime—then he must be kept in jail as a menace to society. In this situation I strongly consider it my duty to protect the public and victims against these menaces.

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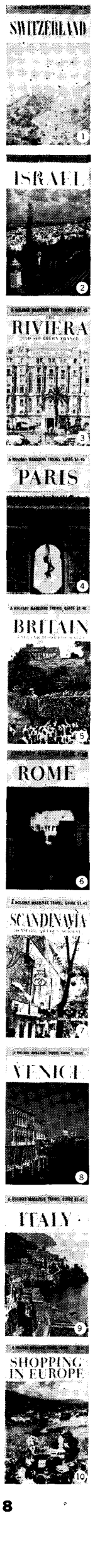

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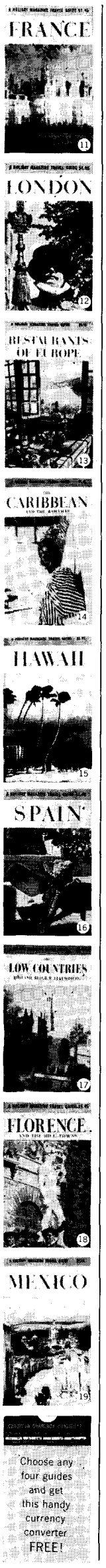

SPEAKING OUT

One of the methods of remotivation, I believe unequivocally, is the Delaware whipping post.

I have statements from seven men who were whipped. Of these, six have not repeated their crimes. All six said their first reaction was one of resentment at being lashed. This was followed, in order, by a sense of shame, a feeling of profound humiliation and finally by a vow never to go through it again.

Norris Garrison, the warden who administered the last public lashing in Delaware in 1952, has said, "The lash doesn't hurt them. And it's not the whipping that bothers them. It's the humiliation."

A man who is publicly whipped is made to realize he has done something which cannot be tolerated by society. With the sting on his back he comes to realize he has gone to the brink of misconduct.

The lash teaches that through his life, by his life and in his life he has so conducted himself that you hated his guts, I hated his guts and everybody hated his guts and wanted no more to do with him. This realization brings him up awfully short. It makes him realize that he can no longer act as he has been acting and stand as an equal beside his fellowman.

The lash teaches the criminal one other thing: He brought it on himself. He had probation and every other opportunity the law allows to abandon his evil conduct. Failing to do so earned him the humiliation of the whipping post. He sentenced himself. This is particularly true of those I have sentenced, for they were given probation with the understanding that if they broke it they would be lashed.

In the months since a 19-year-old broke probation I had imposed and thereby sentenced himself to 20 lashes, my fellow citizens of Delaware have been in the throes of a public furor over our whipping law. It is now being challenged in our high court as unconstitutional. Meanwhile public argument rages.

Many have asked the question, "Can Delaware be right and 49 other states be wrong?" They point out that public whippings have been discarded in every other state, along with the stocks, the rack, the iron maiden and other forms of human torture. Can Delaware be right? This is the question on the conscience of my fellow citizens.

First I might point out that whipping is legal in Canada. Then we ought to consider some of the reasons whipping has been abandoned by most authorities. In centuries gone by a man was whipped raw and left bleeding, mutilated and scarred. And such punishment was inflicted on a first offender for such minor crimes as horse stealing, simple assault and petty theft. Such sadistic cruelty and unnatural, nonsensical penology should have been abandoned.

But, as I have stated, the public lashing as now performed in Delaware is not physically cruel. It is imposed only on the most evil-minded, arrogant offender with whom repeated attempts at other forms of rehabilitation have failed. Its aim is not pain but remotivation.

In the months since the 19-year-old was sentenced to be lashed (the sentence has not yet been carried out) I have received many hundreds of written and oral communications, the majority of them in support of me. Notable, I believe, is the attitude of the Delaware Association of Police. Its president, Charles A. Duke, has said, "We in the association feel that Judge Lynch has appropriately exercised his authority."

But most gratifying to me have been my fellow judges from around the country who have written or phoned me to endorse my action. In substance they all say, "Hurray—I wish we had it." As one New England judge put it, "There comes a time when we lack that one last step to bring a person back into the fold."

What this judge and I are saying is that society must give those charged with enforcing the law as many means as possible to accomplish this. There is no one method of punishing or rehabilitating the criminal. Each is an individual and must be treated individually. For some a lecture and probation are sufficient to remotivate them toward good. For others trust and confidence work wonders. Psychiatric treatment in mental hospitals and imprisonment are other methods known to be successful. I even know of a case where 57 days in solitary confinement appeared to be the remotivating factor. But I submit that public lashing works in some cases. And I submit that some men are so evil-minded that no treatment or punishment society knows does them any good. These men must be kept permanently separated from society.

Those who would eliminate corporal punishment as one of the alternatives available to judges like to cite statistics which purport to show that lashing has not lowered the crime rate. Such statistics are all based on the assumption that lashing is a deterrent to crime. It is not and never will be. No fear of any form of punishment—including the electric chair—has been shown to be an effective deterrent to a criminal act. I might add, too, that it cannot be demonstrated psychiatrically that whipping is harmful (or beneficial), for there have not been enough cases of it on which to base a clinical study or reach conclusions.

Where parents go wrong

My defense of whipping as a tool for remotivating an individual in no way diminishes my equally strong conviction that crime must bring punishment. The upsurge of lawlessness, especially in the area of juvenile delinquency, appalls me.

Many parents, confused by the mouthings of the Nice Nellies, are failing in their duty to teach their children that they are responsible for their willful acts. Every day in court I see parents who are unrealistic. They think their child could not possibly have committed the wrong of which he is accused, simply because he is their child. The problem is that they have failed to teach him the discipline and responsibility of society. Then they can't realize how he got into trouble.

Mrs. Lynch and I always believed the home was the place to teach right from wrong and a sense of responsibility for one's acts. We never hesitated or felt the slightest sense of guilt in using the belt to teach our seven children that they had done a misdeed which was not to be repeated. Because of the closeness and affection of our children today we know we did right—and we know it again when we see our children use the same method of instruction on our grandchildren.

As a parent and as a jurist I believe in corporal punishment as an effective means of teaching and enforcing society's norms. If a situation develops again that calls for a sentence to the Delaware whipping post, I would not hesitate to impose it. THE END

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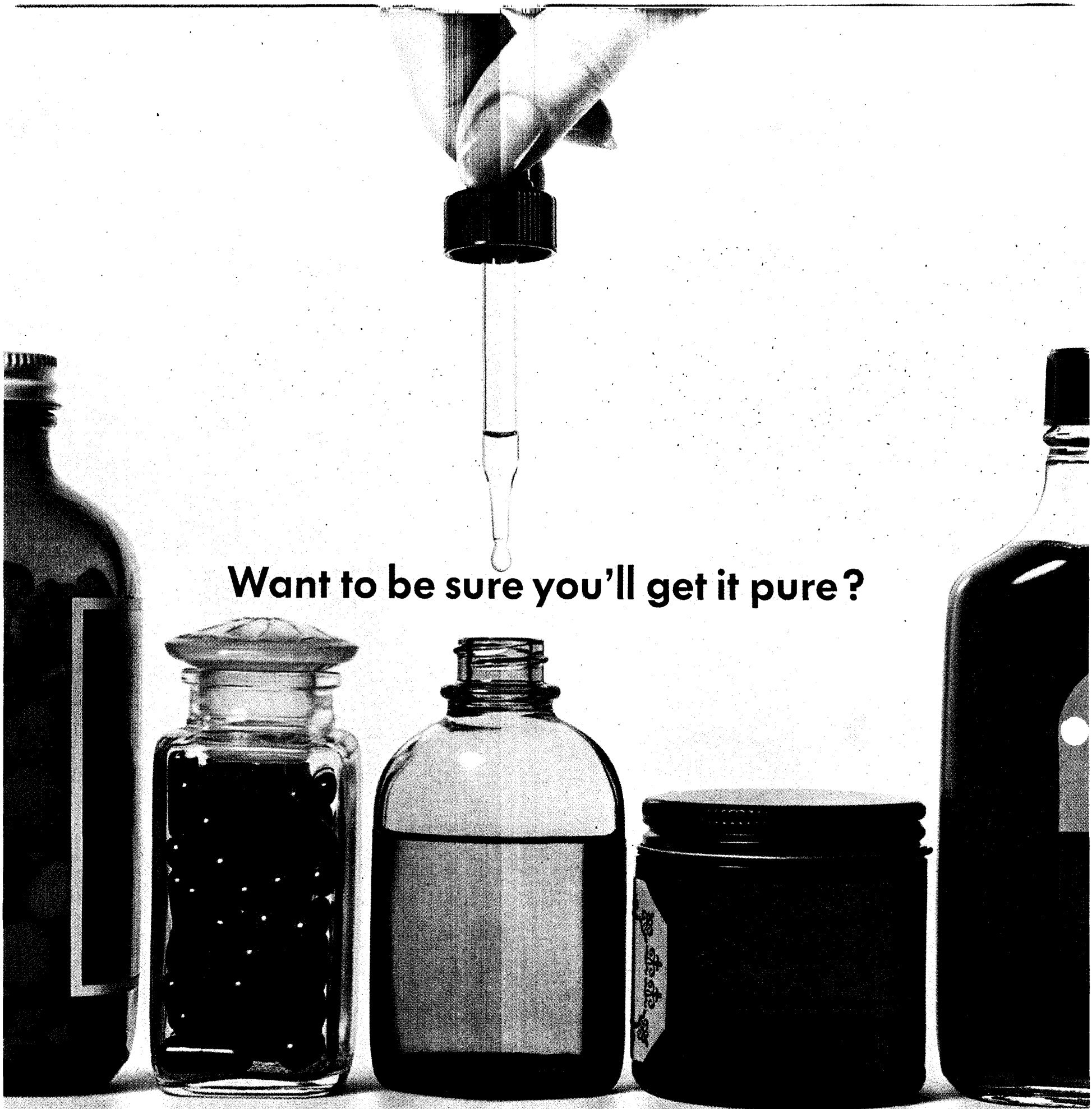

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THE DECLINE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By Vice Admiral H. G. RICKOVER

In recent years a sense of uneasiness has crept upon the American people. We have lost some of our exuberance, some of our faith in ourselves. Many of us are disturbed by the loss of good things we cherish as peculiarly American and by the intrusion of distasteful things we never expected would invade our way of life. These changes have been many and various, but they all have a common root: They stem from factors which have conspired to diminish the freedom and dignity of the individual.

These human values are essential in a democracy; anything that threatens them makes our whole society a little less free, our nation a little less strong. The basic tenet of democracy is respect for the equal moral worth of all human beings and the equal freedom of all men to shape their lives as they see fit, provided only that they harm no one and violate no law. Only the self-determining, independent citizen can make a success of self-government.

Yet these same values can be neither created nor preserved without continuous effort, and that effort must come from the people—or rather from the individual citizen. Self-government will not produce a good society unless enough citizens feel an identification with the fate of the nation. Repeating patriotic clichés is not enough.

Even were it conceivable that we might prefer things to freedom—perhaps self-indulgence or social irresponsibility or political apathy—the peril in which our country finds itself today forbids such folly. In its struggle with Communism, democracy cannot afford to forgo a single one of the advantages inherent in a free society: the mutual trust that flourishes in freedom, the release of human initiative and energy, the pragmatism and tolerance that prevent enslavement to dogmatic ideology—these are what give democracy flexibility and strength.

Our nation was launched with a system of government containing numerous safeguards to protect individual liberties. Careful reading of the Declaration of Independence shows that our society pivots on the free citizen. Observe the order of precedence: *First* there is the statement that all men are born equally endowed with "unalienable rights," and some of these are listed; *then* the Declaration notes that governments "are instituted among men" to "secure" these rights, and *finally* it is stated that government derives its "just powers" from the governed. Clearly the founding fathers wanted to make certain that Americans never would be ruled by anyone who had not received their express mandate.

Over the years, however, and especially since the coming of the industrial and later the scientific revolution, radical changes have occurred in our way of life, some of them inimical to the free individual in whom our society is grounded.

The first major threat to individual freedom lies in the replacement of what sociologists call the Protestant ethic, which prevailed in this country until the turn of the century, by a new so-called Freudian ethic. Put in simple terms, the Protestant and Freudian ethics stand for two opposite concepts of man. The first sees him shaping his own destiny, being governed by standards he sets himself and by his own conscience, therefore responsible for his own acts. It is the spiritual foundation of democracy. The second sees man ruled by unconscious drives and external pressures, hence not really responsible for his acts. His life is shaped not by himself but by his socioeconomic environment; if he becomes a failure or a criminal, not he but society is to blame.

American egalitarianism reinforces this caricature of Freud's concepts. Mediocrity excuses itself as the normal and healthy state of mankind. The uncommon man who excels thus becomes a sort of unnatural freak. Conformity to the environment in which one happens to find oneself becomes the safe and approved aim. That this shrivels individual autonomy is a fact not always immediately perceived.

The process starts with the "progressive" school and the permissive home. Emphasis is placed on self-expresson rather than on self-discipline; on group adjustment rather than on development of the individual's innate capacities; on gaining popularity with the "peer" group rather than on becoming an independent, self-determining adult human being. The educationists' avowed intent to use the school for leveling out human differences strikes me as an assault on the child's basic humanity. Unlike animals who are equipped only for the one kind of life proper to their species—peer group, if you like!—man is infinitely diverse in talents and interests. The higher the cultural level, the greater this diversity; passive adjustment to a group belongs to a more primitive age of man.

Group conditioning in the school makes itself felt in adult life. Increasingly, Americans seek comfort and security through belonging to a particular segment of society. People huddle together in communities populated exclusively by members of some one segment and pattern their personal behavior on group standards. What is particularly disturbing is the resentment that tends to be generated in these closed groups against anyone who thinks independently and who must therefore at times differ from approved "group thought."

All new ideas begin in a noncomforming mind that questions some tenet of the "conventional wisdom." All improvements originate in a critical mind that mistrusts the "image" projected by some powerful organism. The innovator of ideas and the social critic are essential to a free society; they are what make the society free.

In a democracy there is need for "critics by profession"—commentators, columnists, etc., whose "beat" is the whole of the social scene—but there is also need of "lay critics" who look upon discovery and publication of truth as part of their civic responsibility. The critic who makes himself an expert on some particular subject, so that he may offer the people information not otherwise available, ought surely to be able to count the people on his side. But, all too often, habits of conformity and mistrust of iconoclasts lead the public to take a neutral position, as if they were judging a proceeding in a court of law.

It is a sad comment on the decline of individualism in America that the critic has no friend at court. He is tagged "controversial," the worst that can happen to anyone in a conformist society.

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Admiral Rickover • "THE INDIVIDUAL IS IN GREATER NEED THAN

The "controversial" tag makes him by definition a "flawed" personality, not group-adjusted, one-sided, ill-informed, frustrated and motivated by ill will. Epithets may therefore be thrown at him with impunity; he may be misquoted and misrepresented, and what he says may be contemptuously dismissed as requiring no refutation whatever.

A second major threat to individual freedom comes from the impact of technology. The utilization of science for practical purposes has such enormous potential for the good or evil of man and society that our attitude toward it requires careful rethinking. We have here a complex problem that calls for a higher order of intelligence than has so far been applied. Up to now we have left technological matters almost entirely to the management of practical men. I submit, however, that the *practical* approach to a new scientific discovery is *short-range* and *private;* it is concerned with ways to put a discovery to use in the most economical and efficient manner. The *scholarly* approach is *long-range* and *public;* it looks to the effects which the use of a new discovery may have on people in general, on the nation, perhaps on the world, and it considers the future as well as the present.

As an engineer I have a healthy respect for the categorical imperatives of nature, imperatives constantly being disregarded for the sake of short-range benefits. I feel strongly that technology must not be raised to the status of an end in itself, but must always remain a means to an end, the end being the welfare of human beings and of the nation as a whole. In determining whether a given technology conforms to this objective, we need the help of both practical and scholarly experts. But the final decision must rest with the American people.

It disturbs me that we allow ourselves to be pressured by purveyors of technology into permitting so-called technical progress to alter our lives without attempting to control this development—almost as if technology were an irrepressible force of nature to which we must meekly submit. If we but paused to reflect before acting, we should note that much which is hailed as progress contributes little or nothing to human happiness. Everything new is not *eo ipso* good and everything old inferior.

Technology does not automatically render obsolete the principles we found good in the past; they belong to a different order of things. Technology is not concerned with them. Principles have to do with the way we marshal our inner resources, discipline our actions and respond to the promptings of our conscience; with the ordering of our personal lives and of our relations with fellow citizens, both in private and in public life. They apply to human beings.

Technology, on the other hand, deals with material things. Technology can enlarge our powers of mind and body. With it we can improve health, produce material abundance, leisure and comfort, circle the earth with instant communications, etc. But technology does not dictate either the manner in which we put it to use or the specific benefits which we want to derive from using it.

I suggest we reject the notion that man is no longer master of his own and of his society's destiny. Let us put man back in the center of the stage and do some hard thinking about the kind of life that technology is currently creating for us. Only now, for example, are we beginning to realize that careless use of dangerous pesticides and weed killers may poison soil, vegetation, animals and humans. And it took the tragic case of the European thalidomide babies to dramatize the fatal consequences that may result from the hasty use of inadequately tested drugs.

A third threat to individual freedom has been the tremendous increase in the country's population, with all the attendant changes that this has brought. From 1800 to 1850 our population almost quintupled; from 1850 to 1900 it tripled; from 1900 to 1950 it doubled. Natural increase had as much to do with this growth as immigration. Since World War II the growth rate has accelerated so much that when the time comes to celebrate our bicentenary each citizen will have only about one percent of the voting power which individual Americans had in our first national election. A healthy infant born on that day can expect within his lifetime to see our population soar close to the billion mark—unless, of course, we ponder the consequences to the quality of American life and reverse the trend.

Space of itself bestows freedom and dignity; it gives man elbowroom and a chance to find peace and quiet and privacy. When men are scarce each individual becomes important. Today seven out of 10 Americans live in crowded cities, suburbs, and other urban areas, and the country as a whole is more populous per square mile than was Europe at the time of our revolution. It is hard to find quiet and privacy and a spot of unspoiled nature within reach of home. Man-made ugliness presses on the human spirit, and there is no place for our children to play in safety.

As long as a wilderness had to be subdued there was work in abundance, work of a kind that ordinary men with willing hearts and hands could do, vitally needed work that bestowed dignity on the workman. We were a country of independent farmers, artisans and merchants in those days. Now nine out of ten Americans work for others, many for giant organizations where they have little opportunity to feel individually important. Today, moreover, our society is plagued with endemic unemployment, a condition under which it is difficult to hold fast to a sense of human worth. The loss falls most heavily on those—and, alas, there are all too many—who lack the skill and education for which there is demand in a complex modern society. In the past, America offered unique opportunities for social advancement to average men with average competence; today this is less and less true. America once offered steady employment even to men of below-average ability, but job opportunities for them have contracted drastically. Ours is still a land of opportunity, but increasingly so only for the highly skilled and educated.

With the disappearance of preindustrial, rural America we lost a way of life that was congenial to individual freedom and democracy. Life was simple. Ordinary men could understand the world they lived in; they could manage their affairs without much trouble; they could reach independent decisions on public issues that concerned them as citizens of a democracy. The individual is diminished when he cannot comprehend the problems besetting his nation. I myself think that if we had a first-rate school system, stressing basic education in the liberal arts, many more Americans than now would understand and express their views on public issues.

Serious as is the loss of these natural advantages, however, it need not be fatal to individual freedom or to preservation of a free society. Many of the most civilized modern European countries never had these advantages, yet they were able to evolve out of feudalism and capitalist monarchy into democratic nations where individual freedom is at least as well protected as here—and in some cases better protected. What we need is a new perspective: a recognition that we must now take positive action to create "artificially" the climate in which the autonomous individual and the free society can prosper.

A fourth major threat to individual freedom is the rise of giant organizations which interpose themselves between the citizen and his government. When the nation was founded we did not even have political parties, and there were only seven commercial corporations in all the colonies. We had no labor unions, no vocational or professional associations, no special-interest groups or huge government bureaucracies. The citizen faced his government directly—whether local, state or Federal. With his fellow citizens he shared control over his government on a basis of complete equality.

Today the citizen's wishes may be thwarted if they conflict with the interests of powerful organizations able to bring their immense resources to bear on government. Many organizations, such as labor unions and even women's clubs, have been successful in preventing governmental action they consider harmful to their interests, or in obtaining special government benefits and privileges not vouchsafed ordinary citizens. When society is dominated by powerful organizations the autonomy of the individual is diminished.

Of course, the right to associate with others for the purpose of engaging in joint enterprises is itself an important part of individual freedom. In a huge, populous, technically advanced country such as ours both private and public organizations are indispensable. Enormous good flows from them. Many organizations, furthermore, are exclusively concerned with serving their members and do not seek to influence anyone; others are small and therefore a threat to no one; not a few are big and powerful but exemplary in behavior and performance. These do not concern us here. What does concern us is the threat to individual freedom posed by huge power complexes which dominate our lives but over which we are not able to exercise control. Among these are both public and private organizations.

Large government bureaucracies are as indispensable to modern society as are large private organizations. Many government tasks have to be entrusted to special agencies set up for this purpose. Yet, although they are a part of government, the citizen's influence on them is not as effective as it is on the elected branches of government; nor are the men who run these bureaucracies as accessible to citizens who have legitimate business with them as are elected government officials.

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Many large nongovernmental organizations also tend to misuse their power in relations with the public and the government, as when they seek to hold up necessary legislation favored by the electorate or win special favors as a result of past political support—or through the threat of future retaliation at the polls. In some cases, moreover, these organizations develop an autocratic structure which diminishes the freedom and dignity of employees or members, either by needlessly circumscribing their working—and occasionally even their private—lives, or by failing to be responsive to their best interests. Often those "faults of bigness," as one might call them, are not essential to the purposes of the organization or even relevant to their specific tasks. Once we recognize what makes large organization a danger to freedom, we can deal with the problem without interfering with their lawful pursuits. In fact, protection of individual freedoms will benefit any honest organization, since it releases private initiative, one of the great powers for good inherent in a free society.

Organizations act through men. In our country they act through a special category of career men, called managers or administrators. The 18th-century French statesman Mirabeau once remarked that "to administer . . . is to rule." One might expand this to say that administration is a type of authoritarian rule with no constituency and no direct popular mandate. As such it is an anomaly in a democratic society.

In nearly all our large organizations administration stands apart and above production. The men who do the real work of the organization are placed below the administrators who rule them. Administrators may or may not have competence in the organization's special field of work; often they do. Unhappily they often do not. Take education: Clearly the teachers do all the productive work, but it is not they who manage the vast educational enterprise in this country. Teachers are bossed by administrators who quite frequently have not been trained in teaching but only in management of housekeeping, personnel and public-relations chores.

The larger an organization, the more powerful are the managers or administrators. Their source of power comes from being in charge of housekeeping matters, hence of the purse and so in turn of personnel assignment and promotion. As with all rulers, the larger the realm, the more important and better paid are its administrators. This makes them empire builders. It also accounts for a tendency to authoritarianism. Orders flow downward freely, but suggestions rarely rise upward in the hierarchy. This is probably more true of public than of private organizations.

Nevertheless the individual who must work in a large organization, whether private or public, meets conditions of inequality not found elsewhere in our democratic society. Nor is this inequality necessarily a result of unequal human qualities; it comes because one party has behind him the power of the organization and uses it to prevail over the other. This reminds one uncomfortably of the special rights and privileges which once were enjoyed by men for no other reason than membership in a higher estate—as when society was divided into the nobility, the clergy and the third estate.

There is yet another way in which large organizations tend to diminish the freedom of the individual. The founding fathers sought to secure the "unalienable rights" of man by associating the citizen with the business of governing; that is, by making the consent of the people indispensable to the functioning of government. In order to exercise his public functions a citizen must be free to make up his own mind on any public issue, to speak out and to solicit the approval of his fellow citizens; in other words, to be active politically.

Freedom in private life is important, for the citizen needs what Socrates called "a private station" when he engages in public activities. More than invasions of privacy, intolerable in a free society, are therefore involved when organizations presume to meddle in their employees' personal lives. Can a man who must submit to organizational regimentation be a fully effective democratic citizen? Will he feel free to engage in active politics if there is doubt in his mind whether the organization he works for, or the union or association to which he belongs, approves?

Many people have been concerned over the danger of our becoming a state dominated by pressure groups. It has been proposed that the people be given a special department to look after their interests. This misreads the problem. The Government in all its branches is already set up specifically to look after the people's interests and for no other reason. What we must do, I submit, is find ways to curb the illegitimate powers of large organizations, both public and private. Government bureaucracies should be made more responsive to the wishes of the voters; this means bringing them under closer control of our elective bodies. Nongovernmental organizations—labor unions, professional associations, special-interest groups, even business corporations—ought to be held more strictly to the specific mandate of their charters, as well as to "public policy."

We have allowed the freedom of the individual to shrink while permitting the freedom of the organization to expand to a point where it overshadows human liberties. But this nation was founded for people, not for organizations. We need to remind ourselves that organizations—like technology—are not ends in themselves but means to an end. This end is a good society—a strong nation—human beings who in equal measure are assured the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

I have no simple solutions to offer. There are no simple solutions for any of the problems which urgently require our attention today. We can approach these problems from many different angles. I approach them from the point of view that individual freedom must be preserved.

Fortunately, there are now signs that give one hope we have passed the nadir and are slowly ascending toward the more rugged individualism that was so marked a characteristic of earlier Americans. The shock that Sputnik administered to our self-esteem has led us to throw ourselves into an earnest search for flaws in our way of life. I am convinced that once the American people have been shown at what points individual freedom has been weakened they will speedily reinforce these points.

We will be able to do this all the better if we can overcome a general tendency to think of ourselves as unique. A good deal of not-wholly-disinterested propaganda comes our way seeking to convince us that all the good things of the life we associate with American democracy are uniquely ours. There was a time when life in this country differed greatly from life in other Western nations. For more than 100 years we were the model of the free society. But ideas have been moving back and forth across the Atlantic, leaving deposits on both shores. Democracy as a form of government has long since become the Western—not solely the American—way of life. It is well also to remember that its roots go back 2,500 years to Greece and that in evolving the concept of the equal worth of all men every Western nation has played a part.

The greatest glory of Western civilization is that it alone, on its own, came to accept the idea that man as man, individual man, regardless of his particular attributes or possessions, is "the measure of all things" (Protagoras). Since the political corollary of this idea is democratic government, it is not surprising that democracy, too, is a uniquely Western invention.

There is, to be sure, a so-called "Eastern" concept of democracy: pure Marxist double-talk, of course. It defines democracy as government of the people, on behalf of the people, and in the interest of the people.

In areas of the world where the individual has never been held in high esteem, where he derives his status and rights from membership in some group—family, tribe, church, etc.—this parody of Lincoln's famous words is sometimes actually taken as a species of democracy. In a negative way, this illustrates the point I wish to make crystal-clear: Respect for individual freedom, for the autonomous individual, is the foundation of a free society. As soon as you think in terms of "groups," the foundation begins to erode.

Today the true democracies all face similar problems. All are seeking to solve them through the democratic process, and each can learn something from the others without being untrue to itself. There is, I believe, an irresistible trend toward changing government from the "night watchman" to the "service agency" type. Americans could learn something from the way this transition is being made in the most successful of European democracies. Their reasons have been practical, not ideological. What they have recognized and accepted is that modern life is now so complex, so dependent on careful dovetailing of innumerable human activities, that the individual is in greater need than ever of protection by the law against being harmed by his fellow citizens. There can be no valid objection in principle against making necessary changes. The Declaration of Independence states that "it is the right of the people" to alter the powers of government in such a way "as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

A friendly though critical visitor to our country once remarked that "there is nothing wrong with America that Americans cannot set right." We can, if we will, strengthen the autonomous individual in our free society. In so doing we will make our nation not only stronger but also a better place to live. THE END

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WOMEN FANS BESIEGE HIM AND BESEECH HIM

DR. KILDARE IS A DOLL

By MELVIN DURSLAG

On the M-G-M lot in Culver City, Calif., home base of television's *Dr. Kildare* series, there sits a shabby, prefabricated wooden shack. It is murderously hot, and inside, a $7.95 Japanese electric fan whirs ineffectively. The cubbyhole serves as a dressing room for Richard Chamberlain, star of the series, and on one of the walls he has hung this sign: I FEEL MY DAY IS A FAILURE UNLESS I CATCH HELL FROM SOMEONE.

The sign strikes many observers as a strange confession of insecurity. Strange, because *Kildare*, after two campaigns on NBC, has proved a whoppingly successful series—it boasts a robust audience of 80,000,000 in 31 countries and flirts with the Nielsen Top 10. Strange, too, because Chamberlain, in the role of benevolent intern, boasts a female following whose devotion shuttles between hysteria and apoplexy. The recipient of more fan mail at M-G-M than Clark Gable in his prime, Chamberlain courts disaster by merely venturing outside the studio gates.

In Baltimore last fall women beleaguered him in such ravening numbers that the police had to evacuate him to a boat in Chesapeake Bay. In Pittsburgh he required police protection when 250,000 fans mobbed the city's downtown Golden Triangle area during a personal appearance. Girls camp on the doorstep of his two-room bungalow in Hollywood Hills, and it is not uncommon for female fans to waylay him and beg to be taken inside for an examination.

"With a doctor, a woman envisions security, both emotionally and materially," is the diagnosis of Chamberlain. "But there's another reason. Kildare looks pure. He is waiting to be taught sin. To women, this is encouraging."

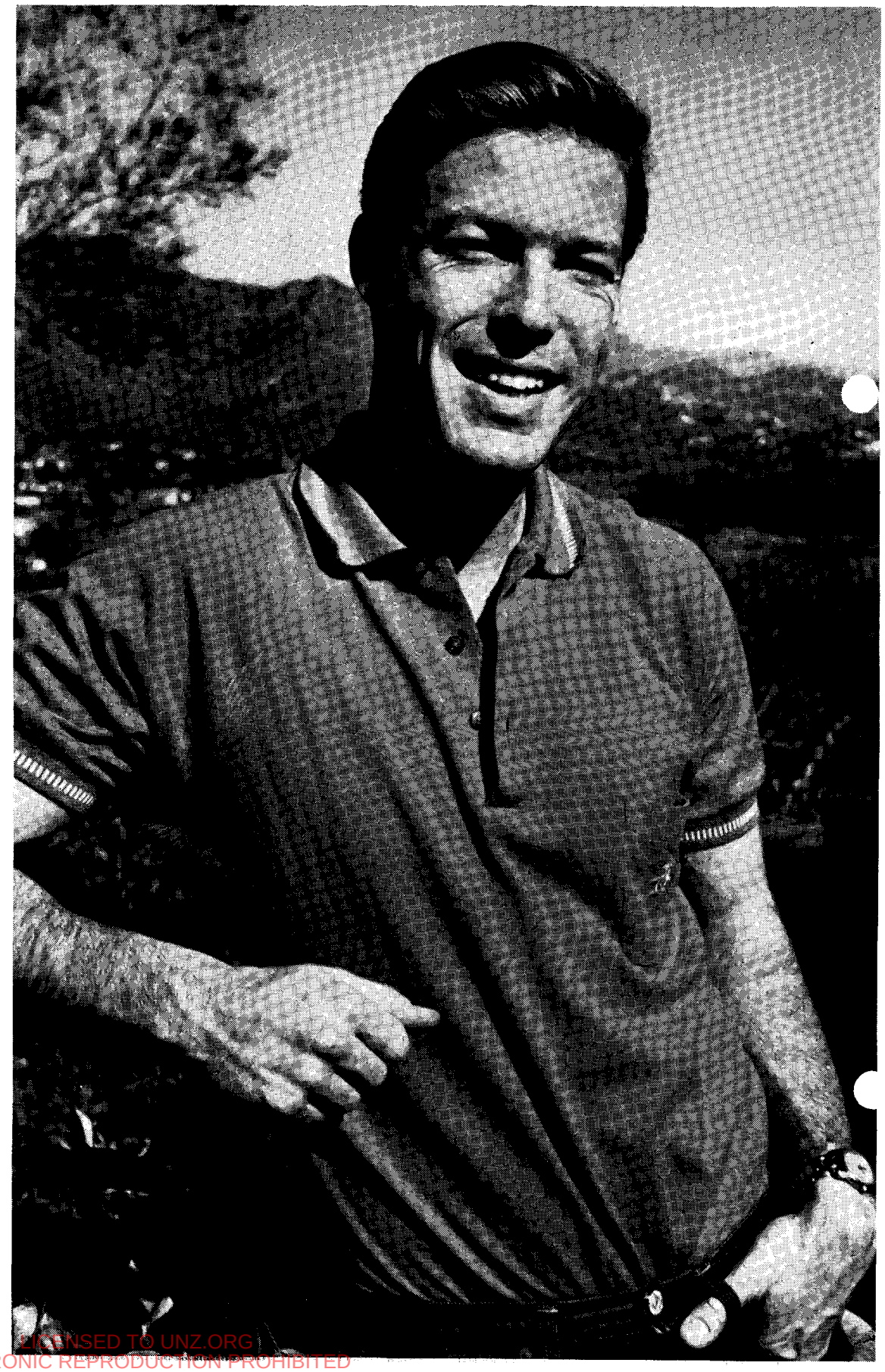
The object of all this affection is tall, blond and 27. He is also a former college sprinter (his best event was the 220-yard dash), a circumstance which may account for his peculiar ability to elude not only security-starved, sin-bent fans but also the clutches of starlets as well. A bachelor, Chamberlain devotes most of his spare time to a relatively unknown dark-eyed singer, Clara Ray, with whom he has been keeping sedate company for three years. He has expressed a fondness for Miss Ray but has made it clear that the fondness does not extend to matrimony.

Officials at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer aren't exactly saddened by Chamberlain's attitude toward wedlock, considering his enormous popularity. The Kildare series is the studio's hottest television property, though Chamberlain frankly is hard-pressed to explain why. He feels that Kildare is an irreclaimable bore.

"He is good, high-minded, trustworthy, loyal, kind, warmhearted, friendly, sincere and chaste," says the actor. "He also is nobler than humans prefer other humans to be. If I were to mold Kildare, I would make him more subject to faults and weaknesses—like the rest of us. I might even have him pinch a nurse or two."

Prior to Chamberlain's employment as Kildare, his income was not much larger than a real-life intern's—$38 a week, his state unemployment benefits. He occupied a two-room bungalow in a heavy thicket. The furnishings were a

"KILDARE IS WAITING TO BE TAUGHT SIN," SAYS CHAMBERLAIN. "TO WOMEN, THAT'S ENCOURAGING."



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Television's benevolent intern can't bear blood or surgery, but he's a cut-up on the set.

FORMER SPRINTER CHAMBERLAIN JOGS NEAR HOME.

shabby mixture of modern, rattan and French Provincial; and since the floor was tilted, all the furniture would slide toward the front of the house each time the door slammed. Rent was $100 a month, but for doing the gardening, Chamberlain was given a $30-a-month credit.

Curiously, he hasn't moved, although he no longer gardens. "I stay in this place for a very simple reason," he explains. "I'm a tightwad. To get this privacy elsewhere, I would have to pay a fortune. Right now I'm not prepared to do it."

There is little doubt that Chamberlain, compared with other young and successful Hollywood males, stacks up as an oddball. He wears clean clothes, gets his hair cut regularly, stays sober and never has rejected a script.

Frighteningly well-organized, he begins most of his days at six A.M. He plugs in the coffee, drops two eggs in a pot of water and shaves in the four and a half minutes it takes them to boil to his taste. After breakfast, he hand-feeds two wild bluejays that have been sponging off him for a year ("They can't get a part," he explains), then leaves at 7:30 with an attaché case containing manuscript, sweater and his memos to himself. He arrives at the studio promptly at eight.

People at M-G-M are flabbergasted by his punctuality. Some feel it reflects a fierce discipline, but one studio official ascribes it to immaturity. "Despite his fame," he says, "he is afraid to evoke the displeasure of his superiors."

His evenings are quiet. When he leaves the studio, he usually stops for a hamburger and French fries and hurries home to study his lines for the next day's shooting. He drinks lightly and holds his weight fastidiously to 173 pounds.

A polite, uncomplaining individual, Chamberlain enjoys the reputation of never throwing a tantrum on the set. When he is seized by a temper fit, he walks calmly to his dressing room and closes the door. Then he punches the wall, kicks over the wastebasket, knocks down the telephone and uses language that would make a merchant seaman blanch. Often Chamberlain also will try to work off the day's tensions with a nocturnal jog through the nearby hills. Running in the darkness along isolated roads near his home, he presents a lonely, almost eerie picture.

He isn't, however, without humor. In fact, he is described by members of the Kildare company as a practical joker.

"In one Kildare episode," recalls Jack Dusick, the show's makeup man, "a young girl was in need of plastic surgery. She had a large, ungainly nose, which I made up for her. When the scene opened, Chamberlain was examining her. Raymond Massey (Doctor Gillespie in the series) walked in and leaned over Chamberlain's shoulder. Chamberlain asked innocently, 'What do you think, doctor?'

"With that, Chamberlain turned around—he was wearing the same kind of grotesque nose as the patient. Massey was startled, but answered coolly, 'And she thinks *she* has problems.'"

To most authorities on acting, Chamberlain is no threat to Peter O'Toole. As one TV producer points out, "The guy sort of stays out of trouble. By that I mean that he doesn't give enough to be good, or enough to be bad. He's just a pleasant type who appeals to the maternal instinct in women and doesn't antagonize men."

The veteran Massey disagrees. "Dick is a good technical actor," he says. "He does comedy well, and he is a good listener, meaning that he doesn't go dead when another actor is reading a line."

Professionally, Chamberlain has known tough times, but he admits readily that his early life was not one of hardship. He and his older brother Bill grew up in a comfortable home in Beverly Hills, California, just a few miles from M-G-M in Culver City. Their father owned a small plant where store fixtures were manufactured. Rejecting his father's business, Dick enrolled in Pomona College and majored in art. Shortly after earning his degree he entered the Army and spent two years in Korea as a company clerk, rising to the rank of sergeant. Always frugal, he emerged with $1,000 and invested it in drama lessons.

As a cowboy, a federal trooper, an adventurer and a skin diver—minor roles he played in TV and in feature pictures—Chamberlain was less than a smash. Nor did he excite M-G-M executives in 1960 as the lead in a pilot film for a proposed television series called *Paradise Kid*, which landed on the scrap heap. Dick played a Yale oarsman who went West to avenge the death of his father at the hands of rustlers.

First TV Kildare flopped

As a result of this debacle, M-G-M didn't ask Chamberlain to read for the Kildare part until 35 other actors had been tested. "Dick was understandably nervous," recalls Norman Felton, executive producer of the Kildare series, "but he had the physical appearance that we wanted. We decided to let him try the pilot film."

Chamberlain wasn't heartened by the news that a previous Kildare pilot had failed a few months earlier. Lew Ayres, who played the original Doctor Kildare in a movie series launched at M-G-M 25 years ago, had been enlisted for that first try. The idea for the series was to eliminate Gillespie, Kildare's wily mentor at Blair General Hospital, and feature a mature Kildare.

"The result was a clinical sort of film, too much like a documentary," says Felton.

In the second pilot, it was decided to return to the original format. Asked to play Gillespie, the 66-year-old Massey said he would take the part only if he approved the actor selected as Kildare.

"*Dr. Kildare* is the story of two men and their effect on each other," explains Massey. "It is important that the two be compatible, because acting is teamwork. I'd had my bellyful of these pipsqueak Method actors. They are moody, selfish and a pain in the rear. In the pilot film we made, I knew that Chamberlain and I would jell."

The two admit readily that less likely candidates for roles of doctors would be hard to find. The sight of blood curdles both. Chamberlain wasn't even sure that he could survive a tour of Los Angeles County Hospital where he gathered background. He visited the wards and talked with interns, nurses and patients. When the time came to watch surgery, he went reluctantly.

"To me," he says, "the body always has been an inviolable thing. I reject the idea of cutting it. The first surgery I saw was an ulcer operation. I was shocked not only by how hard the surgeon cut, but by how rough he was with the innards. I felt weak." Nor did his condition improve at a second operation—for a double hernia.

It is perhaps this inner softness in Chamberlain plus the tender mien he projects as Kildare that have won him a female following unmatched in television today. In the 3,500 letters a week he receives, women open their hearts to him, some discussing intimate medical problems. "You would think this is mail-order gynecology," says Chamberlain. "My answering service adheres to the ethics of medicine by offering no advice."

Last September the studio decided to expose Chamberlain to his public for the first time, hardly suspecting the dangers. There followed the riot scenes in Baltimore and Pittsburgh. Then he was shipped off to New York, where one day he decided on a quiet stroll through the Central Park Zoo, hoping to go unnoticed in blue jeans, sneakers and T shirt. The attire didn't fool a teenage girl. She screamed. Soon she was joined by a small squealing mob. One girl slipped her class ring on his finger. Others threw scarves at him. Another, undeterred by the trumpeting elephants nearby, rested her head on his back and moaned rapturously, "Oh, doctor."

Clara Ray, his close friend, feels that Chamberlain's strongest suit is his compassion. "There are some girls," she says, "whose fancy is taken by wild, exciting men. But for long range, most women like a man who has sensitivity and understanding. Dick has these qualities. He is the sort to whom you take your troubles."

When he is not warding off palpitating fans, Chamberlain pursues such simple pastimes as swimming, motoring and record-listening.

"His idea of a pleasant evening," says Miss Ray, "is to barbecue steaks and go to the movies. His tastes are amazingly uncomplicated. Once in a while we splurge and go to a fancy restaurant—and Dick blinks when he gets the bill."

Frugality is nothing of which Chamberlain is ashamed. Even though his annual income is estimated at $75,000, he drives an inexpensive sports car and owns only two suits, four sports jackets and some slacks. He banks his money systematically with two savings-and-loan companies. He even saves trading stamps.

"I'm in a rough business," says Chamberlain. "A guy never knows how long he will last. The Kildare series could fold and I could go boom."

M-G-M, however, is forecasting a long run for the Kildare series. Or as executive producer Norman Felton puts it, "You take Perry Mason, for example. That guy has lasted seven years on TV—and he can't even fix a splint." THE END

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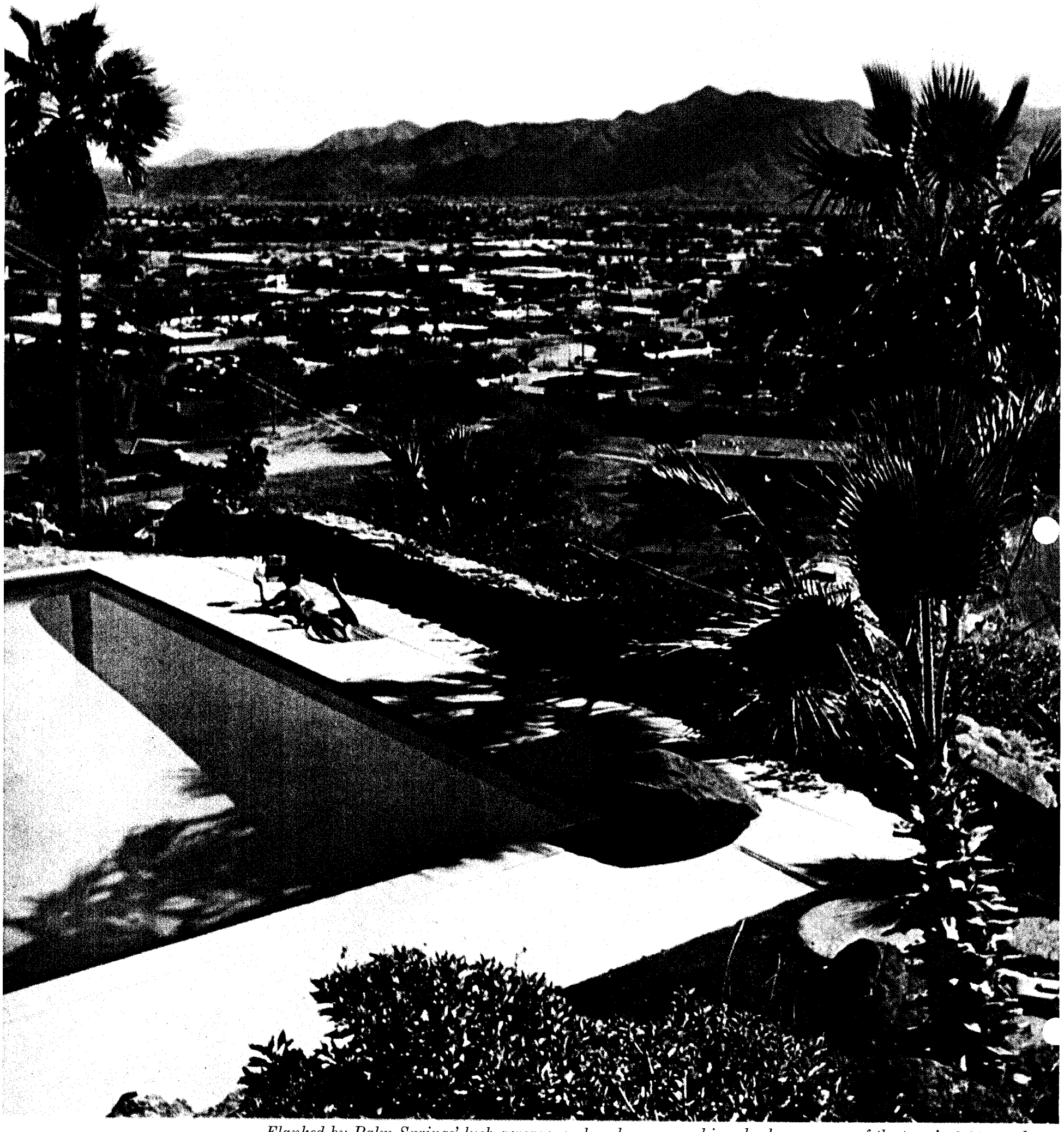

Flanked by Palm Springs' lush acreage, a shapely sun-worshiper basks near one of the town's 3,000 pools.

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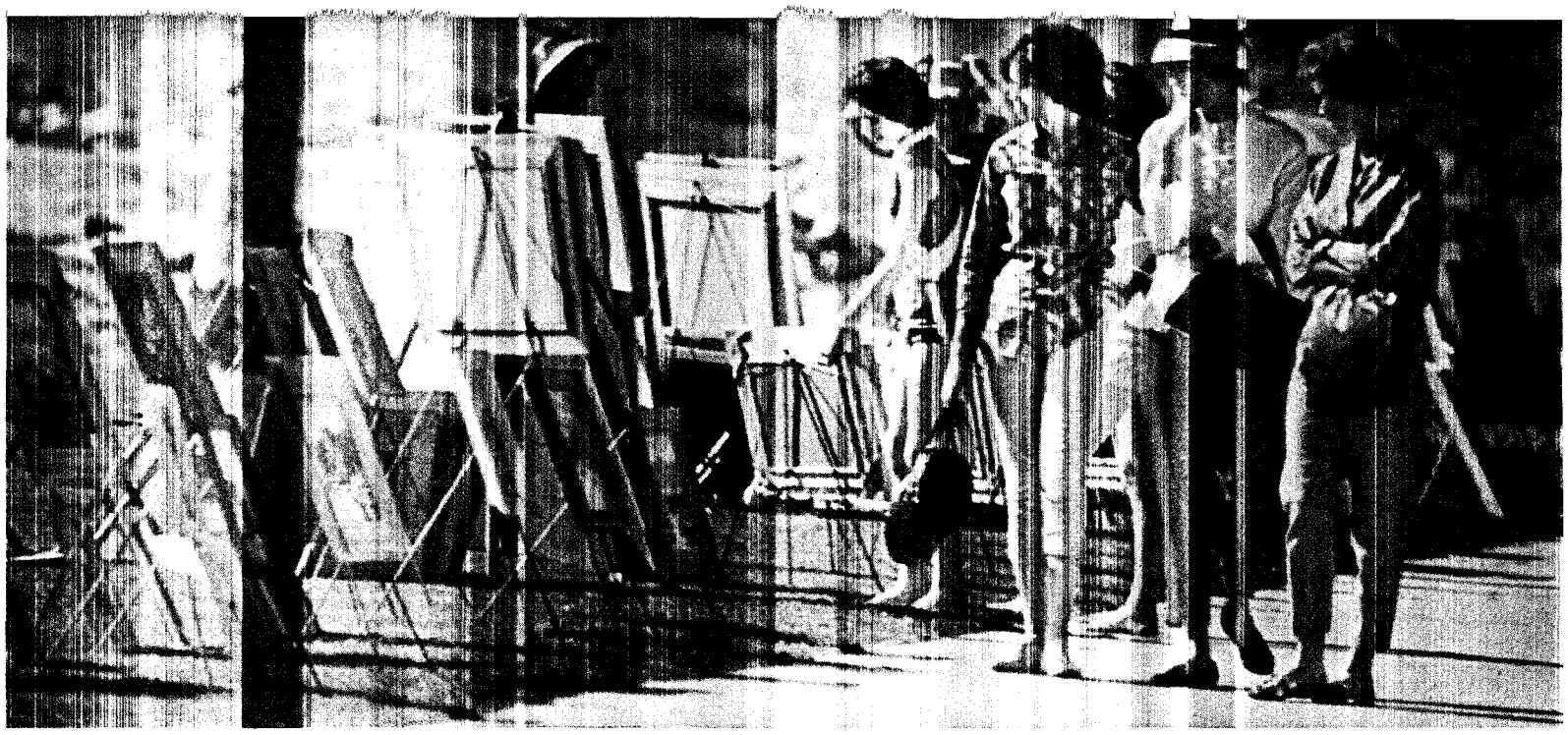


Wearing the local uniform -casual sports clothes—three tourists pause to ogle the wares at an amateur art show.

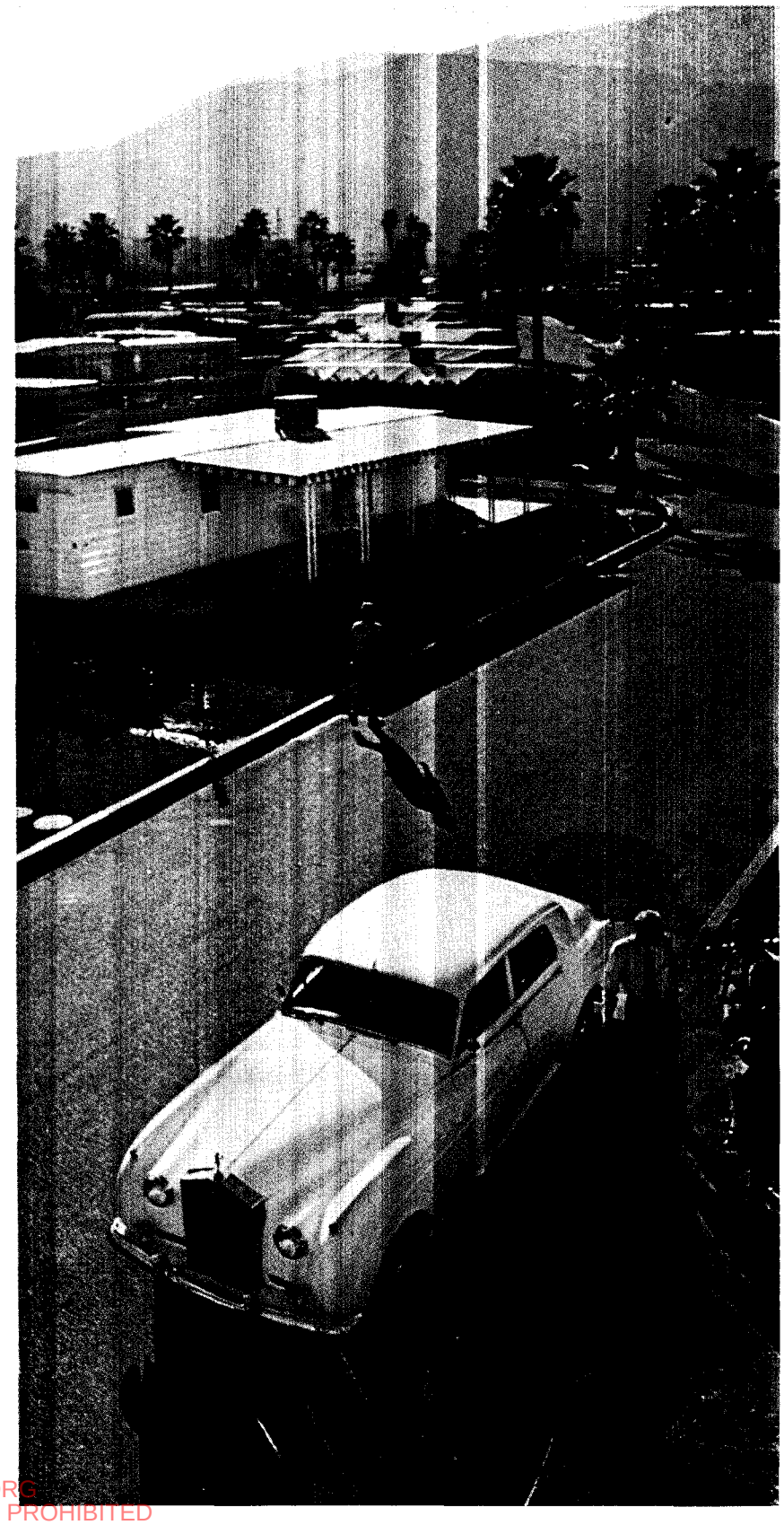
PALM SPRINGS

A California desert oasis provides a haven for the wealthy, a playground for stars.

The world's most elegant oasis measures 41.6 square miles and is known to its inhabitants and celebrants as Palm Springs. The California resort has doubled in population each decade since 1940, and it now shelters among its adobe houses, swimming pools and palms some 15,000 permanent residents as well as underground utilities, polo matches, a spa complete with contour Roman tubs, and 15 golf courses. On a clear day, the town features a remarkable number of blondes and redheads in Capri pants plus mammas in muumuus. Happily, almost all days are clear in Palm Springs. Sometimes as many as 50,000 persons crowd into town, and most seem to be celebrities. The town also contains tamarisks, some species of which are known to yield manna. Palm Springs, however, doesn't need manna. It thinks it has something much better—money.

Photographs by John Bryson

Prices range up to $70,000 at Blue Skies Trailer Village.



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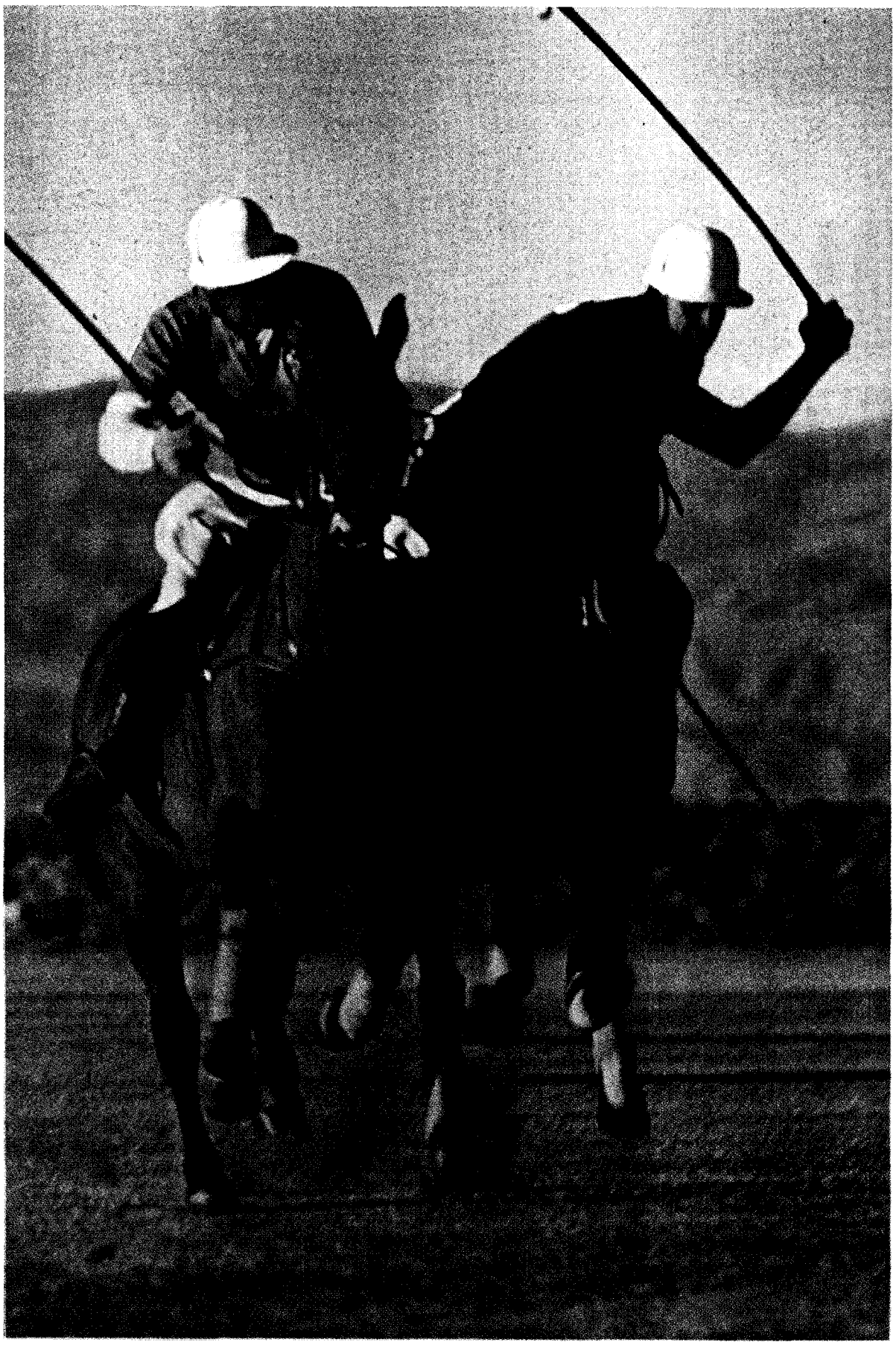
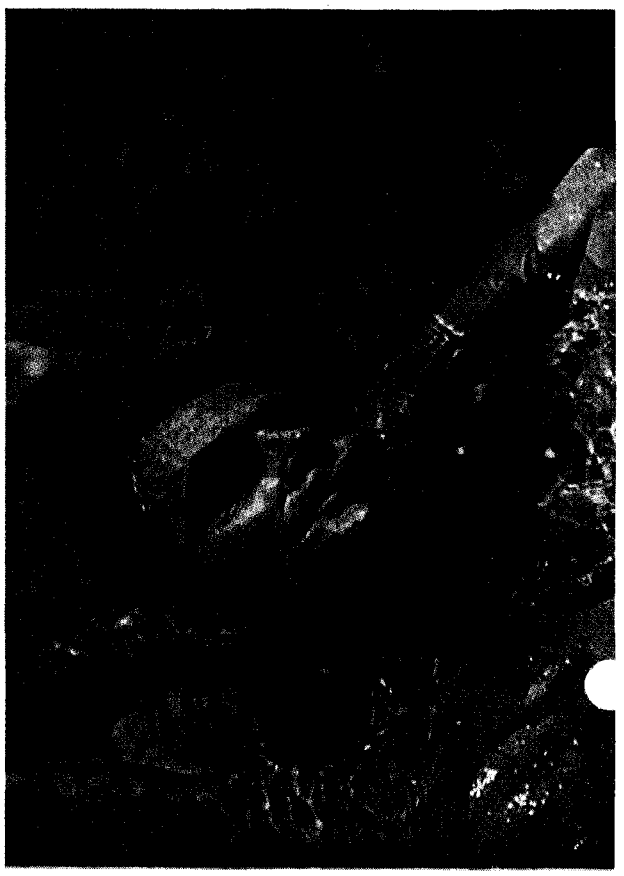
Privacy, lack of pretension, the amenities of sport and a golden sun have combined to turn Palm Springs into a retreat, resort and boom town.



Two horsemen pursue ball in polo match, a regular Sunday event at the Eldorado Country Club.

Palm Springs homeowner Dinah Shore plays at local club.



Retired Angeleno contentedly puffs stogie at spa.

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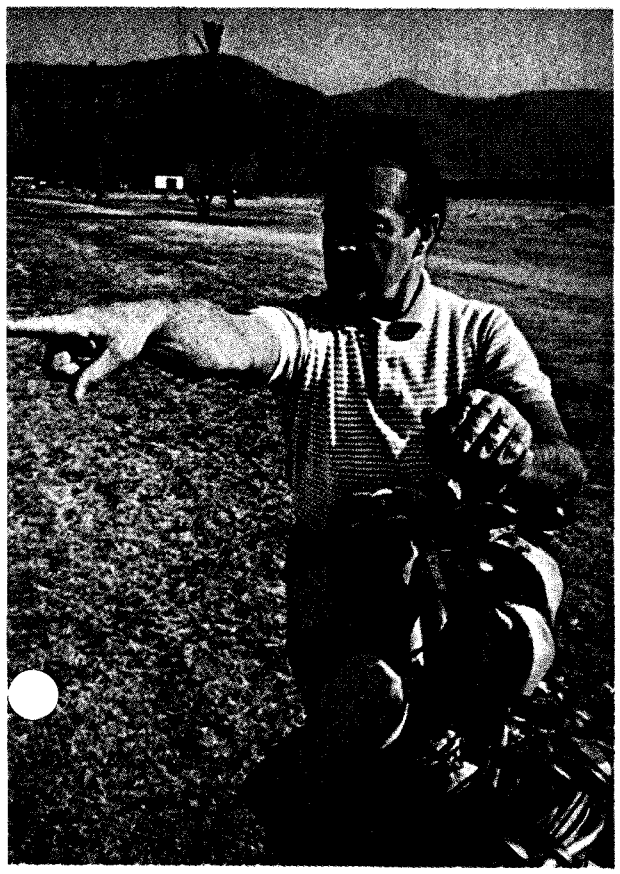
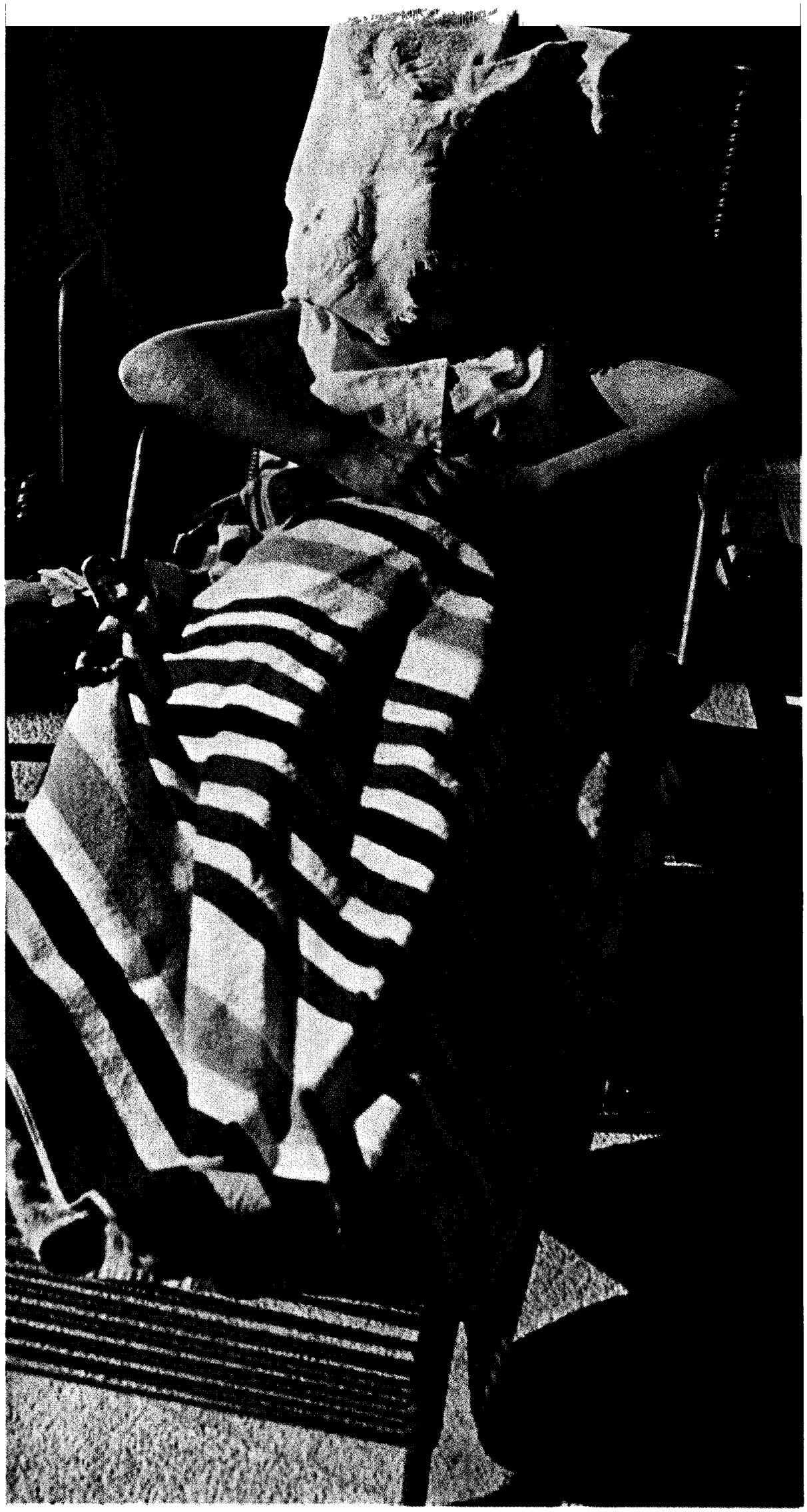
PALM SPRINGS



Bob Hope points to golf ball that went thataway.

Retired Glendale citizen enjoys a dip in healthful waters.



Warding off sun with towel, vacationer lazes. Temperature sometimes tops scorching 110 degrees.

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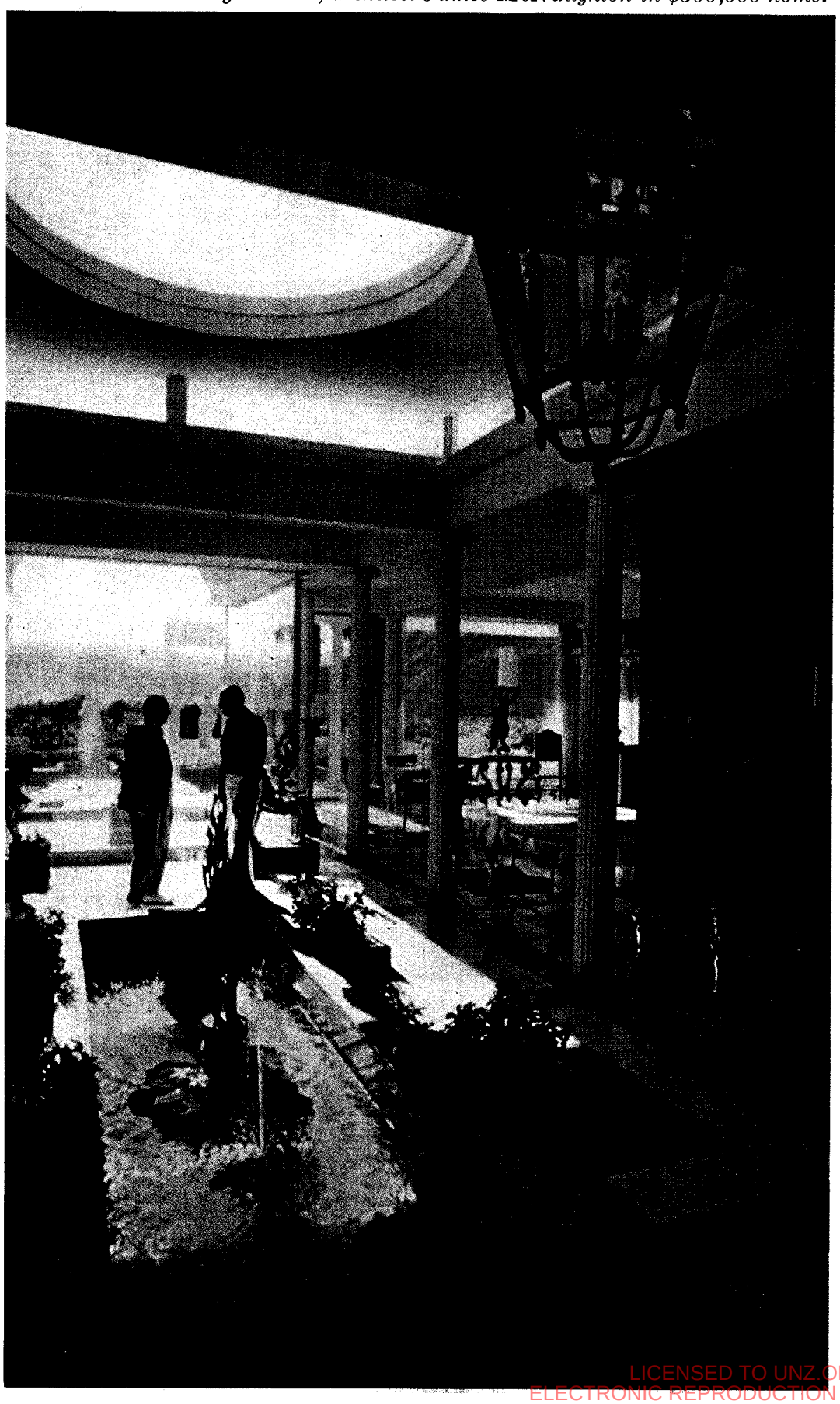
PALM SPRINGS

Within Palm Springs' city limits, there is no house worth less than $20,000.

Owner Harry Morrill, architect James McNaughton in $500,000 home.



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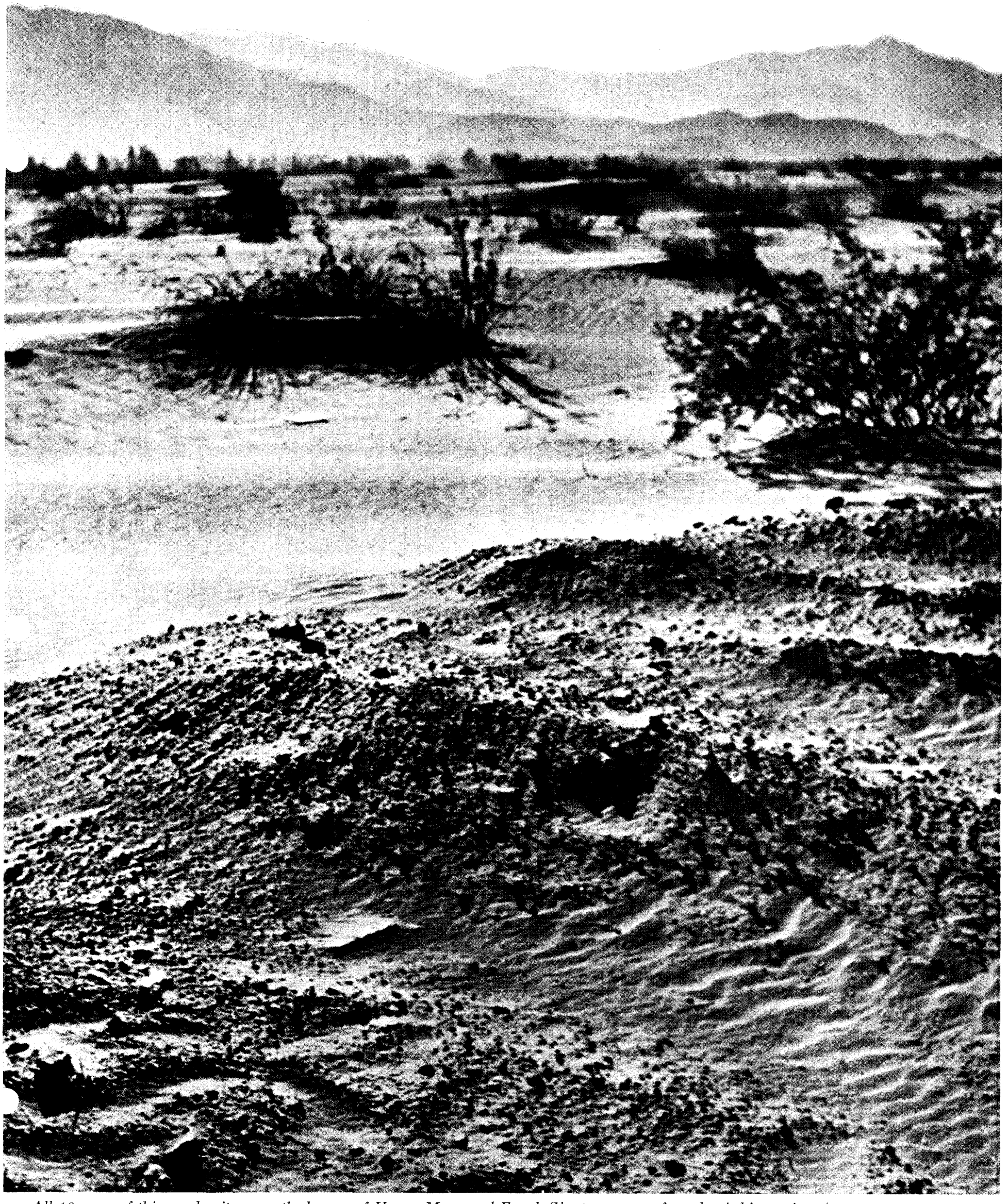

All 10 acres of this sandy site, near the houses of Harpo Marx and Frank Sinatra, are up for sale. Asking price: $65,000.

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PALM SPRINGS

THE DESERT'S

RING-A-DING RESORT

WHERE THE WHOLE TOWN WHISPERS, "MONEY, MONEY, MONEY."

By Herbert Gold

Palm Springs, California, which is sometimes called the place "where the sun shines on the stars," could be described more aptly as the sandpile where the grown children of Hollywood play. Per square mile it probably houses more millionaires, the Hollywood variety and other kinds, than any other town in the country, and it has nearly 3,000 swimming pools, one for every five inhabitants. There are so many pools, in fact, that grouchy desert lovers worry about the climate. Evaporation from the swimming pools, they sometimes theorize, finally may make Palm Springs the only community on earth with chlorinated rain.

Actually, rain is exceedingly rare in Palm Springs. Its warm, dry winter climate and its location about 100 miles from Los Angeles, in a valley between the San Bernardino and San Jacinto mountains, have fostered the desert city's explosive growth as an elegant resort and a haven for the rich and retired.

A third attraction has been Palm Springs' reputation as a stamping ground for celebrities. Frank Sinatra and Dwight David Eisenhower have houses there. So does Bing Crosby, whose home has been graced twice by President John Kennedy. George E. Allen is listed in the Chamber of Commerce's directory of residents, his profession being given as "friend of several U.S. Presidents." There are also Fords and Firestones, Floyd Odlum, Raymond Loewy (whose swimming pool is built half in, half out of his house), Conrad Hilton (he owns none of the hotels in town), and dozens of the movie great and ex-great.

Many Hollywood personalities have shown faith in the Village—so-called by residents who like to play up its quaintness—by investing in businesses there. The head of the Gabor clan, mamma Jolie, owns a swank jewelry store within the town's environs. Among the other entrepreneurs are Alan Ladd, Jerry Lewis, Desi Arnaz, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Charles Boyer, Danny Kaye and Bonita Granville.

(Bonita Granville? You don't remember Bonita Granville? She was one of the rivals of Jane Withers, who was one of the rivals of Shirley Temple about twenty-five years ago. Bonita Granville is now one of the owners of L'Horizon Hotel, which rivals Desi Arnaz's Indian Wells Hotel and Charles Boyer's Congress Inn. That's who Bonita Granville is.)

At Palm Springs all celebrities are equal. Pioneer philosophers of the desert have as much local renown for buying land when it was cheap as Frank Sinatra or Bonita Granville for whatever they did. And all luminaries, regardless of magnitude, are treated with the same understanding by the Palm Springs police force, which kindly tucks into bed people who drink too much.

Chief Gus Kettmann has reminded the men in the patrol cars that the chill night air calls for a light blanket around the feet. His jail is one of the few Village structures lacking a swimming pool, but it enjoys a spectacular view of the natural splendors of the area, and the cuisine is a source of envy to inmates of other clinks nearby.

A millionaire can be proud

Palm Springs makes no apologies for its celebrities. Some time ago, when Villagers demanded that the United States Air Force stop sending its planes over Palm Springs and spoiling the sky with jet trails, newspapers around the country editorialized indignantly about "those snobs and millionaires from Palm Springs." The Chamber of Commerce, which takes the large view of what constitutes good public relations, did nothing to soften the incident. In fact, it couldn't have been more pleased.

Mayor Frank Bogert—radio announcer, real-estate promoter, photographer and folk-singer—is also a general booster and believes in taking celebrities on chuck-wagon breakfast excursions.

Palm Springs today is desert plus money plus celebrities plus more money. Such was not always the case. Palm Springs passed its first years as the hot-water oasis of a small tribe of Cahuilla Indians whose source of livelihood is shrouded by the mists of time. Perhaps the early red men lived by selling one another steam baths and massages. The chief evidence for such conjecture is that the Indians came to be known as the Agua Caliente ("Hot Water") band. Taking commercial advantage of the hot mineral spring which bubbled up from the ground around them, they constructed within the limits of modern Palm Springs a bathhouse for the first caravans of innocent health-seekers making the long trek through the California desert. An old photograph at the city's Desert Museum shows a feminine member of the tribe, head sunk between her shoulders, standing at the bathhouse door to collect the 25-cent fee. The waters, taken in combination with the brilliant desert air, theoretically led straight to cures for bronchitis, catarrh, hay fever, the stone, separation of the pineal gland, weakened nerves and boredom. The Indian woman in the photograph looks bored but strong-nerved. Her descendants have not only prospered, but now live in ranch-style houses.

The first white man to pass through the Village may have been a Spanish captain, Juan Bautista de Anza, looking for the Pacific Coast in the 1770's. Captain de Anza did not stay. In the 1880's the town became a stop on a stagecoach line. A store and a ranch were established. In 1910 the white residents amounted to fewer than 15; in 1920 there were not quite 100. About that time, however, news of Palm Springs' virtues as a health resort reached ailing civilization, and moviemakers began to use the area as a substitute location for Turkey, the Sahara, Palestine and other faraway places.

J. Smeaton Chase, author of *Our Araby*, the first history of Palm Springs, declared that the great quality of the desert is that it has no history. Indeed, for a long period the town had no newspaper. Its first periodical was the *Red Front News*, not a Soviet intervention but an advertising sheet printed by the Red Front Grocery Store, which

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also sold gasoline, hay, firewater, manure forks, union suits and Yucatan Chewing Gum.

The Sanatorium Era yielded to the Golf and Tennis Club, Mobile Mansion and Hollywood Licit and Illicit Age, which is now in full and complicated desert bloom.

In Palm Springs a man of fame can let himself go. While no celebrity in Los Angeles or New York would be so gauche as to have a listed telephone number, in Palm Springs the *in* thing to do is to list your telephone in the directory. In this spirit, residents feel they don't have to brawl; they can take it easy. The celebrity is not hounded by the public. He can stroll the streets of an evening and chat with his neighbors. The barber next door can talk land prices with Bing Crosby. Bing Crosby can talk while taking off the bushy with the barber next door.

The effect of such ease and lack of pretension is an exemplary American boom economy, which has enriched the landholding Indians, made Palm Canyon Drive on weekend nights look a little like Hollywood's Sunset Strip, and produced some anomalies. For example, an office of Shearson, Hammill and Company, stockbrokers, is in the same building which houses the ancient hot springs. The building's Indian owners have made it an elegant mineral spa devoted to luxurious rubbing, tubbing and scrubbing.

Mayor Bogert, drawling in Western fashion and wearing engraved boots, size enormous, allows as how there is no house worth less than $20,000 within the city limits. (In the Southridge development, single house-building lots run from $25,000 to $65,000 each; the higher price buys a better view of the mountainside.) Neither the mayor nor the members of the City Council nor the members of the Planning Commission collect salaries; it's that kind of town. *Noblesse oblige.* Characteristic of the rulings of the Planning Commission is the height limit it has placed on all town buildings—so as to shade nobody's swimming pool.

Swimming pools, limousines, sports cars, walled mansions, the plaintive voices of society postdebs and the clear, hoarse tones of 40-year-old ingenues are all part of the atmosphere. So are the miles of lighted palm trees along Palm Canyon Drive, the luxurious hideaway hotels like the Biltmore, and the polo team sent from Texas complete with horses and hats. The whole town whispers "Money, money, money."

Folks tool around in golf carts to coffee klatches, stores or just plain golf courses. The police chief estimates that $20,000,000 worth of jewelry is displayed on bosoms, wrists and fingers during a mildly celebrational dance at El Mirador Hotel. The Desert Air Hotel has a landing strip to accommodate the 200 or more private planes which fly over for weekends. Edgar Bergen, Bob Cummings and Brian Donlevy are a few of the folks who enjoy buzzing down for a day or two to breathe yucca and mesquite and escape from modern civilization.

At the Thunderbird Country Club, dedicated to the theory and practice of golf, one gentleman's tennis court was sunk 15 feet into the ground so golfers would not be offended by the sight of high lobs. (He thought of air-conditioning his tennis court, but found the price prohibitive. That sun is *hot*.) At the Thunderbird the desert has vanished under acres of green golf grass, lovingly watered. The sand for the traps, tons of it, was imported, although the land beneath is all sand. The owners wanted the right kind of sand.

Official publicity about the Village talks of mosaic swimming pools, Turkish swimming pools, heated and cooled and aerated pools, and swimming pools which are "collectors' items"—in case one happens to collect swimming pools. In the date gardens nearby, lectures are given on "The Sex Life of the Date"—in case one happens to collect dates or sex lives.

Palm Springs' chief amusements are daytime ones—sports and the out-of-doors. There is one top nightclub, called Chi-Chi; it has rather Rotarian ideas about entertainment, but the food is nourishing. Usually people of the Village entertain themselves at home around lighted pools or at private country clubs. (There are said to be poolsides with Dow-Jones ticker tapes bringing financial news, but I have not seen them.)

Who needs night life when home is so elaborate? Frank Sinatra has a shower stall with knobs sunken so as not to bruise his skinny frame. El Rancho Harpo has a separate garage for Harpo Marx's golf carts.

In Palm Springs the once-lowly house trailer has achieved a quaint new millionaire transmogrification. It has come to be more than a mobile home—namely, an immobile home. It comes with a ramada—which is a covered patio—a cabana and matching Cadillac in the carport, and frequently a matching golf cart. Expando trailers crank out extra rooms, bulging sideways like pregnant paramecia. Some ramadas include flagpoles, stone fireplaces and rose trellises. There are even two-trailer families.

House trailers take root

The immobile home is about as permanent as housing can get these days. Unless you grow so bored with shuffleboard, climate and socializing with the neighbors that you decide to blast your trailer off its foundations, you find yourself committed to this spot on the desert where you have let the wheels stop rolling. They begin to grow into roots. Gardens cover your tracks. The thrill of the open road is for people with less elegant rolling homes. At the Blue Skies trailer village a membership committee passes on tenants—"So's we know who the hell is coming in—no riffraff, none of your obstreperous types, get me?" The "members" are doctors, lawyers and merchant chiefs, each dealt in for approximately $70,000 worth of mobile home. In front of their trailer one romantic couple installed a plaster cupid and a concrete waterfall with circulating water.

During a guided tour of one $70,000 mobile home a visitor examined the portable den with TV, the movable automatic kitchen, the ambulatory mirrored bedroom with its tufted stools and headboard, the wandering terrace and barbecue pit. The visitor mentioned to the trailer-park manager that throughout this remarkable structure there was not one book or magazine visible anywhere. "She keeps a nice clean house," said the manager.

The city's Indians live in luxury, and one Indian owns an automatic laundry with color television. It is a long way from the Stone Age relics of the Pinto Basin to Liberace's house, in which everything is piano-shaped, and to the several hideaway mansions in which Elizabeth Taylor has resided at various times with her various husbands.

Not the least noticeable among Palm Springs' natural beauties are the wistful ladies who come for quiet rest in the desert after the rigors of the Sunset Strip. The constant parade of resting ladies at sundown on Palm Canyon Drive provides an opportunity for the lonely to search out recreation during the crisp cool evenings. Peter the Hermit, who was hooted out of town when he sought to found a nudist colony a generation ago, would find himself vindicated if he were to hire a helicopter to fly above the Village's swimming pools and sun decks.

The girls who visit the town expect to find millionaire oilmen and Hollywood producers. What do they find? Well, it's amazing. They find quite a few Hollywood producers and experts in oil-depletion allowances from places like Texas and Oklahoma.

These sportive girls and boys have their faults—their excessive use of such terms as "ring-a-ding" and such greetings as "Gettin' your jollies, Dad?" And there is the incessant straining hum of their large automobiles, small aircraft and medium-sized pool pumps. Still Palm Springs attracts a relatively relaxed type of millionaire and a mild style of moll. Mink-rimmed sunglasses are discouraged in the better country clubs; sport shirts tend to run to the quiet dignity of pale blue nubby silk rather than Hawaiian floral patterns. Open rowdiness and public indiscretion are frowned upon and, if necessary, they are artfully disciplined by Chief Kettmann and his policemen.

The desert's reliable sun guarantees Palm Springs' future. More real estate undoubtedly will be carved out of mountain and dune, more country clubs and pools will be built. More shipments of sand will be spread over sand. More mobile castles will come. There will be more sun and fun for the millionaires and their molls; more millionaires, more molls.

And what else? Seven million dollars are busy putting a tramway up the mountains. In late spring residents will be able to leave their poolsides and zip up a peak in 20 minutes, attach their skis and taste the challenge of snow and slope.

Sociologist David Reisman once urged the youth of Kansas to build a mountain on the plain, an effort which would provide manly physical labor as well as a place to ski. The youth of Kansas failed to respond, but other Americans have wrought the equivalent on the California desert. The money and power, inventiveness and optimism that have gone into creating the pleasure dome of Palm Springs—watering the desert, stringing the mountains with roads and tramway, irrigating the golf greens, gathering the mobile homes, filtering the pools, keeping the skin moist, tinting the hair, and making the Agua Caliente Indians rich and contented—have also provided manly work for thousands of land speculators, retired manufacturers, farsighted movie stars, golf and tennis pros and lissome ladies from the Sunset Strip.

Someday so much irrigation may deal into the desert air enough mist and dampness to bring back the bad old days of postnasal drip. Until then, Palm Springs flourishes as a remarkable instance of man's humanity to man. Where the shrewd Indian once roamed, perhaps suffering from prickly heat, the comfortable American sits by a pool. His needs are satisfied. He does no harm. In his complicated and circuitous way he has rediscovered the simple life. THE END

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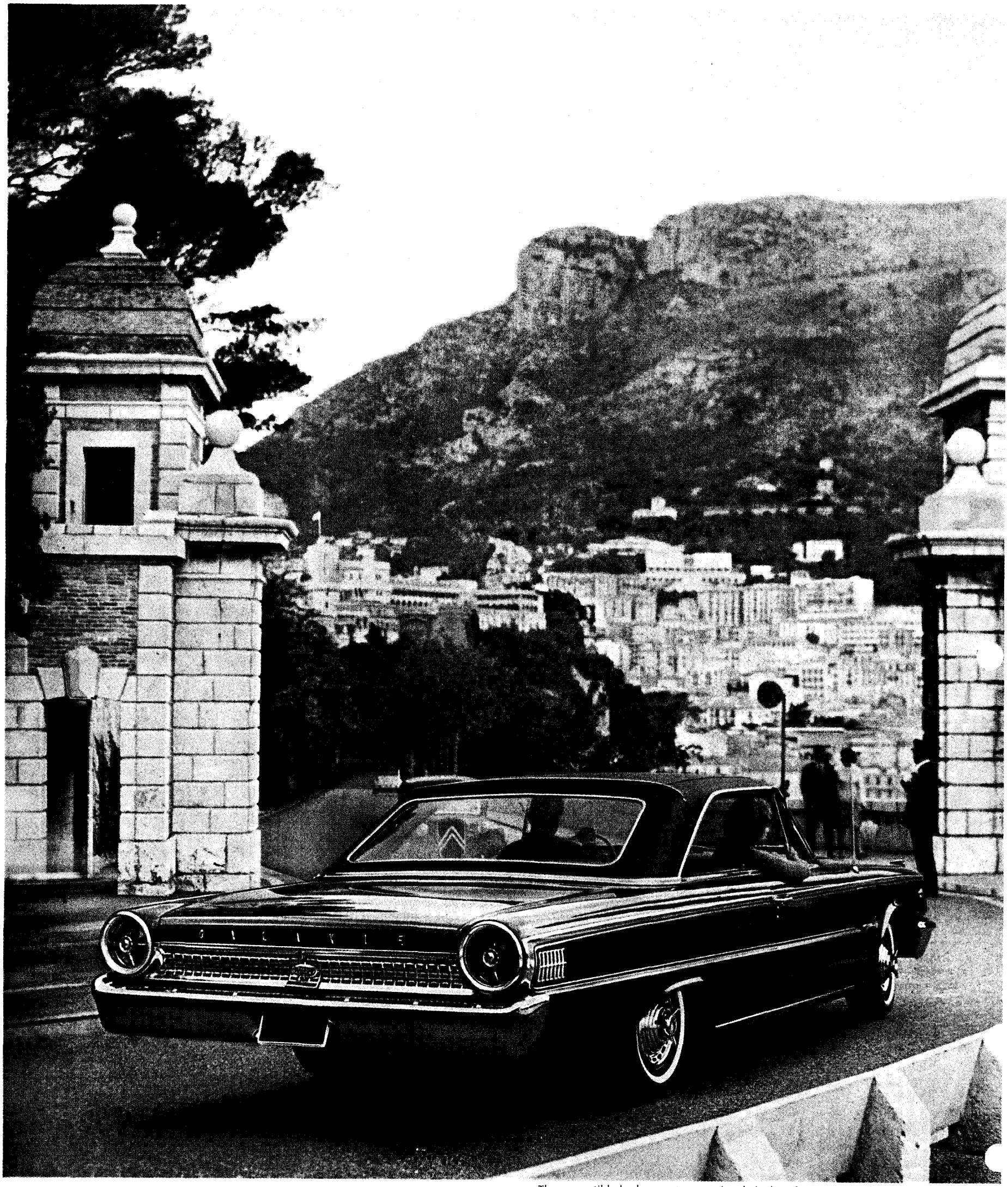

The convertible look, even to an optional vinyl roof covering, marks the Ford Sports Hardtop

'63½ Super Torque Ford Sports Hardtop. Monaco saw this one—and was taken with its convertible look, sculptured in metal. There are six V-8's, ranging up to 425 horsepower! Deep-foam bucket seats, a central console shift lever, even for automatic drive! A new kind of springing, designed to smooth the meanest bumps! Silence so perfected that many hand-built creations seem harsh by comparison! Who could believe that this blend of power and luxury is available at any Ford dealership now? You'll find it pretty hard to believe the first time you drive one of Ford's new Command Performance cars, too . . . but it's true and that's the great thing!

FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTS

Ford MOTOR COMPANY

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COMMAND PERFORMANCE

V-8 VERDICT FROM MONTE CARLO

These are the Liveliest of the Lively Ones!

How do you earn applause from the world's most blasé automotive audience? Show them something as ultra-smart as these new '63½ models. A rakish new roofline for the Ford Sports Hardtop. Brilliant new power for Fairlane. And V-8's for all Falcons,* excitingly displayed in a new kind of total performance car, the Sprint!

'63½ Fairlane Sports Coupe. (upper right) Full-size inside, a very functional size outside . . . and with *three* V-8's, right up to 271 h.p.! Four-speed stick shift, of course, and a crisp Thunderbird roofline that now offers a black or white vinyl covering as options.

'63½ Falcon Sprint V-8 (lower right) The big news here is that, for the first time, V-8 Power is available in all Falcons.* The star of the line is the Falcon Sprint, the American sensation of the punishing Monte Carlo Rallye. Special steering wheel, tachometer, bucket seats and V-8 scat are all standard in the Sprint.

*Except Station Bus and Club Wagons.

America's liveliest, most care-free cars

FORD

FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD • THUNDERBIRD

Great Style—and great good sense—that's the Fairlane Sports Coupe.

The Falcon Sprint, brilliantly designed to bring a new level of Rallye-proved V-8 performance to the compact field.

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LIVING IN TUNE WITH TIME

"AMBITION, ENVY, NECESSITY—I DON'T KNOW THEM ANY MORE."

BY MACKEY BROWN

Why did no one ever tell me of the marvels of middle age? Are they so purely untellable? Or have we been taught to dread—forewarned that we will feel useless with the children gone, the dreams of wild and improbable successes broken, the waist thickened and the sharp, cold breath of mortality on our cheeks. But why should we dread? We have climbed a mountain; now we can see what lies on the other side.

I know. I am there, and it is not dreadful, but marvelous. I am 45 now, and free from a thousand petty tyrannies. I wake in the morning alive with anticipation for the uncluttered day I hold in my hands.

Ambition, envy, duty, necessity—I don't know them anymore. I can thread the hours ahead on a chain, choosing just the shapes and colors I like. There are books to be read, records to be played, walks to be taken. If I like, I can sit and watch the filigree of a leafless tree against the sky, and put off my housework.

What shall we have for dinner tonight, Walter and I, in the quiet candlelit dining room? Shall I go this afternoon to have a cup of tea with my 70-year-old friend Mrs. Merriam? Or shall I invite the couple we met last week to have cocktails? (The children are gone; no outraged face will wigwag frantically from the kitchen door, "When's dinner?")

I can even drive 100 miles to see the sea, for my husband is a generous man and gives me time freely. Now that my pocketbook is unpillaged by the everyday demands of three children (school-lunch money, a new sweatshirt, strings for a tennis racket) I have put together enough for a little secondhand car, the first car I ever owned, symbol of a new mobility of choice.

Yesterday's hours were taut; events flew at me like blown snow coming horizontally at a windowpane. (Judy has to have her dress by Friday; PTA tonight; can you come to dinner on the fourteenth; will you pick me up for the luncheon at 1:15; hurry!) Now I sit so still in the eye of life that I can hear silence fall.

My freedom unfurls, and the wrinkled fabric is smoothed by the iron of time. I am free from the agonizing empathy every mother feels for her children. I know now—I should have known then—that Marco did not taste any ashes of bitterness when he lost the school election, but I did. Judy felt none of my shame when she had to go to the junior prom in one of my cocktail dresses instead of a new gown. When Jeff's girl threw him away for another boy, he was miserable for a few weeks, but I felt hate for months.

I am free from the physical fear that leaves one with knees shivering like aspen. I remember coming home from a meeting one day to find my two boys seesawing on a loose board laid across the rooftree of our house 30 feet above the ground. I never want to feel that paralyzing terror again. I do not want to spend the hours of hand-forged horror at the visions I conjured up every time Judy went out with Mike McConnell, the ducktailed demon of our neighborhood. Oh, they are not through with peril yet, of course, but I no longer have to watch or wait.

I was glad when my living room was filled, as it usually was, with the 99 most intimate friends of one or another of my children, walls and windows bulging in and out to the rhythm of songs they sang, chairs and sofas sagging, slipcovers torn where a banjo snagged, floor littered with apple cores and cracker crumbs. But now I look at that quiet living room and find it a charming place with its new slipcovers and the old rug dyed a rich, warm chocolate brown that covers up the peanut-butter and Coke stains. Now it is a place to welcome our friends.

We gained a guest room

We never had an extra bedroom, and the week after Jeff went to college Walter and I went upstairs with surreptitious glee. We took down the *Playboy* pinups, the deerhorns and moldering pheasant wings from the walls, and a generation of moths flew up in dismay. We cleaned out the bureau where the rusting ice skates nested among socks and old jockstraps, with the brochure that told how to sell magazines door to door. We tossed away the mattress that smelled of unwashed adolescence and the "perfectly good" ski with the toe broken off. We papered the room in fragile blue and silver and put down white rugs. We lost a son, but we gained a room and a new cameraderie between husband and wife as we sat smiling at each other over some of the memories we uncovered.

I love my children; I am proud of them; but it gives me an extraordinary sense of pleasure to know that I can let them go with unclutching hands and be sure that both they and their parents are going on to delightful new discoveries.

I am astonished at the wealth I find about me, now that my days are no longer blurred with

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busyness. I look at a picture my friend Sarah has painted, and the blobs of color, the balance of line and composition enter all the way into me, running down the network of my nerves until I know what the painting has to say. People's faces have whole stories to tell; they are not just obstacles set in line before me at the post-office stamp window. The fret and hurry are gone; I am in tune with time.

Are all these manifestations selfish and greedy? Probably. But I feel my psyche stretching and know I am becoming a better human. I will be a more meaningful friend than the woman who "visited" with one eye on the clock and half her mind on what to have for dinner. I am already becoming a far more satisfactory wife.

A few years ago I watched my husband go through the male mental menopause, that inevitable period in which a man must face himself as he is, compared to what he hoped to be—and must realign his whole life accordingly. I knew intuitively what he was going through, but I could not help him. Even in the night, when he tossed and turned on the rumpled sheets, I could do no more than touch him with my hand. We had lost the power of communication.

No one was to blame for the loss. What man enjoys talking to a woman with a mouthful of pins while she takes up or lets down her daughter's dress or mends a torn baseball glove? What man speaks of his problems when he is apt to be interrupted with "Darling, remind me to take you to work tomorrow so I can have the car." Yet the hem had to go up or down, and the car had to be remembered if Marco were to get to the dentist. The stir and pressure of life grew denser, separating us.

Now we are getting back that vital communication. We are friends and lovers. Each enjoys talking to the other. We sit up late with a glass of wine and the fire murmuring its message of warmth, so intent on a discussion, say, of why women are different from men, or if the movie we just saw was a success, that we literally fail to hear the clock strike one, or even two.

This year, when we had to have a new car, I persuaded him to buy a sports car instead of the inevitable station wagon. I have given him something. Now I have the inordinate pleasure of watching him love his car, patting it like a pet horse. And, if the neighbors whisper to one another as we tool off with the top down, I do not hear them, and I would not care if I did.

For another blessing of middle age is losing the tyranny of "what people will think." At 45 I have worked out codes of conduct that I believe to be right for me. If I arrive at a reception the only one not wearing a hat, I no longer slink around the edges of the crowd. I am hatless because I choose to be. I no longer try to placate the wife of my husband's colleague who used to frighten me with her vicious tongue; I don't like her or see her. I know her venom poisons only herself, but I had to reach an age of assurance before I could be sure of that. I can no longer be bullied by aggressive committee ladies who demand that I give my energy to every cause that comes along, whether I admire the cause or not. I can now say a cool, firm "Sorry" without guilt.

My conscience is clear

Guilt. There is a tyranny it is heavenly to be free from. Most of my mistakes are in the irrevocable past, and it will do me no good now to lie awake wondering if my haphazard childrearing is ruining my kids. I don't spend precious time damning myself because I am not as well organized as Margaret, as accomplished a hostess as Daphne. No more cold sweat over the things I have done, the things I have left undone.

I used to feel guilty about religion, fretfully aware that in our lives it had become a purely socialized institution, inextricably mixed with church parties, clean clothes for Sunday and finding the right change for everybody for the collection plate. Yet how could I hand out answers to children's questions when I never had time to answer my own? Now I have leisure to think about God, to read philosophy and to look for the meaning of my own soul.

We race through the various periods of our lives with one foot always in the future, the other in the past—expectancy and regret. Now that I have time to live in the present, I sometimes wish I could go back in time, but only for a little while. I would like to be an adolescent again, now that I know so much more about living; but adolescence is kin to New York—a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there. So much crowded into so little space—so many newborn emotions, discovered so swiftly, all jostling and demanding attention, that one seldom had a chance to experience any of them.

I would like to go back to young-wife-and-motherhood, but I know too well that then one is so anesthetized by necessity that one seldom sees the glories: the incomparable beauty of a baby's small, perfect nails, or the family around the dining table when the sunset washes the room with color. Before one has time to live the moment, the telephone rings, and someone spills a glass of milk and the forgotten biscuits burn in the oven.

Certainly I never want to go back to the sudden despair that comes in the thirties. I suppose every woman old enough has known that day of realization—maybe when she walks through a department store and sees a stranger approaching, whose hair straggles under an impossible hat, whose clothes hang badly on a figure that has lost its lines and whose face wears the harried markings of a woman given over to small details of living. As she comes closer she realizes that the stranger is she herself, meeting her image in the store's mirror. The dreams are over; she can never pretend again.

The thirties are the period of dreadful doubt, the time when one says, "Is this all I can hope for? Is this actually how I should have spent my one and only God-given life? I am growing old, and I have never seen the temple at Angkor Wat, never worn a Givenchy dress to the opera, never had a lover to hold my hand by the coast of the wine-dark sea."

Now I know myself; I can no longer be shocked when illusion is shattered. For 45 years I have fought my frantic, busy way. I will never be beautiful, rich, or Café Society, but I have planted forget-me-nots, nursed a baby, seen the sun rise and stars fall, lain with my love. I did not have to sail the South Seas to enter into relationships with people and things. I have stored up hundreds and millions of minutes into one unique human being. And now I have achieved the age of self-discovery.

I like where I am now, just past the probable chronological center of my life. To me it is fulfillment, when the gyroscope balances, inner and outer compass come together, and there is time and freedom for perceiving. I want to sit still on a summer evening with a warm rock wall against my back, a glass of good sherry in my hand, look across a meadow to where my husband fishes in a tumbling stream, and read the Rilke poem that says: "Here *is the time for the Tellable*, here *is its home. . . . Earth, isn't this what you want: an invisible re-arising in us?*"

I can have all that now. THE END

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Chevy II Nova 400 Station Wagon

Biggest thing that's happened to growing families since kids

Your family probably couldn't feel more proud of any new wagon than a low-cost Chevy II, even if you wrapped up another kind of bundle in it. In fact, some *expensive* cars should look so good. As for room, you'll find plenty of it with a load floor—rumpus room to you—that's over 7 feet long (a full 9 feet with tailgate open). But otherwise, Chevy II gives you a real economy kick. Its six-cylinder engine loves to show you just how far a gallon can go. A new Delcotron generator gets more mileage from your battery, too. The brakes are self-adjusting, of course, and its Body by Fisher has a flush-and-dry ventilating system that removes corrosive elements from the rocker panels with every rain and wash job. (Seems like the things that need regular looking after are mostly your rear-seat passengers.) Any wonder your Chevrolet dealer can't wait to show this one off? And who can blame him. Neither will you—even if your Chevy II *isn't* all dolled up with simulated wire wheel covers, outside rearview mirror and roof luggage carrier (they're all optional at slight extra cost) like the one in the picture! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVY II

CHEVROLET

KEEPS GOING GREAT

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POST FICTION

this week:

PAUL HORGAN

BLACK SNOWFLAKES

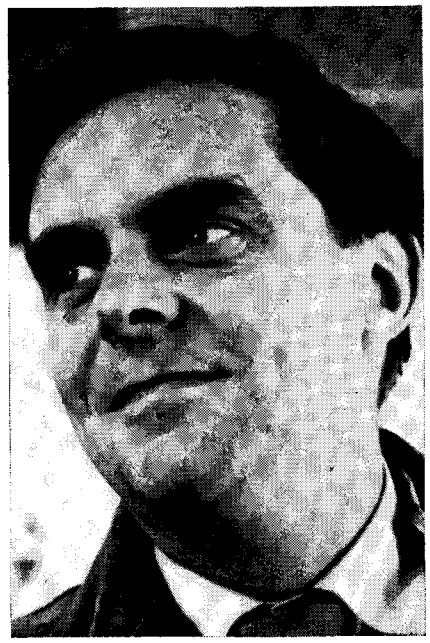
Paul Horgan's lengthy career in literature includes high points such as the Harper Prize for his novel "The Fault of Angels" (1933) and both Pulitzer and Bancroft Prizes in history, given for "Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History" (1954). Paul Horgan is now acting director of the Center for Advanced Studies at Wesleyan University. His most recent book, "Conquistadors in North American History," was published by Farrar, Straus and Company in January of this year.

JOHN D. MacDONALD

THE OBVIOUS WOMAN

John D. MacDonald began writing in 1946 . . . and never stopped. One of the most prolific magazine writers and novelists in the United States, he has produced more than five hundred short stories, in addition to forty-odd novels, the sales of which—in numerous editions and translations—now total well over 15,000,000 copies. MacDonald's wife is a painter; they live and work in Sarasota.

JOHN WAIN



KING CALIBAN

John Wain, born in 1925 and Oxford-educated, is regarded as one of the most promising of the widely discussed group of young British writers. He is a winner of the Somerset Maugham Award for his "Preliminary Essays," and has written many short stories and poems, and five novels. "Strike the Father Dead," his most recent book, was brought out in this country by St. Martin's Press in September of 1962.

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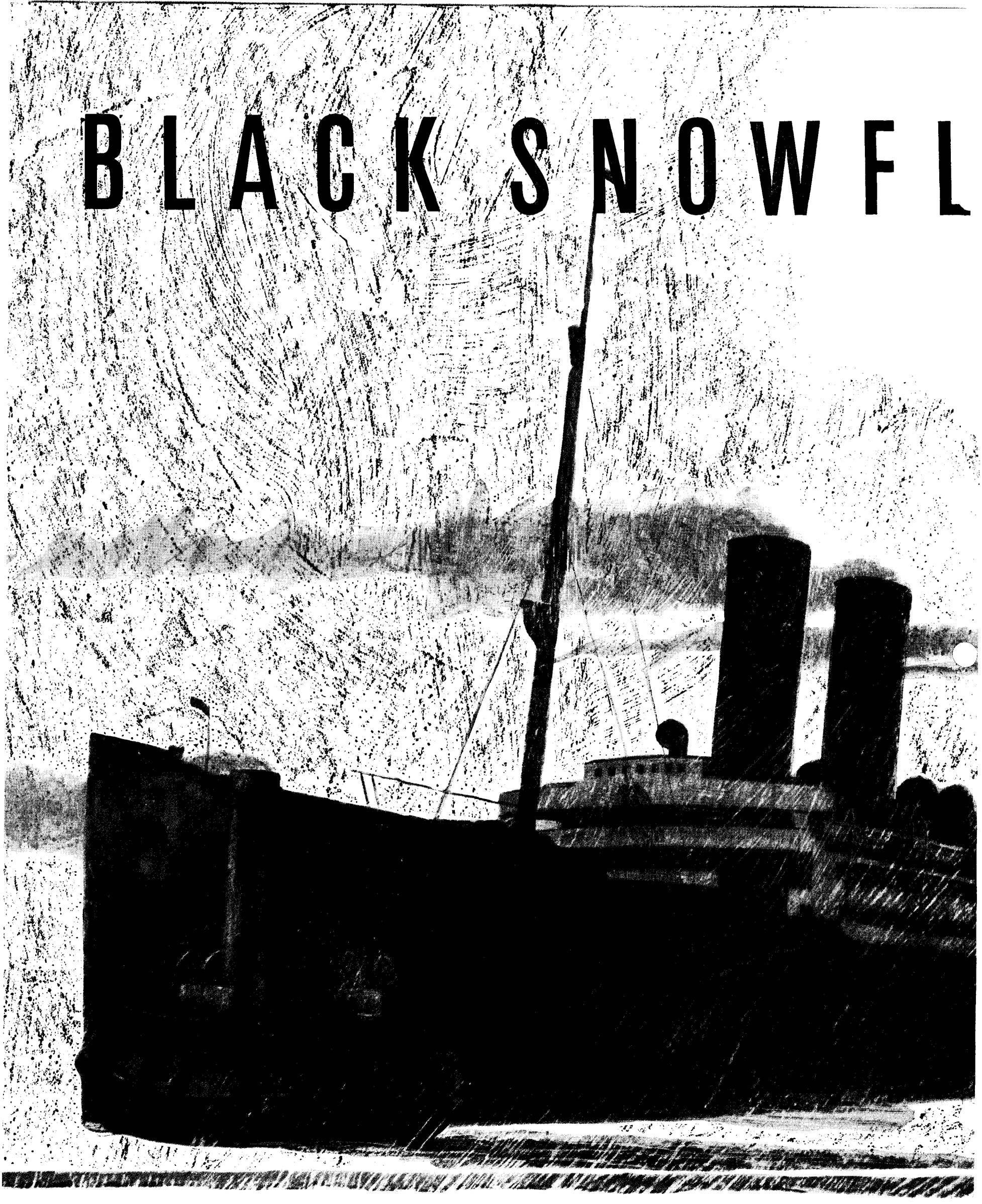

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AKES

"Snowflakes are white, Richard. White! White!" she said. "When will you ever see things as they are!"

By Paul Horgan

"Richard, Richard," they said to me often in my childhood, "when will you begin to see things as they are?"

But I always learned from one thing what another was, and it was that way when we all went from Dorchester to New York to see my grandfather off for Europe, the year before the First World War broke out.

He was a German—my mother's father—and it was his habit, all during the long time he lived in Dorchester, New York, to return to Germany for a visit every year or two. I was fearful of him, for he was large, splendidly formal in his dress and majestic in his manner, and yet I loved him for he made me know that he believed me someone worthwhile. I was ten years old, and I could imagine being like him myself someday, with glossy white hair swept back from a broad, pale brow, and white eyebrows above China-blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, a fine sweeping moustache and a well-trimmed white beard that came to a point. He sometimes wore eyeglasses with thin gold rims, and I used to put them on and take them off in secret. I suppose I had no real idea of what he was like.

There was something in the air about going to New York to see him off that troubled me. I did not want to go.

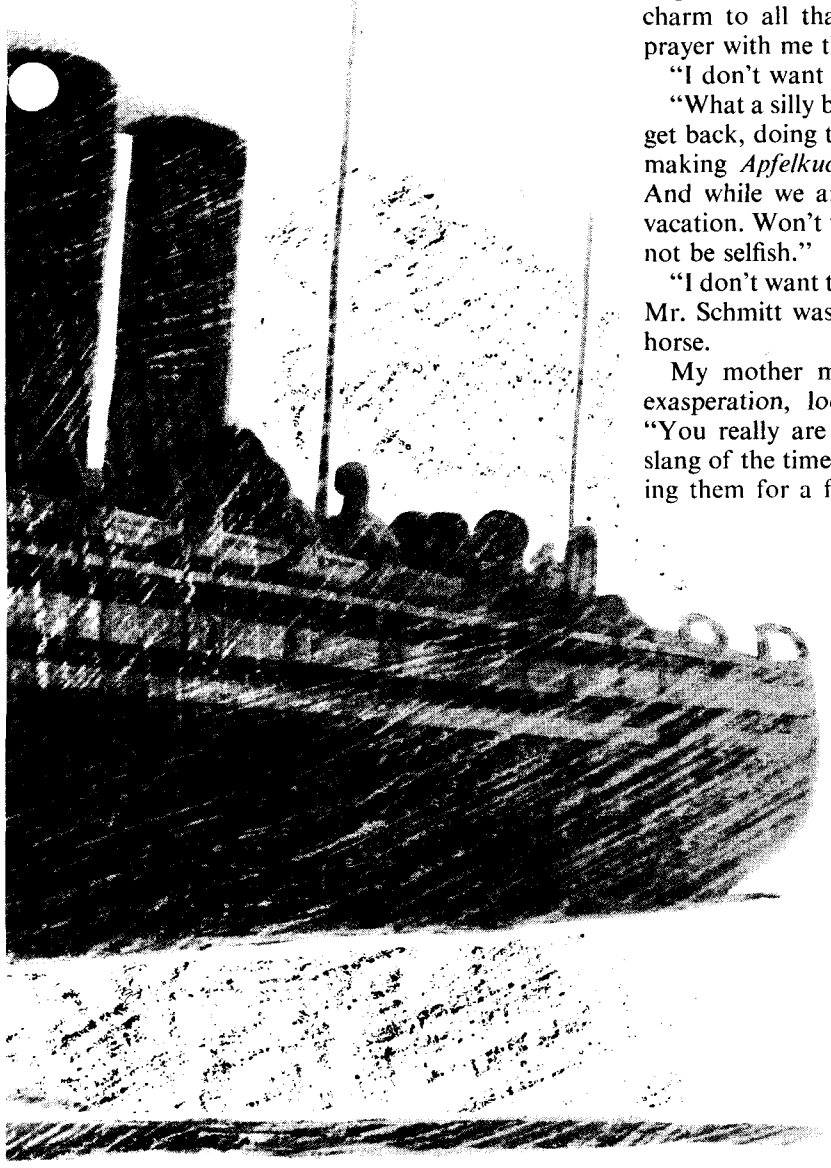
"Why not, my darling?" my mother asked as I was going to bed the night before we were to leave home. Before going down to dinner, she always came in to see me, to kiss me good night, to glance about my room with her air of giving charm to all that she saw, and to whisper a prayer with me that God would keep us.

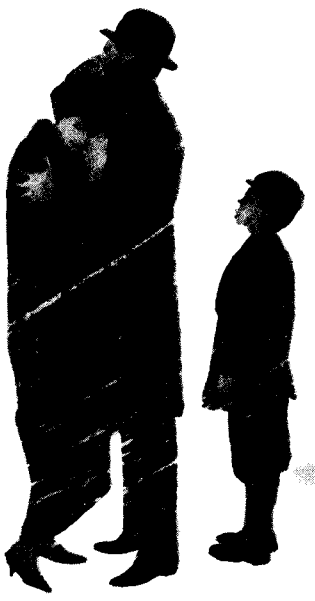
"I don't want to leave Anna."

"What a silly boy. Anna will be here when we get back, doing the laundry in the basement or making *Apfelkuchen*, just as she always does. And while we are gone, she will have a little vacation. Won't that be nice for her? You must not be selfish."

"I don't want to leave Mr. Schmitt and Ted." Mr. Schmitt was the iceman, and Ted was his horse.

My mother made a little breath of comic exasperation, looking upward for a second. "You really are killing," she said in the racy slang of the time. "Why should you mind leaving them for a few days? What is so precious





Illustrated by David Blossom

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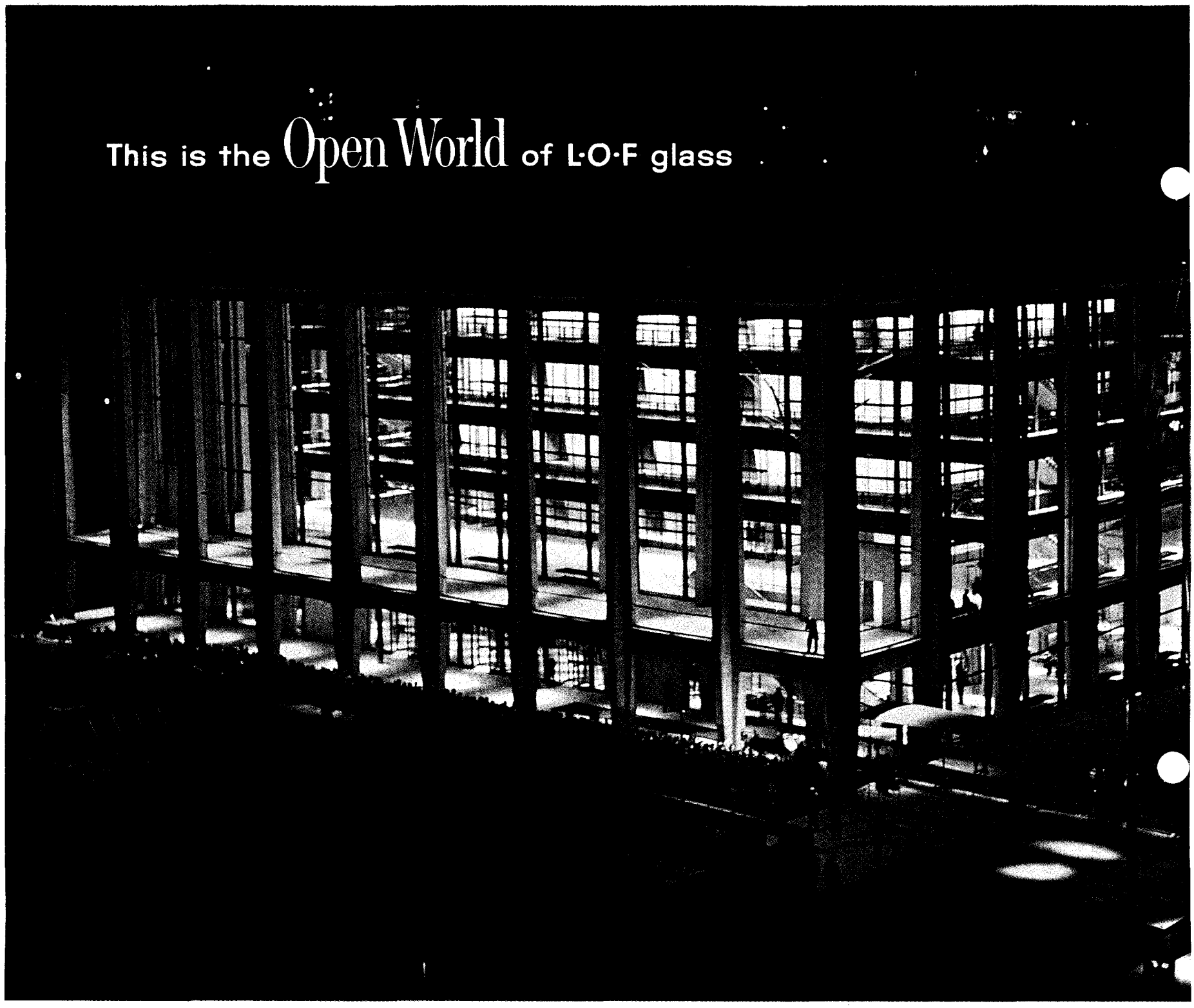
This is the Open World of L·O·F glass



To contain and enhance the mood of great music, Architect, Max Abramovitz created the Open World design of Philharmonic Hall ...with glass walls of *Parallel-O-Plate.* There is no finer plate glass than *Parallel-O-Plate,* twin ground by L·O·F for clearest vision.

Welcome to America's New Showcase of Culture

This is Lincoln Center's stunning Philharmonic Hall in New York...new mecca for music lovers. The Open World design and welcoming walls of *Parallel-O-Plate*® glass invite you to enter and enjoy the world's great music. □ In centers of recreation and of work, everywhere you go today, you'll find this same kind of Open World invitation. Made possible by glass. Made practical by L·O·F. Made available everywhere by L·O·F Distributors.

Libbey·Owens·Ford
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THE QUALITY MARK TO LOOK FOR

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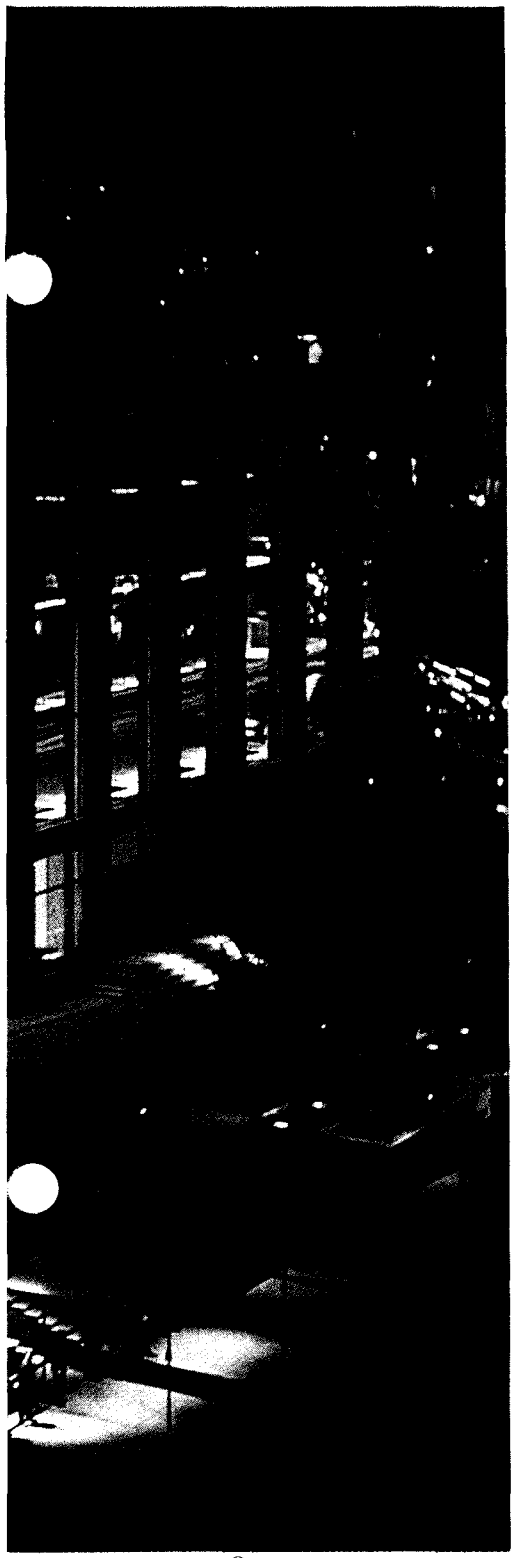

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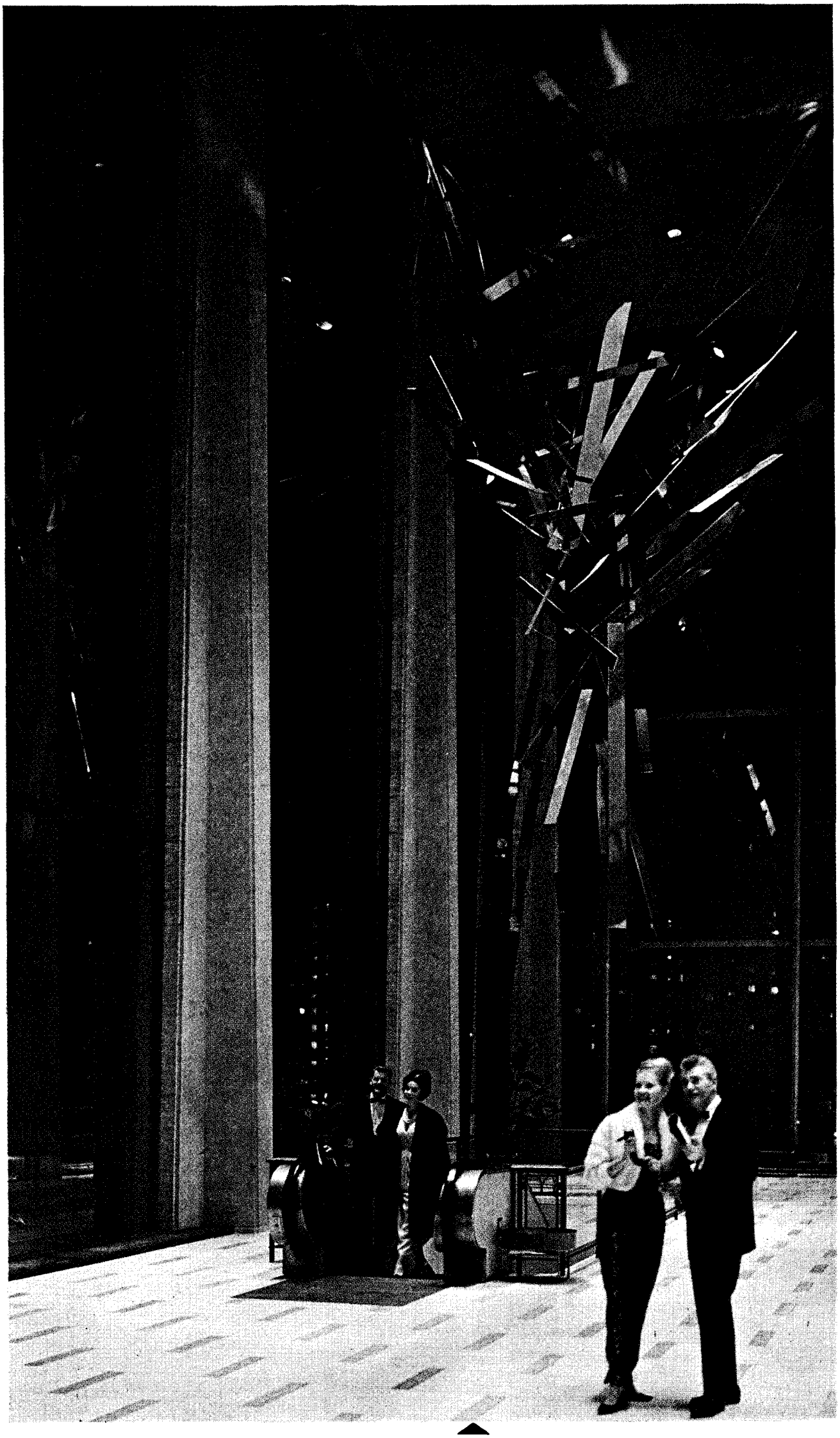
In the Green Room, where audience may meet artist, mirrors of *Parallel-O-Plate* glass (twin ground for truest reflection) create a gracious and spacious atmosphere.



The feeling of space and freedom inherent in the clean expanse of *Parallel-O-Plate* glass in the Grand Foyer is complemented by Richard Lippold's soaring space sculpture.

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SNOWFLAKES

about Mr. Schmitt and Ted? They only come down our street twice a week."

"They're friends of mine."

"Ah. Then I understand. We all hate to leave our friends. Well, my darling, they will be here when we get back. Don't you want to see Grosspa take the great ship? You can even go on board to say good-bye. You have no idea how huge those ships are, and how fine."

"Why can't I go the next time he sails for Germany?"

At this my mother's eyes began to shine with a new light, and I thought she might be about to cry, but she was also smiling. She gave me a hug. "This time we must all go, Richard. If we love him, we must go. Now people are coming for dinner, and your father is waiting downstairs. Now sleep. You will love the train, as you always do. And in New York you can buy a little present for each one of your friends."

It was a lustrous thought to leave with me as she went, making a silky rustle with her long dress. I lay awake thinking of each of my friends, planning my gifts.

Anna, our servant, was a large, gray, Bohemian woman who came to us four days a week. I spent much time in the kitchen or the basement laundry listening to her rambling stories of life on the "East Side" of town. She had a coarse face with deep pockmarks. I asked her about them one day, and she replied with the dread word, "Smallpox."

"They thought I was going to die," she said. "They thought I was dead."

"What is it like to be dead, Anna?"

"Oh, dear saints, who can tell that who is alive?"

It was all I could find out, but the question was often with me. Sometimes in the afternoon, when I was supposed to be taking my nap, I would hear Anna singing, way below in the laundry, and her voice was like something hooting up the chimney. What should I buy for Anna in New York?

And for Mr. Schmitt, the iceman. He was a heavy-waisted German-American with a face wider at the bottom than at the top, and when he walked he had to swing his huge belly from side to side to make room for his steps. He had a big, hard voice, and we could hear him coming blocks away, calling, "Ice!" in a long cry. Other icemen used a bell, but not Mr. Schmitt. I waited for him to come, and we would talk while he stabbed at the great cakes of ice in his hooded wagon, chipping off the pieces we always took—two chunks of fifty pounds each. His skill with the tongs was magnificent, and he would swing a chunk up on his shoulder, over which he wore a sort of rubber chasuble, and move with heavy grace up the walk along the side of our house to the kitchen porch.

"Do you want to ride today?" he would ask, meaning that I was welcome to ride to the end of the block on the high seat above Ted's rump, where the shiny, rubbed reins lay in a loose knot, because Ted needed no guidance and could be trusted to stop at all the right houses and start up again whenever he felt Mr. Schmitt's heavy, vaulting rise to the seat. I often rode to the end of the block, and Ted, in the moments when he was still, would look around at me, first from one side, and then the other, and stamp a leg, and shudder his harness against flies, and in general treat me as a member of the ice company, for which I was grateful

What could I buy for Ted? Perhaps in New York they had horse stores. My father would give me what money I would need, when I told him what I wanted to buy. I resolved to ask him, provided I could stay awake until the dinner party was over, and my father, as he always did, would come in to see if all was well. How much love there was all about me, and how greedy I was for even more of it.

The next day we assembled at the station to take the train. It was a heavy, gray, cold day, and everybody wore fur except me and my Great-aunt Barbara—Tante Bep. She was going to Germany with my grandfather, her brother.

This was an amazing thing in itself, for, first of all, he usually went everywhere alone, and second, Tante Bep was so different from her magnificent brother that she was generally kept out of sight. She lived across town on the East Side in a convent of German nuns, who received money for her board and room from Grosspa. She resembled an ornamental cork that my grandfather often used to stopper a wine bottle. Carved out of soft wood and painted in bright colors, the cap of the cork represented a Bavarian peasant woman with a blue shawl over painted gray hair. The eyes were tiny dots of bright blue lost in wooden crinkles, and the nose was a long wooden lump hanging over a toothless mouth sunk deep in a poor smile.

Now, wearing her jet-spangled black bonnet with chin ribbons, and her black shawl and heavy skirts that smelled like dog hair, she was returning to Germany with her brother. I did not know why.

But her going was part of the strangeness I felt in all the circumstances of our journey. On the train my grandfather retired at once to a drawing room at the end of our car. My mother went with him. Tante Bep and I sat in swivel chairs in the open part of the parlor car, and my father came and went between us and the private room up ahead.

In the afternoon I fell asleep after the splendors of lunch in the dining car. Grosspa's lunch went into his room on a tray, and my mother shared it with him. I hardly saw her all day, but when we drew into New York, she came to wake me. "Now, Richard, all the lovely exciting things begin! Tonight the hotel, tomorrow the ship! Come, let me wash your face and comb your hair."

"And the shopping?" I said.

"Shopping?"

"For my presents."

"What presents?"

"Mother, Mother, you've forgotten."

"I'm afraid I have, but we'll speak of it later."

It was true that people did forget at times, and I knew how they tried then to make unimportant what they should have remembered. Would this happen to me, and my plans for Anna, and Mr. Schmitt, and Ted? My concern was great—but, as my mother had said, there were excitements waiting, and even I forgot, for a while, what it had seemed treachery in her to forget.

We drove from the station in two limousine taxis, like high glass cages on small wheels. My father rode with me and Tante Bep. It was snowing lightly, and the street lamps were rubbed out of shape by the snow, as if I had painted them with water colors. We went to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Fifth Avenue, and soon after I had been put into the room I was to share with Tante Bep, my father came in to make an announcement. He lifted me up so that my face was level with his. His beautifully brushed hair shone under the chandelier, and his voice sounded the way his smile looked.

"Well," he said, "we're going to have a dinner party downstairs in the main dining room."

I did not know what a main dining room was, but it sounded superb, and I knew enough of dinner parties to know that they always occurred after my nightly banishment to bed.

"It won't be like at home, will it?" I said. "It will be too far away for me to listen."

"Listen? You're coming with us. And do you know why you're coming with us?"

"Why?"

"Grosspa specially wants you there."

"*Ach Gott*," Tante Bep said in the shadows, and my father gave her a frowning look.

We went downstairs together a few minutes later. I was dazed by the grand rooms of the hotel, the thick textures and velvety lights, the distances of golden air, and most of all by the sound of music coming sweetly and sharply from some hidden place. In a corner of the famous main dining room was a round table sparkling with silver, glass, ice, china and flowers, and in a high-backed armchair sat my grandfather. He leaned forward to greet us, and seated us about him. My mother was at his right, in one of her prettiest gowns. I was on his left.

"Hup-hup!" my grandfather said, clapping his hands to summon waiters. "Tonight nothing but a happy family party, and Richard shall drink wine with us, for I want him to remember that his first glass of wine was handed to him by his *alter Münchner Freund, der Grossvater*."

At this, Tante Bep began to make a wet sound, but a look from my father quelled it, and my mother, blinking both eyes rapidly, put her hand on her father's and leaned over and kissed his cheek.

"Listen to the music," Grosspa commanded, "and be quiet, if every word I say is to be a signal for emotion!"

Everybody straightened up and looked consciously pleasant. For me, it was no effort. The music came from within a bower of gold lattice screens and potted palms—two violins, a cello and a harp. I could see the players now, for they were in the corner just across from us. The leading violinist was alive with his music, bending to it, marking the beat with his glossy head, on which his sparse black hair was combed flat. The dining room was full of people, and their talk made a thick hum; to rise over this the orchestra had to work with extra effort.

The rosy lampshades on the tables, the silver vases full of flowers, the slow sparkling movements of the ladies and gentlemen at the tables, and the swallow-like dartings of the waiters transported me. I felt a lump of excitement in my throat. My eyes kept returning to the orchestra leader, who conducted with jerks of his nearly bald head, for what he played and what he did seemed to emphasize the astonishing fact that I was at a dinner party in public.

"What are they playing?" I asked. "What is that music?"

"It is called *Il Bacio*," Grosspa said.

"What does that mean?"

"It means 'The Kiss.'"

What an odd name for a piece of music, I thought. All through dinner—which did not last as long as it might have—I inquired about pieces played by the orchestra, and in addition to the Arditi waltz, I remember one called *Simple Aveu*, and the Boccherini *Minuet*. The violins had a sweetish, mosquitolike sound, and the harp was breathless, and the cello mooed like a distant cow, and it was all entrancing. Watching the orchestra, I ate absently, chewing hardly at all, until my father, time and again, turned me back to my plate. And then a waiter came with a silver tub on legs, which he put at my grandfather's left, and took the wine bottle from its nest of sparkling ice and showed it to him. The label was approved, and a sip was poured for my grandfather to taste. He held it to the light and twirled his glass slowly; he sniffed it, and then he tasted it.

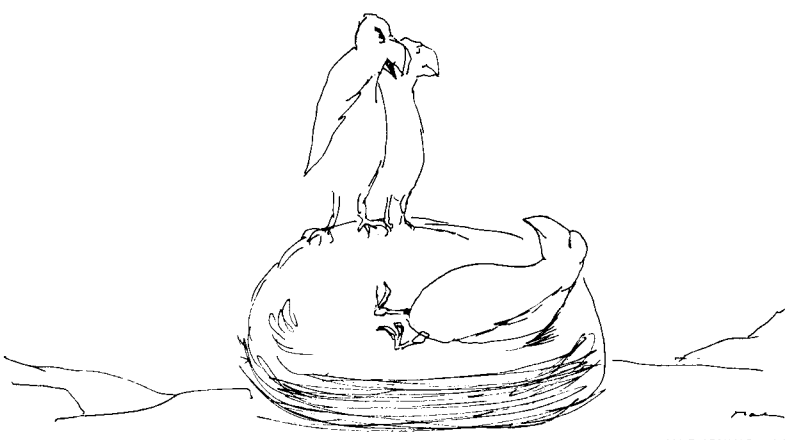
"Yes," he declared, "it will do."

My mother watched this ritual, and over her lovely heart-shaped face, with its rolled crown of silky hair, I saw memories pass like shadows, as if she were thinking of all the times she had watched this business of ordering and serving wine. She blinked her eyes again and, opening a little jeweled *lorgnon* she wore on a fine chain, bent forward to read the menu that stood in a little silver frame beside her plate. But I could see that she was not reading, and I wondered what was the matter with everybody.

"For my grandson," Grosspa said, taking a wineglass and filling it half with water, and then to the top with wine. The yellow wine turned even paler in my glass, but there was too much ceremony for me not to be impressed. When he raised his glass, I raised mine, and while the others watched, we drank together. And then he recited a proverb in German which meant something like:

When comrades drink red wine or white,
They stand as one for what is right,

and a flourish of intimate applause went around the table in acknowledgment of this stage of my growing up.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Your mother and I have decided it's about time you learned how to fly."

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I was suddenly embarrassed, for the music had stopped, and I thought all the other diners were looking at me; many were, in fact, smiling at a boy of ten, ruddy with excitement and confusion, drinking a solemn pledge of some sort with an old gentleman with a pink face and very white hair and whiskers.

Mercifully, the music began again, and we were released from our pose. My grandfather drew his great gold watch from his vest pocket and unhooked from a vest button the fob that held the heavy gold chain in place. Repeating an old game we had played when I was a baby, he held the watch toward my lips, and I knew what was expected of me. I blew upon it, and—though long ago I had penetrated the secret of the magic—the gold lid of the watch flew open. My grandfather laughed softly in a deep, wheezing breath, and then shut the watch.

"Do children ever know that what we do to please them pleases us more than it does them?" he said.

"*Ach Gott*," whispered Tante Bep, but nobody reproved her.

"Richard, I give you this watch and chain to keep all your life, and by it you will remember me," my grandfather said.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed my mother.

He looked gravely at her and said, "Yes. Now, rather than later," and put the heavy, wonderful golden objects in my hand. I regarded them in stunned silence. Mine! I could hear the wiry ticking of the watch, and I knew that now and forever I myself could make the gold lid fly open.

"Well, Richard, what do you say?" my father urged gently.

"Yes, thank you, Grosspa, thank you."

I half rose from my chair and put my arm around his great head and kissed his cheek. Up close, I could see tiny blue and scarlet veins under his skin.

"That will do, my boy," he said. Then he took the watch from me and handed it to my father. "I hand it to your father to keep for you until you are twenty-one. But remember that it is yours and you must ask to see it anytime you wish."

My disappointment was huge, but even I knew how sensible it was for the treasure to be held for me instead of given into my care.

"Any time you wish. You wish. Any time," repeated my grandfather, but in a changed voice, a hollow, windy sound that was terrible to hear. He was gripping the arms of his chair and now he shut his eyes behind his gold-framed lenses, and sweat broke out on his forehead. "Any time," he tried to say through his suffering, to preserve a social air. But, seized by pain too merciless to hide, he lost his pretenses and staggered to his feet. Quickly my mother and father helped him from the table, while other diners stared with neither curiosity nor pity. I thought the musicians played harder all of a sudden to distract people from the sight of an old man in trouble being led out of the main dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria.

"What is the matter?" I asked Tante Bep, who had been ordered, with a glance, to remain behind with me.

"Grosspa is not feeling well."

"Should we go with him?"

"But your ice cream."

"Yes, the ice cream."

So we waited for the ice cream, and in a moment or two the flow and rustle of rosy-shaded life was once again in the room.

My parents did not return from upstairs, though we waited. Finally, hot with wine and excitement, I was led by Tante Bep to the elevator and to my room and put to bed. Nobody came to see me, or if anyone did, I did not know it.

More snow fell during the night. When I woke up and ran to my window, the world was covered and the air was thick with snow still falling. Word came to dress quickly, for we were going to the ship. Suddenly I was consumed with eagerness to see the great ship that would cross the ocean.

Again we went in two taxicabs, I with my father. The others had gone ahead of us. My father pulled me near him to look out the window of the cab at the falling snow. We went through narrow, dark streets to the piers on the west side of Manhattan, where we boarded the ferryboat that would take us to Hoboken.

"We are going to the docks of the North German Lloyd," my father said.

"What is that?"

"The steamship company where Grosspa's ship is docked. The *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*."

"Can I go inside her?"

"Certainly. Grosspa wants to see you in his cabin."

"Is he there now?"

"Probably. The doctor wanted him to go right to bed."

"Is he sick?"

"Yes."

"Did he eat something ——" (It was a family explanation often used to account for my various illnesses at their onset.)

"Not exactly. It is something else."

"Will he get well soon?"

"We hope so."

He looked out the window as he said this, instead of at me, and I thought, *He does not sound like my father*. But we had reached the New Jersey side now, and the cab was moving past the docks. Above the gray, snowy sheds I saw the funnels and masts of ocean liners. The streets were furious with noise, horses, cars, porters running, and suddenly a white tower of steam rose from the front of one of the funnels, to be followed in a second by a deep, roaring hoot.

"There she is," my father said. "That's her first signal for departure."

It was our ship. I could see her masts with their pennons being pulled about by the blowing snow, and her four tall ocher funnels.

We went from the taxi into the freezing air of the long pier. All I could see of the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* were glimpses, through the pier shed, of white cabins, rows of portholes, and an occasional door of polished mahogany. A confused, hollow roar filled the long shed. We went up a canvas-covered gangway and then we were on board. There was an elegant creaking from the shining woodwork. I felt that ships must be built for boys, because the ceilings were so low and made me feel so tall.

My father held my hand to keep me by him on the thronged decks, and then we entered a narrow corridor that seemed to have no end. The walls were of dark, shining wood, and there were weak yellow lights overhead. The floor sloped down and then up again, telling of the ship's construction. Cabin doors were open on either side. There was a curious odor in the air, something like the smell of soda crackers dipped in milk, and faraway—or was it right here, all about us in the ship—there was a soft throbbing sound. It seemed impossible that anything so immense as this ship would presently detach itself from the land.

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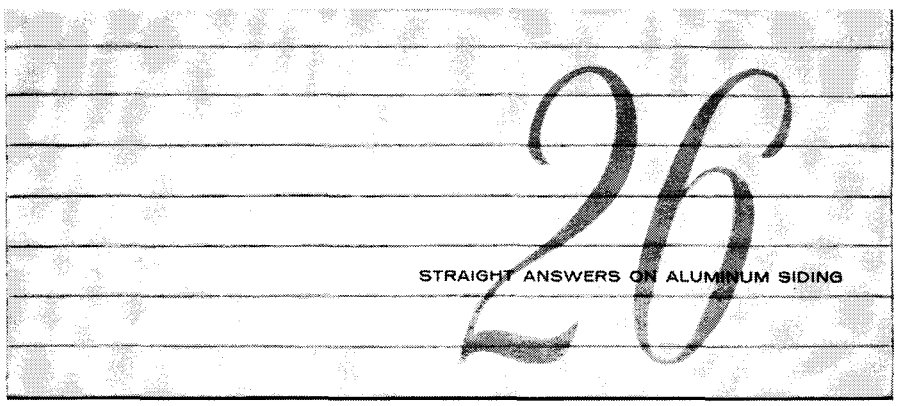

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SNOWFLAKES

"Here we are," my father said, at a half-open cabin door.

We entered my grandfather's room, which was not like a room in a house, for none of its lines squared with the others but met only to reflect the curvature of the ship. Across the room, under two portholes whose silk curtains were drawn, my grandfather lay in a narrow brass bed. He lay at a slight slope, with his arms outside the covers, and he wore a white nightgown. I had never before seen him in anything but his formal day and evening clothes. He looked white—there was hardly a difference of color between his beard and his cheeks and his brow. He did not turn his head, only his eyes. He seemed suddenly dreadfully small, and fearfully cautious, where before he had gone his way magnificently, ignoring whatever threatened him with inconvenience, rudeness or disadvantage. My mother stood by his side, and Tante Bep was at the foot of the bed, wearing her black shawl and peasant skirts.

"Yes, come, Richard," Grosspa said in a faint, wheezy voice, looking for me without turning his head.

I went to his side, and he moved his hand an inch or two toward me—not enough to risk such a pain as had thrown him down the night before, but enough to call for a response. I gave him my hand and he tightened his fingers over mine.

"Will you come to see me?" he said.

"Where?" I asked in a loud, clear voice. My parents looked at each other, as if to inquire how in the world the chasms which divide age from youth, and pain from health, and sorrow from innocence could ever be bridged.

"In Germany," he whispered. He shut his eyes and held my hand, and I had a vision of Germany which may have been sweetly near his own; for what I saw were the pieces of brilliantly colored cardboard scenery that belonged to the toy theater he had once brought me from Germany.

"Yes, Grosspa," I replied, "in Germany."

"Yes," he whispered, opening his eyes and making the sign of the Cross on my hand with his thumb. Then he looked at my mother, who understood at once.

"You go now with Daddy," she said, "and wait for me on deck. We must leave the ship soon. *Schnell*, now, skip!"

My father took me along the corridor and down the grand stairway. The ship's orchestra was playing somewhere—it sounded like the Waldorf. We went out to the deck just as the ship's whistle let go again, and now it shook me gloriously and terribly. I covered my ears, but still I was held by that immense, deep voice. For a moment, when it stopped, the ordinary sounds around us did not come close. It was still snowing—heavy, slow, thick flakes, each like several flakes stuck together.

A cabin boy came along beating a brass cymbal, calling out for all visitors to leave the ship.

I began to fear that my mother might be taken away to sea after my father and I were forced ashore. I saw her at last. She came toward us with a rapid, light step and, saying nothing, turned us to the gangway, and we went down. She was wearing a little spotted veil, and with one hand she lifted it and put her handkerchief to her mouth. She was weeping and I was abashed by her grief.

We hurried to the dock street, and there we lingered to watch the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* sail.

We did not talk. It was bitter cold. Wind came strongly from the West, and then, after a third great whistle-blast the ship slowly began to change—she moved like water itself as she left the dock, guided by three tugboats that made heavy black smoke in the thick air. At last I could see all of the ship at one time.

I was amazed how tall and narrow she was. Her four funnels rose like a city's chimneys against the blowy sky. Stern first, she moved out into the river. I squinted at her with my head on one side and knew exactly how I would make a small model of her when I got home. In midstream she turned slowly to head toward the Lower Bay. She looked gaunt and proud and topheavy as she ceased backing and turning and began to steam down the river and away.

"Oh, Dan!" my mother cried in a broken sob, and put her face against my father's shoulder. He folded his arm around her. Their faces were white.

Just then a break in the sky across the river lightened the snowy day, and I stared in wonder at the change. My father, watching after the liner, said to my mother: "Like some wounded old lion crawling home to die."

"Oh, Dan," she sobbed, "don't, don't!"

I could not imagine what they were talking about. I tugged at my mother's arm and said with excitement, pointing to the thick flakes everywhere about us, and against the light beyond, "Look, look, the snowflakes are all black!"

My mother suddenly could bear no more. She leaned down and shook me, and her voice was strong with anger: "Richard, why do you say black! What nonsense. Stop it. Snowflakes are white, Richard. White! White! When will you ever see things as they are! Oh!"

"Come, everybody," my father said. "I have the taxi waiting."

"But they *are* black!" I cried.

"Quiet!" my father commanded.

We were to return to Dorchester on the night train. All day I was too proud to mention what I alone seemed to remember, but after my nap, during which I refused to sleep, my mother came to me.

"You think I have forgotten," she said. "Well, I remember. We will go and arrange for your presents."

My world was full of joy again. The first two presents were easy to find—there was a little shop full of novelties a block from the hotel, and there I bought for Anna a folding package of views of New York and for Mr. Schmitt a cast-iron savings bank, made in the shape of the Statue of Liberty, to receive dimes. It was harder to think of something Ted would like. My mother let me consider many possibilities among the variety available in the novelty shop, but the one thing I wanted for Ted I did not see. Finally I asked the shopkeeper: "Do you have any straw hats for horses?"

"What?"

"Straw hats for horses, with holes for their ears to come through. They wear them in summer."

"Oh. I know what you mean. No, we don't."

My mother took charge. "Then, Richard, I don't think this gentleman has what we need for Ted. Let's go back to the hotel. I think we will find it there."

"What will it be?"

"You'll see."

When tea had been served in her room, she asked, "What do horses love?"

"Hay. Oats."

"Yes. What else?"

Her eyes sparkled playfully. I followed her glance, and knew the answer.

"I know! Sugar!"

"Exactly"—and she made a little packet of sugar cubes in a Waldorf envelope from the desk in the corner, and my main concern about the trip to New York was satisfied.

At home I could not wait to present my gifts. Would they like them? Whether Anna and Mr. Schmitt did or not, I never really knew. Anna accepted her folder of views and opened it up to let the pleated pages fall in one sweep, and said, "When we came to New York from the old country I was a baby and I do not remember one thing about it." Mr. Schmitt took his Statue of Liberty savings bank, turned it over carefully, and said, "Well. . . ."

But Ted—Ted very clearly loved my gift, for he nibbled the sugar cubes off my outstretched palm until there were none left, and then he bumped at me with his hard, itchy head, making me laugh and hurt at the same time.

"He likes sugar," I said to Mr. Schmitt.

"*Ja.* Do you want to ride?"

Life, then, was much as before until the day, a few weeks later, that we received a cablegram telling us that my grandfather had died in Munich. My father came home from the office to comfort my mother. They told me the news in our long living room, with the curtains drawn. I listened, a lump of pity came into my throat for the look on my mother's face, but I did not feel anything else.

"He dearly loved you," they said.

"May I go now?" I asked.

They were shocked. What an unfeeling child. Did he have no heart? How could the loss of so great and dear a figure in the family not move him?

But I had never seen anything dead; I had no idea of what death was like; Grosspa had gone away before and I had soon ceased to miss him. What if they did say now that I would never see him again? They shook their heads and sent me off.

Anna was more offhand than my parents. "You know," she said, letting me watch her work at the deep zinc laundry tubs in the dark, steamy basement, "that your Grosspa went home to Germany to die, don't you?"

"Is that the reason he went?" I asked.

"That's the reason."

"Did he know it?"

"Oh, yes, sure he knew it."

"Why couldn't he die right here?"

"Well, when our time comes, maybe we all want to go back where we came from."

Her voice contained a doleful pleasure, but the greatest mystery in the world was still closed to me. When I left her, she raised her old tune under the furnace pipes, and I wished I was as happy and full of knowledge as she was.

My time soon came.

On the following Saturday, I was watching for Mr. Schmitt and Ted when I heard heavy footsteps running up the front porch and someone shaking the door knob, as if he had forgotten there was a bell. I went to see. It was Mr. Schmitt. He was panting and he looked wild. When I opened the door, he ran past me, calling out, "Telephone! Let me have the telephone!"

I pointed to it in the front hall, where it stood on a gilded wicker taboret. He began frantically to click the receiver hook. I was amazed to see tears roll down his cheeks.

"What's the matter, Mr. Schmitt?"

I heard my mother coming along the upstairs hallway from her sitting room.

Mr. Schmitt put the phone down suddenly and pulled off his hat, and shook his head. "What's the use?" he said. "I know it is too late. I was calling the ice plant to send someone."

"Good morning, Mr. Schmitt," my mother said, coming downstairs. "What on earth is the matter?"

"My poor old Ted," he said, waving his hat toward the street. "He just fe down and died up the street in front of the Weiners' house."

I ran out of the house and up the sidewalk to the Weiners' house, and sure enough, there was the ice wagon, and still in the shafts, lying heavy and gone on his side, was Ted.

There lay death on the asphalt pavement. I confronted the mystery at last. The one eye that I could see was open. Ted's teeth gaped apart, and his long tongue touched the street. His body seemed twice as big and heavy as before. His front legs were crossed, and the great horn cup of the upper hoof was slightly tipped, the way he used to rest it in ease. In his fall he had twisted the shafts that he had pulled for so many years. His harness was awry. Water dripped from the back of the hooded wagon. Its wheels looked as if they had never turned. What would ever turn them?

"Never," I said, half aloud. I knew the meaning of this word now.

In another moment my mother came and took me back to our house, and Mr. Schmitt settled down on the curbstone to wait for people to arrive and take away the leavings of his changed world.

"Richard," my mother said, "don't go out again until I tell you."

I went and told Anna what I knew. She listened with her head to one side her eyes half closed, and she nodded my news and sighed.

"Poor old Ted," she said, "he couldn't even crawl home to die."

This made my mouth fall open, for it reminded me of something I had heard before, and all day I was subdued and private. Late that night I woke in a storm of grief so noisy that my parents heard the wild gusts of weeping and came to ask what the trouble was.

I could not speak at first, for their tender, warm, bed-sweet presences doubled my emotion, and I sobbed against them as they held me. But at last, when they said again, "What's this all about, Richard? Richard?" I was able to say brokenly, "It's all about Ted."

It was true, if not all the truth, for I was thinking also of Grosspa crawling home to die, and I knew what that meant now, and what death was like. I imagined Grosspa's heavy death, with one eye open, and his sameness and his difference all mingled, and I wept for him at last, and for myself if I should die, and for my ardent mother and my sovereign father, and for the iceman's old horse, and for everyone.

"Hush, dear, hush, Richard," they said.

A pain in my head began to throb remotely as my outburst diminished, and another thought entered. I said bitterly: "But they were black! Really they were!"

They looked at each other and then at me, but I was too spent to continue, and I fell back on my pillow. Even if they insisted that snowflakes were white, I knew that when seen against the light, falling out of the sky into the dark water all about the *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, they were black. Black snowflakes against the sky. Black. THE END

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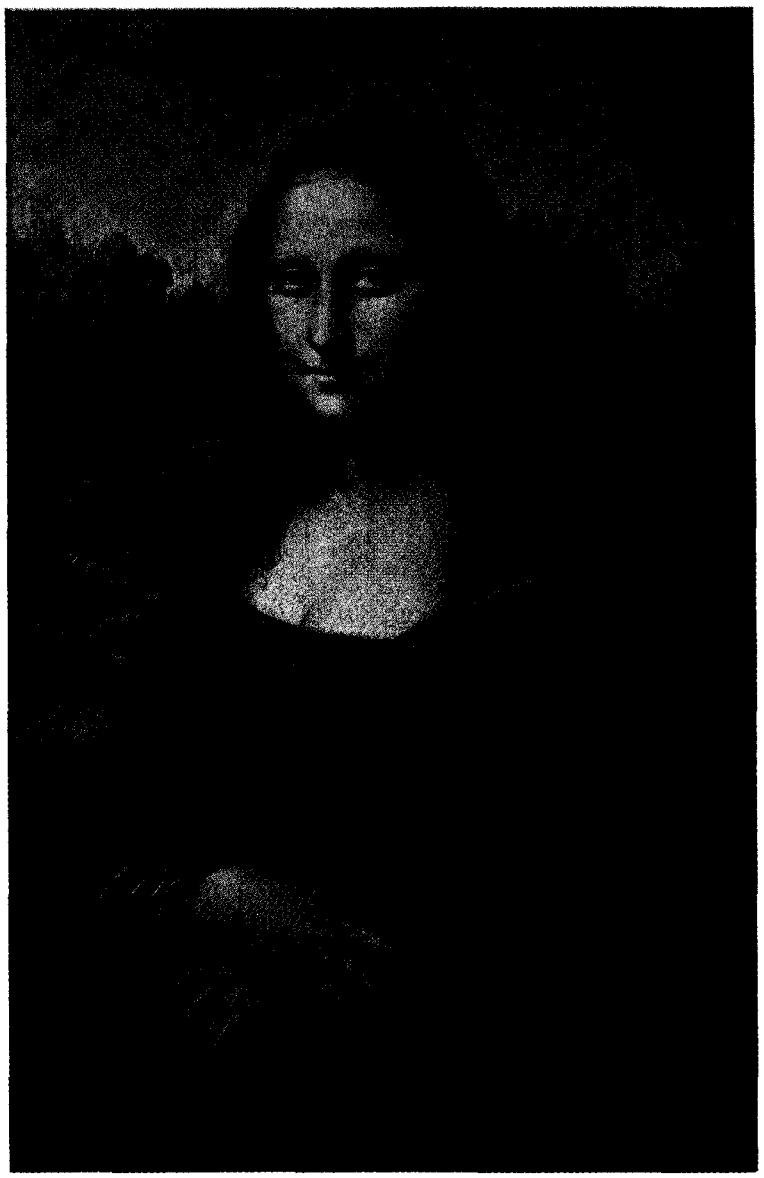

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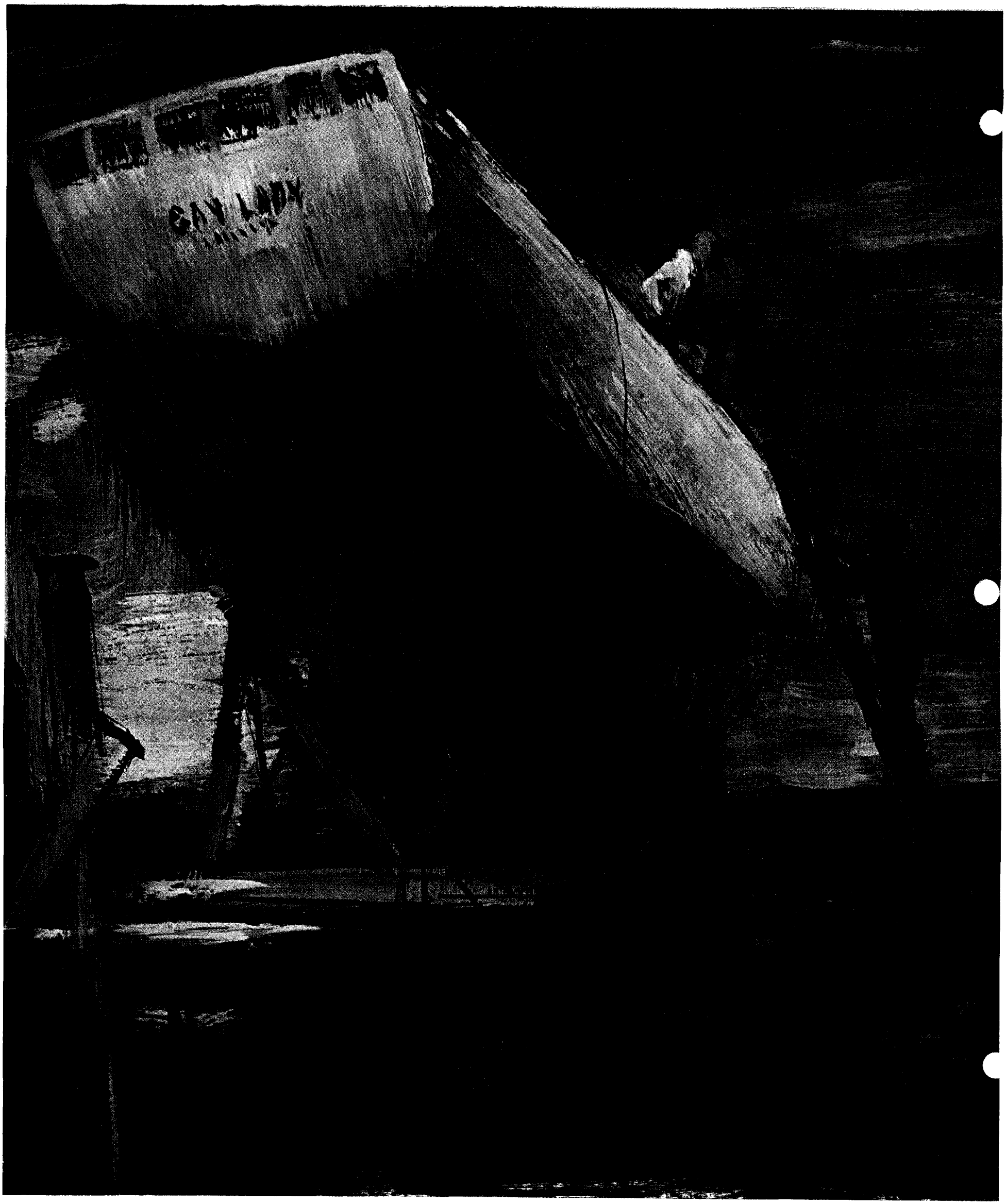

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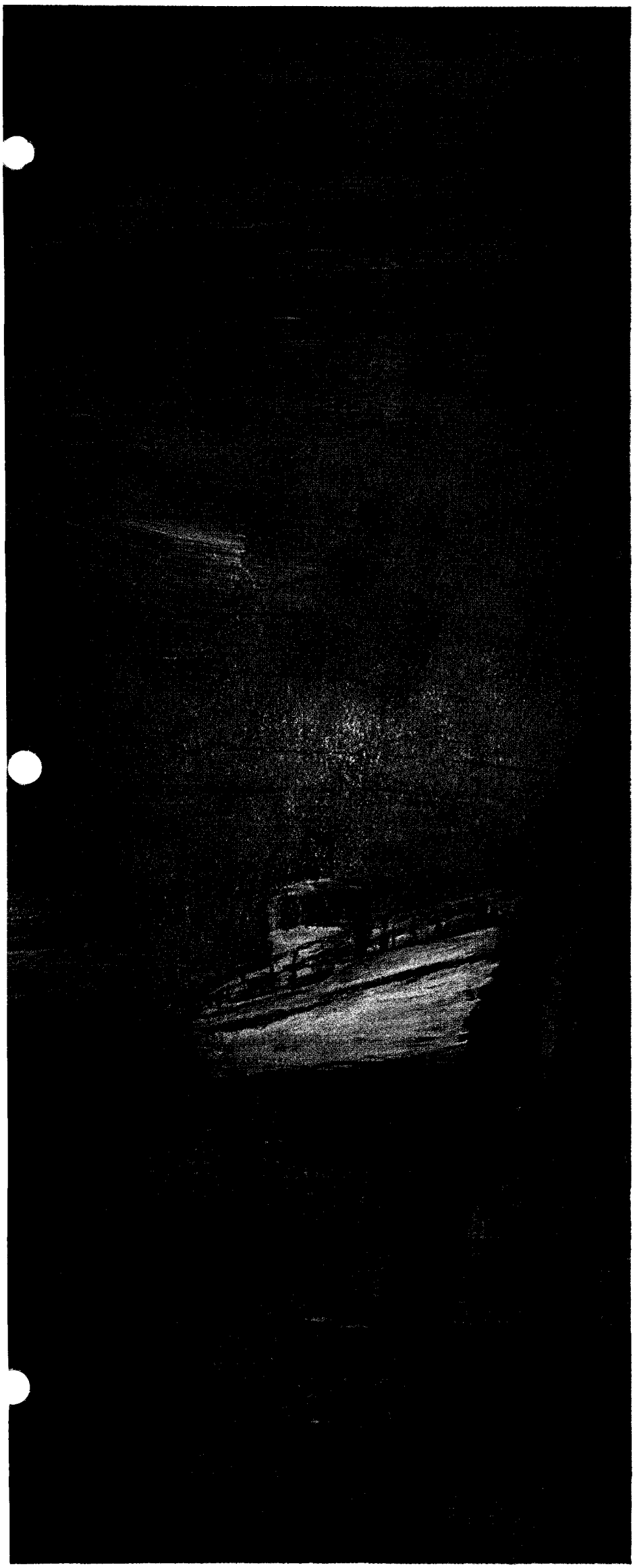

THE OBVIOUS WOMAN

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

WAS SHE HIS ONLY HOPE? HE HAD TO KNOW AND TIME WAS RUNNING OUT

He walked all the way down the beach as far as the inlet, wearing his old tweed jacket, wondering how long it would be before the three of them—his wife, Mary Agnes, and his son, Jimmy, and the girl Jimmy was going to marry—would notice that he was gone.

The sea wind was cold and carried gray scud low over the coast. The three-day blow had scrubbed the stones and the brown sand clean, and he saw one Sunday surf caster, hardy and remote, in the distance. Terns huddled inshore against the wind, and the sea came smashing in.

At the inlet he wandered back toward Rickevy's Boat Yard and stood out of the wind in the shelter of a shed and lighted a cigarette. He looked at the *Gay Lady*. She was winter-stored on the old timber cradle, the sticks out of her—forty years old and more, broad and heavy in the beam, mahogany and teak and white oak, with enough auxiliary power and fuel capacity to be almost a motor sailer.

Then he saw the ladder against her and the power cable running aboard. He frowned and looked toward the parking area. Gretchen Barker's little green car was there. His impulse was to go right back to the empty beach. But he had to face Gretchen sooner or later, and this might be the best time and the best place.

He walked through the yard to the *Gay Lady* and rapped on the hull. Gretchen came out of the cabin and looked down at him and said, with no expression on her face, "As I live and breathe."

"How you, Gretch?"

"Come aboard."

He climbed the ladder and stepped over the rail and followed her below. She wore a gray sweater. Her jeans were bleached by sea and sun, shaped to the roundness of her young figure. Her hair was smooth and tan, an odd shade not quite like sand, not quite like coffee with cream. Her face was slightly weathered, as befits a blue-water girl.

She had a small heater rigged in the cabin. Drawers and cupboards were open, cardboard cartons strewn around. He sat on a bunk. She sat on her heels beside the litter and pushed her hair back and looked at him with a kind of mocking defiance. "This old crock," she said. "It's like an attic. It's like emptying out an attic."

"A sudden urge to be neat?"

"I'm selling her."

"Gretch!" he said, dismayed.

She stared at him. "What concern is it of yours, Mr. Robbins? I'm selling her because I don't need her." She turned back to her cartons for a moment and then gave him a tired smile and said, "I'm sorry. Why should I take it out on you?"

"I wish you would. I wish you could, Gretchen. I swear we didn't know it had happened. I saw you on the street a few times. I thought you acted odd, but I didn't know anything about it, and neither did Mary Agnes until Jimmy brought this girl home to meet us."

She pulled an old shoe out of a drawer and looked at it. "One Top-Sider, faded and raggedy. Would fit a twelve-year-old girl. Not much

Illustrated by Ray Prohaska

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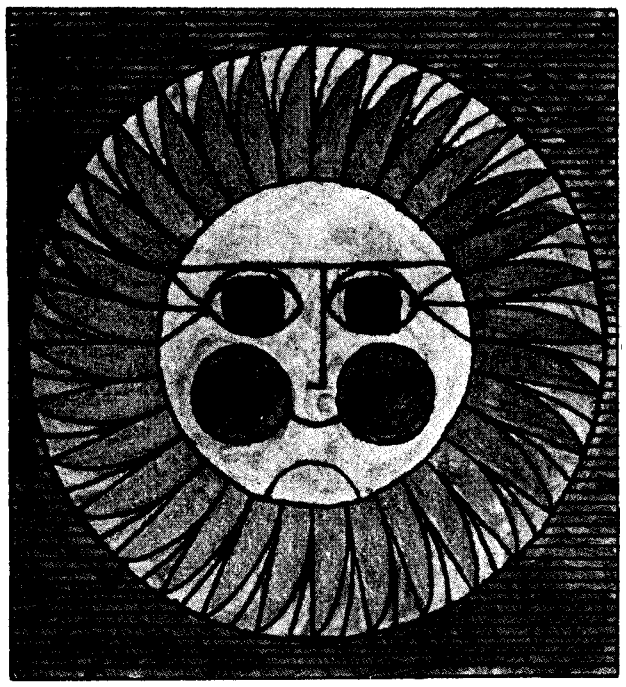

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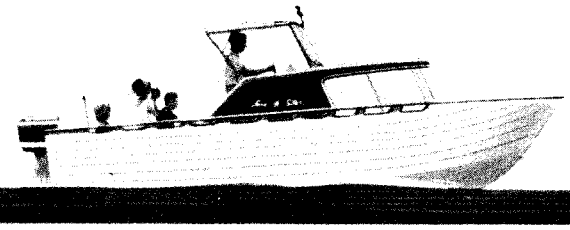
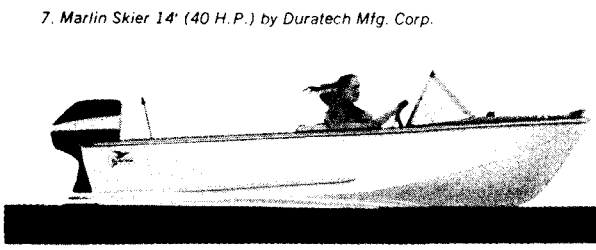
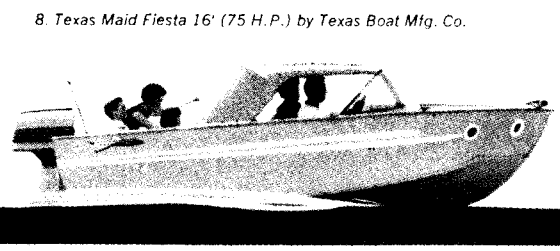


3. Starmist 16' (75 H.P.) by Starcraft Boat Co.

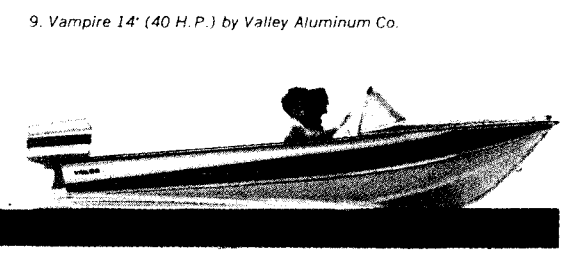
7. Marlin Skier 14' (40 H.P.) by Duratech Mfg. Corp.



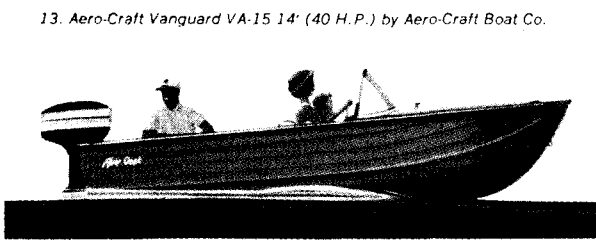
8. Texas Maid Fiesta 16' (75 H.P.) by Texas Boat Mfg. Co.



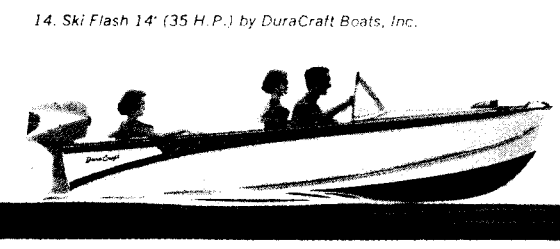
9. Vampire 14' (40 H.P.) by Valley Aluminum Co.



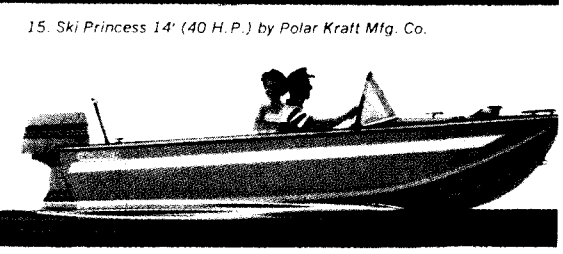
13. Aero-Craft Vanguard VA-15 14' (40 H.P.) by Aero-Craft Boat Co.



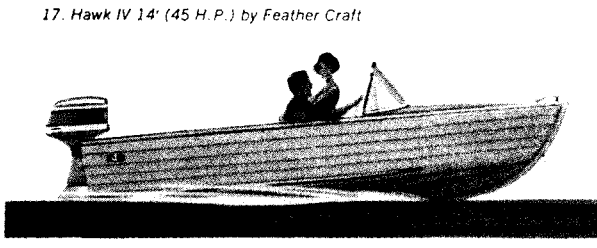
14. Ski Flash 14' (35 H.P.) by DuraCraft Boats, Inc.



15. Ski Princess 14' (40 H.P.) by Polar Kraft Mfg. Co.



17. Hawk IV 14' (45 H.P.) by Feather Craft



18. Knight Special 16' (40 H.P.) by Richland Mfg. Co.

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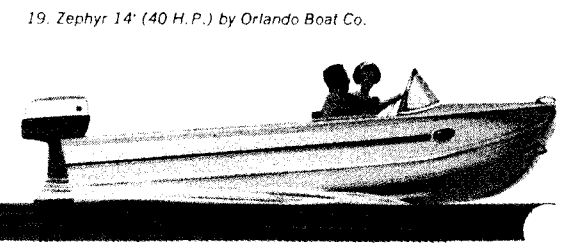
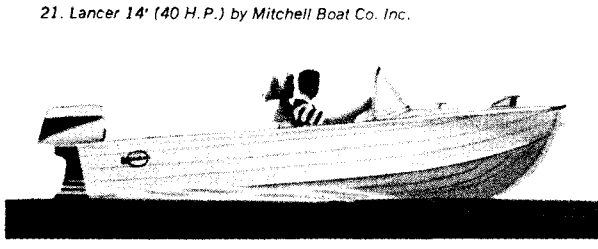
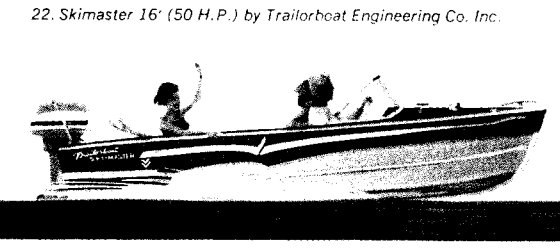


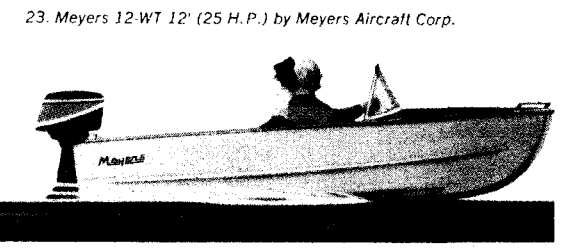
21. Lancer 14' (40 H.P.) by Mitchell Boat Co. Inc.



22. Skimaster 16' (50 H.P.) by Trailorboat Engineering Co. Inc.



23. Meyers 12-WT 12' (25 H.P.) by Meyers Aircraft Corp.



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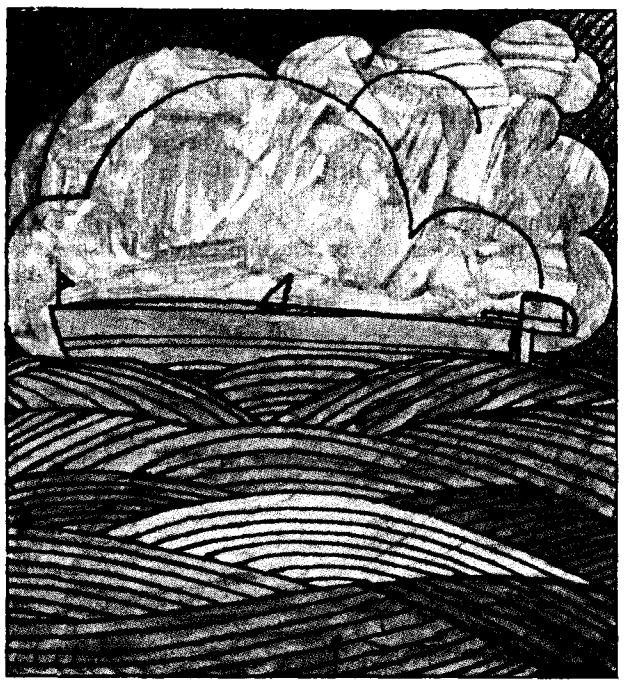

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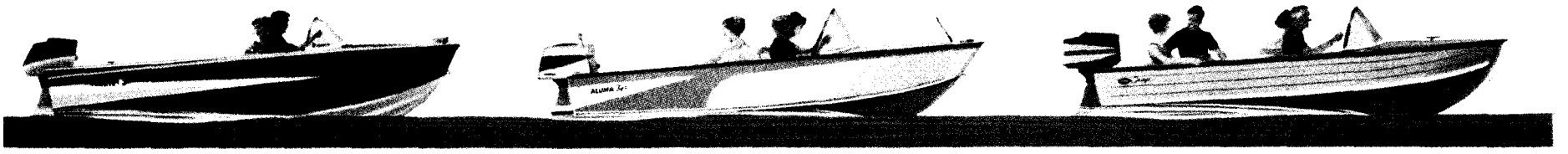
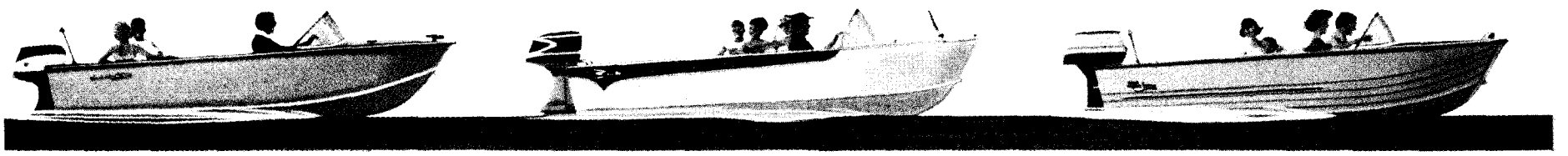


10. Cherokee Avalon 17' (80 H.P.) by McKenzie Boat Mfg. Co.

11. Thunder Hawk Super Deluxe 18' (90 H.P.) by Naden Industries

12. Aqua Swan Kamper K-6 15' (60 H.P.) by Milco Tank & Boat Co.



16. Ski-Fisher 14' (40 H.P.) by Appleby Mfg. Co.

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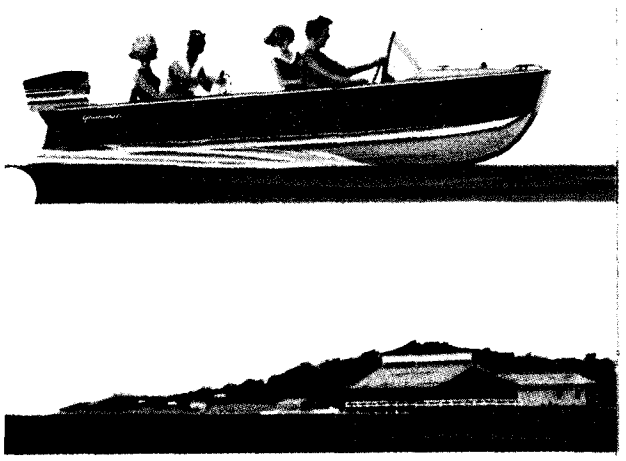

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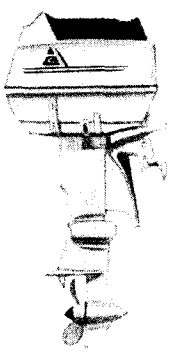

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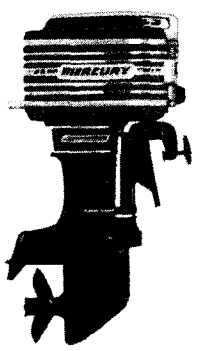
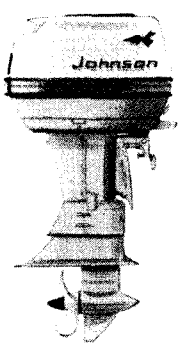
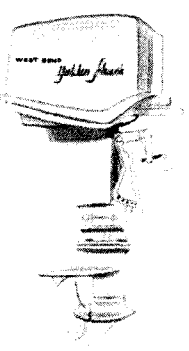


3. Super Sea-Horse by Johnson Motors



4. Golden Shark by The West Bend Co.



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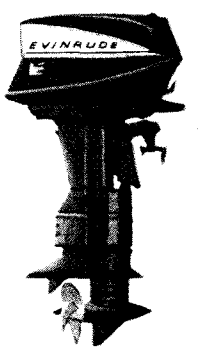
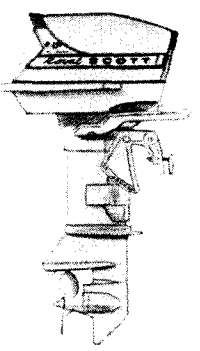


6. Royal Scott by McCulloch Corp.



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utility here, friend. Out you go. Boyd, I grew up on this old crock. According to legend I was nearly born aboard her, but Daddy brought her in through a heavy fog."

"That's the way it was."

She pushed her hair back again. "She was my inheritance, in lieu of money. I guess my family had a lot of things in lieu of money." She stared at him thoughtfully. "I'm glad you didn't know. I couldn't have stood the idea of Mary Agnes going around saying her precious son had finally broken off with that obvious and unsuitable Barker female. He did it four months ago. In November. With two terribly reasonable letters and a very calm and reasonable phone call. From me he got hysterical letters and frantic phone calls. I didn't handle it very well, Boyd."

"I wish I'd known you were having such a lousy winter, Gretch."

"What could you do? I got very Camille for a while. It works better than a diet. Then I got indignant at myself. And energetic. Aunt Tildy must have thought I'd lost my mind. Likewise Doctor Traub. I reorganized his whole filing-and-billing system. I cleaned the cellar and the attic and painted the spare room, started a night course in astronomy and joined a bowling league." She made a face. "Therapy."

She took some charts out of a drawer and reached in again and found a sealed bottle. "What do you know! Barbancourt. A liqueur rum, it says. Haiti. It's been aboard at least twelve years."

"Don't mind if I do," he said. She broke the seal, got stainless-steel cups and poured a few ounces in each. She sat opposite him on the other bunk. They smiled and clanked the cups together. A gust of March wind made the old hull of the *Gay Lady* creak.

She smiled and said it was fine rum, and then her eyes went strange and she said, "What's she like?"

"Nancy? She's a girl. Pretty, Southern-social, rich and, I suspect, very well organized. I don't know her very well, and I have the feeling I never will."

"It's set for June?"

"A high noon in June. In Atlanta. One of those dynastic affairs."

"You don't have to look so jumpy, Boyd Robbins. I'm not going to break into tears. Golly, when I think of that three-day argument we all had, over two years ago, I almost want to laugh. Remember?"

He remembered. Jimmy and Gretchen had a thousand dollars saved. Jimmy was twenty and Gretchen was twenty-two. They wanted to get married and take off for a year in the *Gay Lady*, down the Waterway and across to the sunshine islands of the Caribbean. Boyd had been in favor of it. Mary Agnes had fought it, certain that if Jimmy took a year off he would never go back and get his law degree. She thought it a stupid, romantic dream and was certain Gretchen had talked Jimmy into it. After two days Boyd had stopped trying to change his wife's mind. And then Jimmy had quit, and that meant Gretchen had to give up too.

"Now that you're a venerable twenty-four, Gretch, would it have been such a good idea, really?"

She looked at him calmly. "I could have made him do it, you know, in spite of Mary Agnes. And I should have. Forgive me, Boyd, but it was the last chance in this world your son had to escape being a stuffed shirt."

"Do you still love him?"

She scowled into her drink, then looked abruptly at him. "No. I've done a lot of thinking. I loved what he was and what I thought he could become. But he isn't what he used to be, and he isn't going to become what I thought he could be. Oh, he's an adequate human being, and he'll be a fine lawyer, I'm sure. But somewhere he stopped being the guy for me to spend my life with. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough, Gretch."

"Do you think we should have had that year?"

He leaned back a little, out of the glow of the overhead light. "There isn't enough magic to go around these days. I wanted you for a daughter. You kids should have had that year. You should have taken that chance."

She propped her small, firm chin on her fist and stared at him. "Do you want to really know why Mary Agnes fought it so hard?"

"I guess because you never quite fit her image of a ——"

"Boyd, it was you and me. We always got along too well, right from the very beginning, when I was a little kid coming over to play. You never patronized me. There was a lot of closeness and a lot of trust. Sometimes it was as if it was you and me against Jimmy and Mary Agnes. She knew that if I married Jimmy it would be three against one. She's strong and clever and selfish, Boyd. I hate her!"

"Now, really ——"

"Two jolts of this here fine rum, sir, and I can say some things I probably shouldn't say, if you'll let me. I respect you for being loyal to Mary Agnes, of course. But wouldn't you say you are—well, a very successful man?"

"I've been lucky."

"When you go into the city, a lot of people scurry around trying to keep you happy, don't they?"

"It's sort of a reign of terror."

"I'm serious. You have important friends all over the world, and when you say something, the newspapers report it. Isn't Mary Agnes aware of all that?"

"I guess she thinks I've run some kind of a bluff and the whole structure might collapse any moment."

"To her, darn it, you're fumbly old helpless Boyd Robbins. Doesn't she know you're rich and famous because you're so darned bright? Do you really hear the tone she uses when she speaks to you in front of other people? As if you were a dog that shouldn't be on the rug. Boyd, she's a tiresome, trivial, empty woman, and—and she gives you no honor!"

He picked up the bottle and put a little bit more rum into each cup.

"I have no right to talk to you like that," Gretchen whispered.

"Maybe you do. I want you to understand. I want your respect. That should give you some rights. Listen, nothing is going to change Mary Agnes. And she does get on my nerves when I see too much of her. So I don't see too much of her. If there is a problem in Seattle, I go solve it myself and do it better than the man I might have sent. So, in that sense, credit her with my success, Gretch."

"But now you have it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Boyd, doesn't a man have to have honor from some special person? Doesn't he have to work for some person who'll keep telling him he's great?"

He stared at her with a sudden and bitter surprise. "Do you want to know something hilarious, girl? For years when I've done some difficult thing and been proud of it, I've told *you* about it—in my mind. And you have beamed upon me and told me I was great. You see, you were my second time around. Through Jimmy. But ever since he said he was bringing a new girl home I've known my little game was over. It's taken something away from me. I've felt restless and sort of out of focus ever since —— Hey! Don't! Please don't, Gretch."

Tears rolled down her cheeks. "I can't help it."

"Let's try ironic laughter, dear."

"Ho, ho, ho," she said, and sobbed aloud and bowed her head.

"I used to even feel guilty about it sometimes," he said wonderingly. "I wondered if—being so very fond of you was an entirely good thing—liking the way you look and walk and react to things. Liking what you are."

"Please shut up, Boyd. Please."

"I looked at the three of them in my living room before I went out to walk on the beach. They all have blue eyes and narrow faces and clean skin. Their mouths all curl the same way. They talk so politely to each other. I love Jimmy. If he knew I felt sorry for him he would never be able to understand."

She put her cup aside and pushed her tan hair back with both hands and said despairingly, "Will you stop!"

"I wanted to tell you these things. I can stop. Yes."

"Maybe it's the talk. Maybe it's the rum or the weather. I think I'll tell you something, Mr. Robbins. And we'll all have some nice hollow laughter."

"Tell me what?"

She made an ugly mouth. "Something I've denied a thousand times since November. It's really quite a common psychological phenomenon." She leaned toward him and spoke with a cold precision. "I was seven when Daddy died. Did you ever stop to think, sir, that your son was just a substitute for what I really wanted?"

He stared at her. His mouth went dry the moment he understood what she was saying.

"But I'm old enough to be ——"

"Ten thousand other people would say that, Boyd. And snicker. You'll be forty-four on the third of July. I'll be twenty-five on October sixteenth. When I'm forty you'll be fifty-nine. Do you want the whole neurotic routine? All the wicked dreams? You could quit working, and there'd be enough for us and enough for Mary Agnes too. I'm sure she would adore Atlanta—and martyrdom. Off in the *Gay Lady* then, Boyd, for a year of stars and talk and sailing, and then I—then I'd start filling this old crock boat with healthy babies for you. And I would always—love and honor and respect—you—because you—you are good!" She dropped her head into her arms and began to howl.

Shaken, he spoke her name and put his hand on her shoulder and snatched it away as hastily as if he had burned himself. He tried to comfort her. After a long time the crying stopped. She got up and found a towel and wiped her face. She tried very hard to smile at him. "What did they put in that rum?" she asked.

"Truth serum?" he said. He looked at her and knew he would never again see her as a girl. This was a woman.

"I'm a mess," she said. "And now I'm so ashamed. Please don't stare at me."

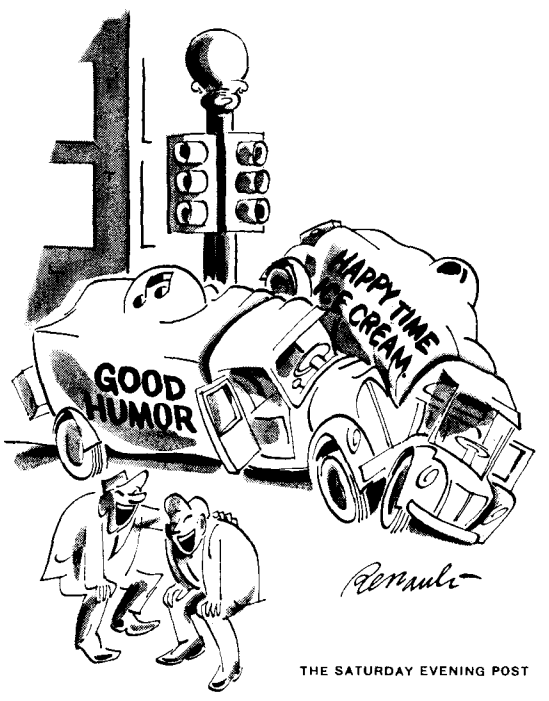
"I'm sorry. I was thinking I'm just now getting acquainted with you."

"Don't bother, Boyd. The whole thing is impossible. You better take off. You better make a strategic retreat to home and fireside. Run from the dangerous female. Not dangerous—just sort of silly. And I have to clean this craft for market."

He stood up. He was a tall man, and there was not quite enough headroom below decks for him. They smiled at each other with excessive courtesy. They both started to speak at once and stopped, each waiting for the other. Then with a long, gliding step she came into his arms. It was very awkward. He felt shocking guilt. They could not get their arms right, and their noses were in the way. Suddenly the guilt was gone, and it was right. She was no longer Jimmy's girl, Jimmy's ex-girl, Jimmy's anything. She was his Gretchen, sweetly, sensuously alive. Then she took a great breath and wrenched herself away and tumbled headlong onto the bunk. "Go 'way!" she yelled. "Get off my boat!"

He went down the ladder on weak legs. When he reached the shed he looked back. The sky was a dark gray, and night was moving in. The ports of the *Gay Lady* glowed with orange light.

He leaned against the shed for a little while. The vision she had given him was



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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as romantic as the look of the yard at dusk. Shuck the old life and the old wife. On with the new. Find all the old visions and dreams.

It is the special penalty of the middle years, he thought, to know that even the wildest impulse leads to the commonplace. Youth, in its innocence, can truly believe itself unique.

But what a dream this one is, he thought. The golden girl and the tropic seas under a moon like a huge pewter plate, with hot days and hard work to firm the office flesh, brown the hide, cleanse the eye. And there she was, fifty yards away, examining, just as he was, this longing which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly wrenched out into the light, perhaps wondering, just as he was, how much self-deceit was involved. Can this timeworn man and this vibrant girl find happiness as they sail off into the sunset? he asked himself bitterly. Well, for two or three minutes back there it was a nifty idea. He walked to the dark beach and turned toward home.

Going in the back way, he noticed that the Mercedes was gone. There were lights on in the kitchen, but none in the rest of the house. He tossed his old tweed jacket onto a kitchen chair and wandered into the big living room. The fire was down to a few embers. Suddenly, startling him, a table lamp at one end of the couch clicked on. Mary Agnes had been sitting there in the dark. Her features seemed bunched in the center of her face.

"You cruel, selfish, stinking thing," she said in a low, grinding voice.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I knew you'd try to act innocent. You try to humiliate me in every way you can think of. You try to spoil things for me. You really hate me, don't you?"

"What is it this time?"

"As if you didn't know! How do you make that lovely, lovely girl of Jimmy's feel at home? You brood in a corner, and then you leave without a word to anyone. You knew we were taking them to the club for dinner. I sent them along, naturally. I didn't know when you'd be back or what condition you'd be in. You prowl around in those ratty clothes looking like a bum, and you do that to humiliate me too. Jimmy and I get very sick and tired of having to make excuses for you."

"She seems like a nice girl."

"And they're leaving in the morning."

"Honey, I flew in from Houston to meet her, and I have to go back there tomorrow. And it is still my intention to have dinner with them at the club tonight and be a genial father of the groom."

"You're in no condition to go."

He stared at her and then laughed. "No, you don't, Mary Agnes. You could make ammunition like that last forever. I'm going, and you better come along because it would look strange if you didn't."

She stared at him, her mouth slightly open. "You laughed at me!"

"You look ready to go. I'll change. Better phone them at the club and tell them we'll be right along."

"What were you laughing at?"

He took a shower and shaved and dressed with the efficiency of a man who has spent half his adult life in hotels and learned to reduce basic tasks to simple routines. He looked at himself in the mirror and decided he was far too eroded a knight for the shining Gretchen. After the June wedding, when Mary Agnes was less tense, a summer cruise with her might be a good idea. He had gone stale recently. The mistakes thus far had been small ones. Mary Agnes was all right. Just a little irritable.

When he was ready to go, he found her in the kitchen. He stopped just inside the door, as abruptly as if he had run into a wall of glass. Obviously she had not heard him coming. He saw her with such a terrible clarity that she became someone he did not know at all. The clock of all the days and years seemed to stop. Her face was red and shiny and intent. With the heavy kitchen shears, straining at the tough fabric, she was chopping his old tweed jacket to fragments. He could hear her breathing. She seemed to be killing something. She cut the last piece in two, let the fragments fall to the floor and dropped the shears on the counter.

"Have you lost your mind?" he asked.

She whirled and stared at him. The red faded out of her face. Then she smiled. "Just try to rescue it this time," she said. "Just try! I'm going to do that to all your bummy clothes. The men in my family never left the house unless they were immaculate. I'm just not going to let you continue to humiliate me, Boyd. Shall we go?"

He picked up a piece of the jacket.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "Break into tears?"

"Not exactly," he said.

He didn't know just what he would do. If he did not go to the club he would be in for months of punishment. And he had laughed at her. He saw a strand of pale, tan hair on the lapel of his chopped-up jacket, caught in the heavy Irish tweed. As long as we must have symbols, he thought, it's nice to have a complete set. He picked up the dozen pieces of the jacket and piled them on the counter.

"What are you doing? Put it in the trash."

"Let's be off," he said, smiling.

At the club he sat comfortably back inside the nest of himself and with mild interest watched himself release upon his son and the girl and the woman all the charm and alertness he had used on all the strangers in all the far places. He was sensitive to them, aware of their response, bringing them into a glow of talk and laughter, handing them their cues deftly.

The children went off to find some music, and he took his wife home. She kept telling him how nice he had been, how astonishingly, extraordinarily nice, until somehow she had turned the compliment into a criticism of all the other evenings of their life.

When they were in the living room he interrupted her by saying her name with an odd force and inflection.

"Yes, dear?"

"Mary Agnes, I'd like you to go get that jacket you ruined and sew it back together for me."

Her eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. It doesn't have to be invisible stitching. It doesn't even have to be wearable. But go get the pieces and sew them back together, Mary Agnes."

She was wary. "It certainly didn't take you long to spoil this evening too, did it?"

"It might be important."

She hesitated for just a moment and then laughed. "For goodness' sake, don't pout like some stupid little boy. That coat was ratty. I did you a favor."

"I just want to be certain. You won't make the effort?"

"Absolutely not! What do you think I am?"

"All right. We'll drop it."

"Why you should ask me to do such a ——"

"Good night, my dear wife."

Jimmy married his Atlanta bride on the twentieth of June. On the twenty-second Boyd Robbins went to one of the big commercial boatyards, accompanied by Hal Foreman, one of his most trusted young executives. A man from the yard showed them through the *Gay Lady*. It was the first time Boyd had seen it since it had been overhauled and refurbished. The man was very enthusiastic about all that had been done to the old craft.

"It's nice to get a go-ahead for a really total job, Mr. Robbins. It's a good piece of money, sure, but I'd cast off in a minute to take her around the world."

Boyd admired it appropriately, the new suit of sails, heavy-duty generators, new auxiliary, navigation aids, stainless-steel galley, new hardware. He thanked the man and sent him away and sat in the main cabin with Hal Foreman.

"She couldn't trace who really bought it?" Boyd asked.

"Not a chance."

The hull moved in the breeze, nudging the fenders, creaking the lines.

Foreman looked uncomfortable and said, "Boyd, is it any of my business?"

"That's hard to say at the moment, Hal. You couldn't help guessing. I haven't seen this boat in three months. Or the lady. And I haven't decided anything worth telling anybody. Maybe the Sea Scouts will get this, Hal, and there'll be nothing to tell. Or maybe an awful lot will change. If so, you'll be the second to know. I'm going to stay here for a little while. Take the car along. I might not come back in today. I don't know yet."

Foreman hesitated and then unexpectedly shook hands. "Boyd, whatever, whenever, however . . . I want the luck to run good for you."

Foreman went topside, stepped onto the dock and left quickly.

Boyd opened the canvas bag he had brought aboard. He took out the three texts on seamanship and navigation and put them on the cabin table. He had been reading them for three months, on airplanes, in terminals, in hotel suites. The rules of the road. "Red right returning," he murmured.

He took out two stainless-steel cups and put them beside the texts. He took the bottle of Barbancourt and poured an inch of rum into the cups. He could look out through one of the ports and see the public telephone fifty feet away. She would be working at the doctor's office for another sixty-five minutes. He leaned back in the chair, sipped the rum and listened to the beating of his heart.

This was decision time, and he had sixty minutes. This is the way you do it. You expose yourself to all the pros and cons, and you hold back until the deadline is inescapable, and then they all balance out, and you know. The big answer always comes in two sizes. Yes and no. Yes or no. With regrets but no remorse either way, because you put yourself right into the scales with everything else. And you watch which way they tip.

They never balance perfectly. There is always some small object that makes the difference. Such as a frayed shoe without a mate, of a size to fit a girl of twelve. Or a leather-covered button rolling across a kitchen floor.

He had had to make many difficult decisions in his life—some patiently and cautiously, when there had been time; others hastily and instinctively. Some had been right, some very wrong. For this one he had only an hour—a short time—and he must not be wrong. THE END

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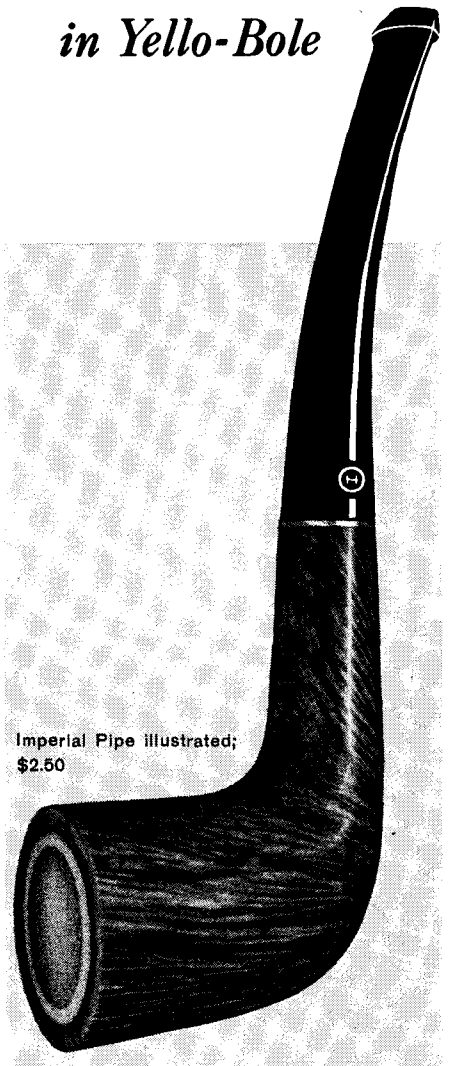

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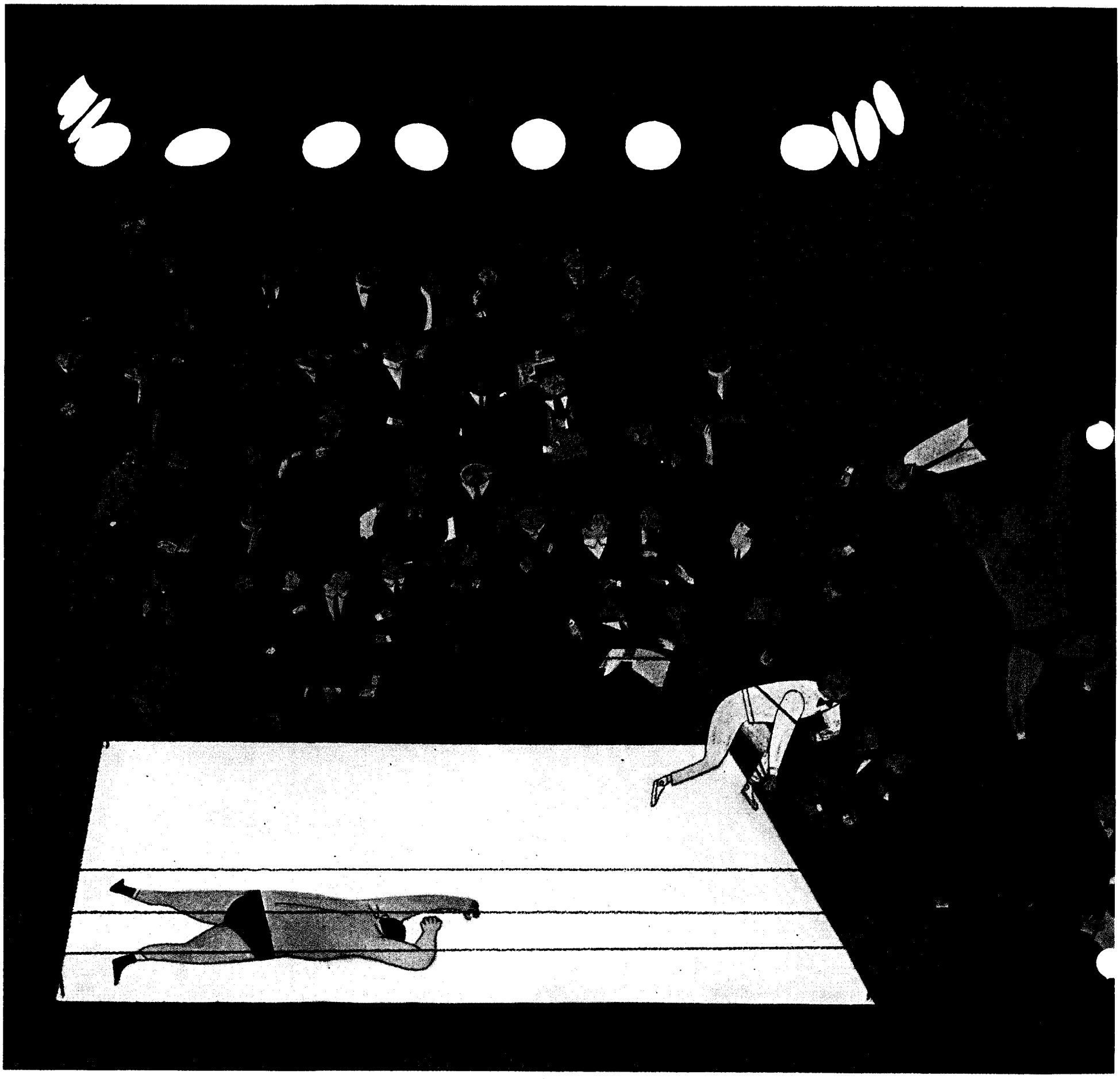

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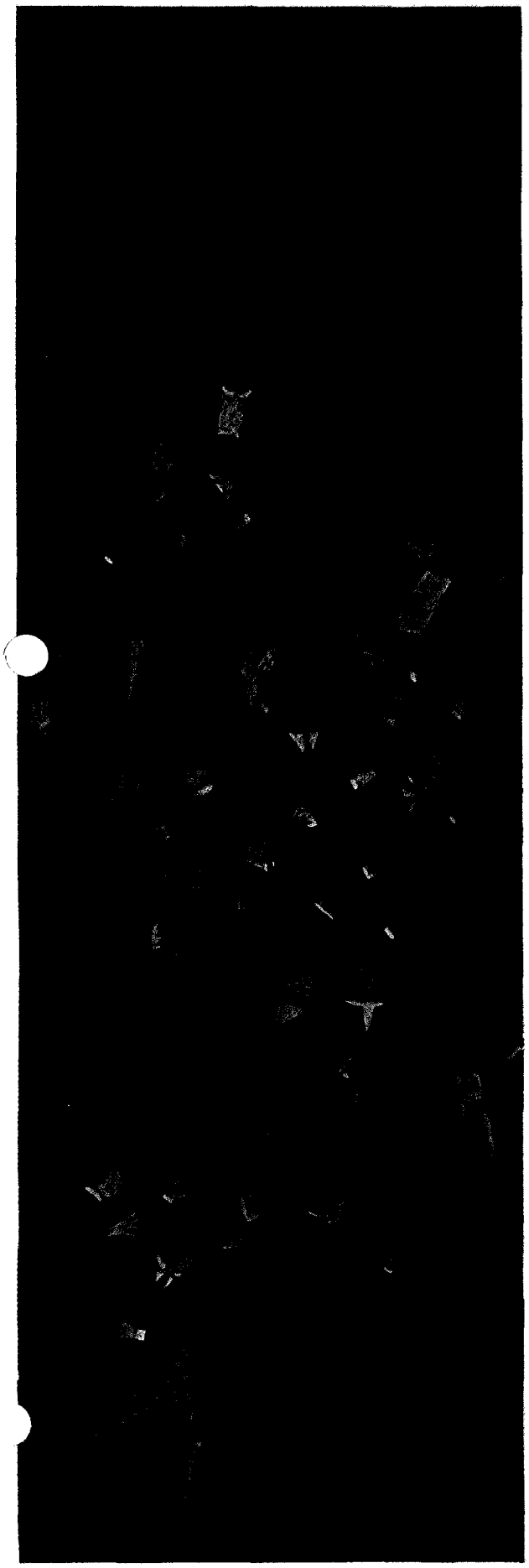
I didn't like the name, nor did he.

He was no monster, you see—he was my brother Fred.

By JOHN WAIN

Illustrated by JAN BALET



The short explanation is that Fred's always been a bit on the daft side. That's what I said to them straightaway, as soon as they began to question me. "I'm his brother," I said, "and you can take it from me he's never been overburdened with gray matter." Those were the exact words I used: "overburdened with gray matter." Nobody could say Fred was that. But gentle, with all his strength. That's why the whole thing's so ridiculous.

I don't blame them for getting me down there. They have to make inquiries. When all's said and done, I was there and saw it happen. So did about five thousand other people, of course, but I was the one he kept talking about. "You ask Bert," he kept saying to them. "Bert'll tell you I didn't mean to do it." That's what they told me, and I can quite believe it. He always did refer things to me. I did the talking for him, even when we were kids, even though I was 18 months younger. Anything Fred couldn't quite explain, send for Bert. I had the brains, and he had the brawn. It could have been a good partnership, but as things were it never really worked out. If I'd been a type to get into scrapes, to find myself in a position where I needed a big, strong brother to stand by me, I'd have found it very convenient to have a giant in the family. But then I wasn't. I got along all right. I soon learned to handle people. All you have to do is watch them—keep your eyes open. And I never got into trouble much, either at school or when I started work. Not real trouble. A bit of boyish high spirits, yes, but to do anything really silly was never in my line.

Come to think of it, my quick wits were no more use to him, really, than his strength and size were to me. I could tell him this and that and the other thing, but I couldn't stop him being stupid. He was slow, and that was all there was to it. Of course I always did what I could to help him—even after we went different ways, or rather I went ahead and he stayed pretty well where he was. For quite long spells we wouldn't see much of each other. But when we did meet I'd always ask him how he was getting on, and I was always ready to give him a hand where I could. Ask anybody. Well, that's how the whole thing came about, isn't it? Me helping him. That's what I said to the police. "You try to help somebody," I said, "and this is where you land up. In the police station being questioned."

If he'd had just a bit more gray matter, none of this would have happened. He'd have got a decent job and earned a decent wage, and then Doreen wouldn't have got onto him so much. Another three quid a week would have satisfied her. It's as simple as that.

Doreen is Fred's wife. They started going together when he first went to work at Greenall's. She was there for years, of course, before he started. She was about twenty-nine when he first met her and pretty well in charge of the shop. Old Greenall used to call her his right-hand man. Of course she was very wide-awake. Knew exactly what they had in stock, whether it was on the shelves or in storage, and carried all the prices in her head. Greenall offered to put up her wages when she said she was leaving. If what I heard at the time was anything to go by, he pretty near offered her double. But she just said she'd de-decided to marry Fred and make a home for him, and she was leaving, and that was that. She told him if he could afford to spend that much on wages he could give Fred a bit more, now that he was going to be a breadwinner. But that wouldn't wash, of course. Fred was getting seven pounds already, and he wasn't worth more than that of anybody's money.

He was slow, you see. Old Greenall used to say he did a lot of work in a lot of time, and it's true that Fred was never lazy. But he couldn't hold much in his head; he had to keep coming back for instructions, and he could never see for himself the shortest way to do a thing. Greenall kept him on because he was as strong as three men and as honest as daylight. And it's true there was a lot of heavy work about the place. There always is, with a grocery. You'd be surprised. Barrels of this and crates of that to be humped about. And loading and unloading the van. Fred used to spend most of his time carrying things about, or doing the deliveries. He hadn't enough gray matter to do paper work, and when they put him on to serving in the shop he was more of a nuisance than anything else, being so big. The space behind the counter just wasn't wide enough for him. You might as well try squeezing past an elephant.

It got on Doreen's nerves from the start. She was fond of him, in her own way, but between you and me I don't think she'd thought out all the angles before jumping into holy wedlock. She was scared of being left on the shelf—it's a thought that must come pretty often to a girl who works in a grocery store. She knew what happened when you made a mistake and overordered a particular line. You sold what you could and the rest you got rid of cheap, or, in the end, chucked it away. That wasn't going to be her. Not Doreen. When she saw the magic number thirty coming up on the clock, she jumped. And landed on Fred.

I thought he was rather lucky, at that. She wasn't a bad looker, and she was smart. But she did get onto him about money. She'd saved a bit, and by putting that to what Fred had they managed to get a house in a decent-enough street. But that was just it. They were out of Fred's class, really. Most of the husbands were getting twice what he was getting. So their wives had all sorts of things that Doreen couldn't afford. They managed a telly, but when it came to fridges and cars and stainless-steel sinks, and one woman even had a washing machine! I think it was the washing machine that put the iron in Doreen's soul. Yes, old Fred wouldn't be in the mess he's in today if it hadn't been for the washing machine.

One Sunday when I was round there she poured out her troubles to me while Fred was out in the

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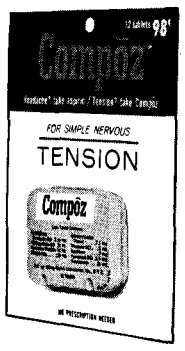

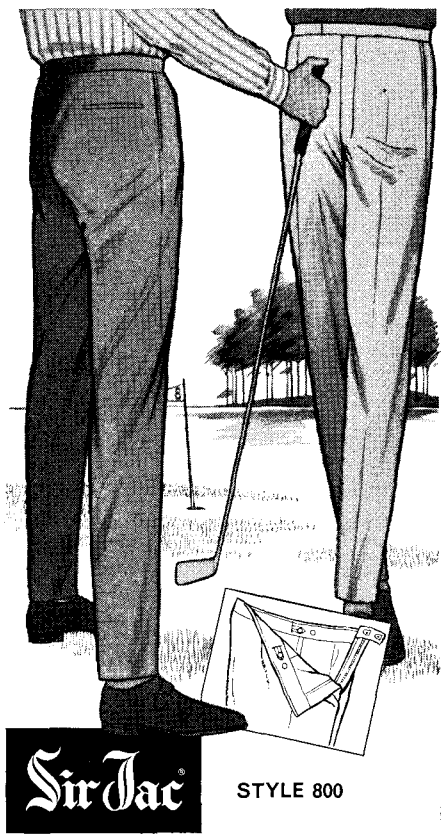

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garden, the children skipping round him and playing some kind of game. They had two, a boy and a girl. It always seemed to me that he was fonder of them than she was. In a way I don't blame her. She'd worked part-time until they came, so that they weren't pinched for money. Then she'd had to give it up. So she had no reason to thank them for being born. Not that she didn't do her best to bring them up right.

Anyway, that afternoon she stood staring through the window at the three of them. Her face had gone into hard lines, and she looked old and miserable.

"Bert," she says, jumping straight in without any messing about, "can't *you* suggest something?"

"Suggest what kind of something?" I asked.

She looked out at Fred again. He was digging trenches, shoving the spade through the wet soil with his great arms as if it was sawdust. I never saw anybody as strong as he was. The kids were hanging onto him shouting something and laughing. I could hear their voices faintly through the glass.

"What use is he?" said Doreen, following my eyes. "Tell me that. Here am I, with two kids to bring up and everything to pay for, and what does Fred do?"

"He works," I said. "He earns a living as well as he's able."

She looked at me, straight in the eyes. "That's not well enough. You know it, and I know it. We all know he's strong, but what's the good of that?"

I looked at Fred again. He was getting on toward thirty. His body seemed all chest and shoulders. His great barrel of a torso made his legs seem like an ape's legs. His hair was beginning to get thin in front. As I watched, he laughed at something one of the children said, and his whole face seemed to go into one enormous smile.

"You be satisfied; that's my advice," I said to Doreen. "They don't come any better than old Fred. You'll never be rich, but you've got a good husband, and the kids have got a good father."

"Keep your advice," she said, "if that's the best you can do. Mr. Know-it-all. How would you like to live on seven quid with two children? Scraping for every penny and never having a bit of life. If I want an evening out the only thing I can afford is to go down to the station and watch the trains come in. He's your brother, and it's not good enough. Who can I turn to, if not you? You've got all the brains; you could easily think of an opening for him. Don't you tell me to be satisfied." And more like that. It got so unpleasant I put my coat on and left.

I tried to forget about Doreen and her troubles. After all, I wasn't her brother; I was Fred's, and he seemed all right. He was quite happy. She nagged him, of course, but what I say is, if you don't want to get nagged, don't get married.

But I couldn't forget her face. I mean, she was desperate. And I had to admit that seven quid was only seven quid, for a woman who'd been in a good job and never really gone short. *Well, she knew Fred wasn't overburdened with gray matter*, I thought to myself. *It's her own fault.* But if you feel sorry for somebody, you can't stop it just by saying it's their own fault. It nags at you. In fact, it really began to spoil the fun I was getting out of life. I'm in building supply, you know. I had a nice little corner in porcelain stuff just then, everything from insulators to washbasins. I was doing all right, and I'd begun to knock about with a crowd who'd mostly got a fair amount of cash. Chaps who knew their way around. I was on the inside, after always having been on the outside before, and it tasted good. I'd stopped going to the Lord Nelson in the evenings and taken to looking in at the back bar of the George—the private bar. A very nice crowd used to get in there.

Anyway, I mentioned it because Len Weatherhead used to go there very often. He was really one of the big boys. Savile Row suits, a Bentley, the lot. He'd made it up from the ground, and he wasn't fifty yet. Started as some kind of fairground attendant, then ran a boxing concession, and now one of the biggest all-in wrestling promoters in the country. All-in wrestling! Can't you see how the whole thing fell smack into my lap?

And yet, funnily enough, I didn't think of it for a week or two. It wasn't until one evening when Len Weatherhead came in looking really brassed off. Dead cheesed. The corners of his mouth were right down, and he wasn't speaking to anybody.

Anyway, I went to work on him. Soon I had him telling me what was wrong. He couldn't find wrestlers. He'd got the crowds, he'd got the halls, but he couldn't find the boys to wrestle.

"Only today," he said. "Two boys I could really rely on. Go anywhere and always put on a good show. Mike the Moose and Billy Crusher—those were their wrestling names. Always put 'em on together. Well, all of a sudden Ogden—that's Mike the Moose—comes to me and says he's dissolving the partnership and going to work somewhere as a gym instructor. Says he knows it'll mean a drop in the money, but he prefers the type of work he'll be doing. I ask you! Turning away eighty quid a week!"

"Eighty quid a *week?*" I said. I saw Doreen running to the shop to buy six washing machines, one for each room.

He nodded. "In the season," he said. "Of course there's not a lot doing between April and September. But those two were always up near the head of the billing. And so well-drilled! Knew every wrinkle in the game. Never hurt one another; never had to have any time off with sprains or dislocations or anything like that. And the money I spent on them!"

I began to question him, without letting on that I had anything special in my mind. I learned a lot in a few minutes. All-in wrestling was something I'd never given any thought to. I suppose I just thought it was a matter of a promoter hiring a hall and then a lot of chaps being entered by their managers, like boxers. But of course all-in isn't a contest; it's a gymnastic display. The wrestlers have to know each other and work together. Every fight is rehearsed from beginning to end. You'll notice, if you ever watch a contest, that every time one chap has got the other down and he's putting some fearful lock on him, twisting his limbs about and making him yell blue murder, and you decide he's a goner, the one who's on top suddenly lets him get up. That's because it's his turn to be put through the mill next, till the crowd get tired of it and one of them has to win and make room for another pair.

You'll probably want to ask me what I asked Len Weatherhead. What kind of people watch this? How can they enjoy it when a child of five could see the fights were rigged? Surely it can't fool them, so what are they doing there? Len Weatherhead couldn't really answer this, and

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neither can I. In a way all that happens is that the sight of two big, hefty men beating and gouging hell out of one another excites the crowd so much that they don't care whether they're being fooled or not. They're like middle-aged men watching a striptease. Every one of them knows that the girl isn't taking her clothes off for him, but never mind; he still wants to see her do it.

Len went on to tell me a bit more. In some cases the wrestlers have what you might call characters. The good guy against the bad guy, like Westerns. One of them will wear some costume that makes him look devilish, and have some frightening name like Chang the Terrible or Doctor Death. He'll be fighting some blue-eyed, fair-haired type, and he'll fight dirty to put the crowd against him. They'll scream all sorts of insults at him, and he'll snarl and shake his fist, and of course the other chap will let him win right up to the end, and suddenly get the upper hand in the last half minute and damn near break his neck. That's when they all jump up and down and shout with joy. It works on some of these feebleminded types so much that after a season or two of following it they get to a stage where it's the only sport they can follow. Oh, yes, somebody had a bright idea there.

"Look here, Len," I said, choosing a moment when nobody was likely to come breezing over. Of course you know what's coming. "You're really short of wrestlers?" I asked him. "I mean, if you found a chap who was willing to go in at the bottom and who was strong—I mean *really* strong—you'd take him on even if he had no experience?"

He looked a bit crafty at me. "It would depend," he said. "If he had no experience I'd have to find a partner and train him from the ground up. And he wouldn't be making me a penny during that time. I couldn't afford to keep him on more than part-time till he was trained."

We dickered about it a bit more, and finally he asked me point-blank to come out with whatever was in my mind. So I told him about Fred. A man with the strength of half a dozen wrestlers rolled into one, not making a penny out of it.

Anyway, under his craftiness Len Weatherhead was as keen to do business as I was, and before we cleared out at closing time I had a nice little deal all buttoned up for Fred. He was to go down to the gym evenings and weekends and train with this chap Billy Crusher, who'd been left without a partner. As soon as the training had reached a stage where they could work out a fight and get it rehearsed, they could go on, and Fred would move into the big money. If he fought three times a week, he'd clear anything from fifty to eighty quid, depending on the gate money.

Len Weatherhead said he'd have to look Fred over first, but I knew that wouldn't hold us up. Far from exaggerating his size and strength, I'd even played it down. I didn't want Len to think of me as a bigmouth. He was a man I could do a lot of business with if I won his confidence. He clapped me on the shoulder before driving off in his Bentley, and I felt on top of the world.

Well, there was no point in messing about, so the very next evening I took Fred out for a drink and started to feed the idea into his mind.

"How are the kids, Fred?" I asked him.

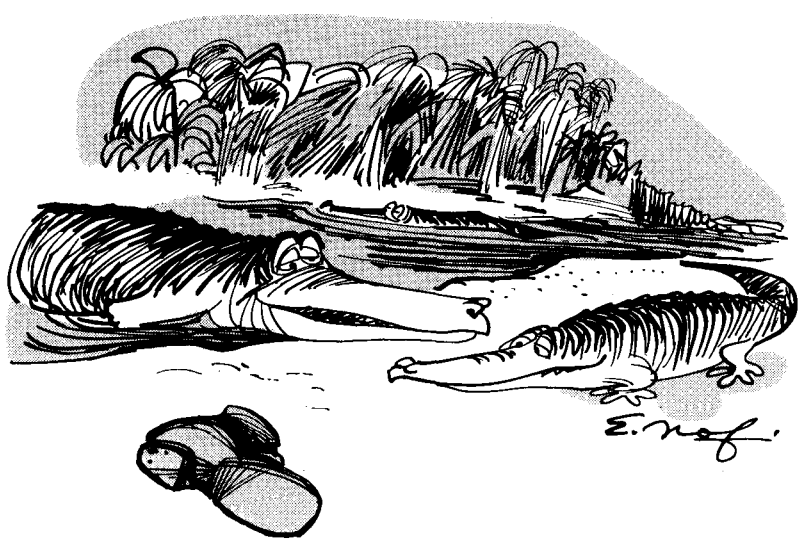
"They're coming along fine," he said. "I don't know which of them's growing faster. Sometimes I think it's Peter, other times I think it's Paula. They just grow and grow. And clever! They get it from their mother. You know what they said the other day?" And he went on to tell me all their clever little sayings. I let him chatter on, because I could see it was softening him up. He was doing all the work for me, and all I had to do was listen and buy him a drink now and then.

So I listened until he'd told me everything the kids had done and said since they were one day old, all of which I'd heard before, because he never talked about anything else. And when he'd finished I gave the ball another tap to keep it rolling. Money.

"You've got two grand kids," I said. "Kids who deserve the best. And there are so many opportunities opening up for youngsters these days. That's where a bit of money comes in handy."

"That's what Doreen says," he said, and worry came over his face. Fred's expression never changed quickly; it seemed to take time for one to fade and another to take its place. Like sand castles being washed out by the tide. I suppose that was the slowness of his mind.

I knew there was no rushing him, what with the time it took him to get hold of an idea, so I jumped straight in. I asked him if he'd ever heard of Len Weatherhead. He hadn't. I told him Len Weatherhead made a lot of money for himself and everybody else by promoting all-in wrestling. Fred thought for a bit, and I half expected him to ask me what all-in wrestling was, but finally he turned his head slowly toward me and said, "Yes?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yes, sir, I knew he was a big one the second he stepped on me!"

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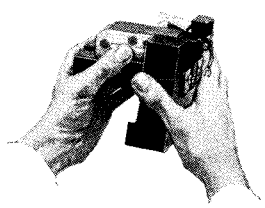
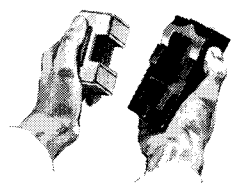


2 Then, loosen the four captive coil cover holding screws. The coil cover, coil and its magnet yoke can now be lifted out of the starter mechanism, as a unit.



3 Now, slide coil and magnet yoke from the coil cover and remove the magnet yoke from the coil.

■ That's *all* there is to removing the coil from *any* Bulletin 709 Series K starter! Repeated tests have proven that operations 1, 2, and 3 should not take more than 2 minutes—even when the operator is blindfolded. And—to replace the coil, reassemble the starter, and have it in perfect working order takes no longer than about 3 minutes. Also, it is impossible to reassemble the starter incorrectly, because all removable parts are "keyed."

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CALIBAN

"Yes," I said. "And, what's more, Len Weatherhead is very interested in you, Fred. Very interested indeed."

"Interested in me?" he said, tapping himself on the chest to make quite sure we had our identities sorted out.

"Yes, you," I said. "He's heard all about you as a big, strong muscleman. That's the main thing, you know, in the wrestling game. The rest can be learned. They have a gym where they train you."

It was as plain as a pikestaff that he simply didn't know what I was getting at. All-in wrestling and gyms and training just weren't anything to do with him, and that was that. I felt irritated suddenly. I wanted to drag him along. Cut through that slowness of his.

"Listen, Fred," I said. "Why do you think I'm bothering to tell you this?"

"Is it a bother?" he said. "I thought we were just having a pint together."

"Well, so we are," I said. After all, he was my brother. "But you're lucky, Fred. You've got a smart brother who keeps his eyes open for you."

"Well, thanks," he said.

"I can put you in the money," I said, rushing it along. "No more trouble with Doreen. Everything you want for the kids. Dress them up lovely. Take them on holidays. Send them to a nice school."

"You can do that?" he asked, looking at me with his eyes wide open. I knew I'd hit the right note.

"Play along with me," I said, clapping him on the shoulder, "and I'll see you make eighty quid a week."

At that he burst out laughing. Or, rather, laughter welled up out of that big chest of his. It took about two minutes to get from his belly as far as his voice.

"All right, laugh," I said. "But when you've finished, let me put you in the picture. Eighty quid sounds a lot to you. It even sounds a lot to me. But it's just everyday stuff to Len Weatherhead."

Fred searched in his memory for the name Len Weatherhead, which he'd heard two minutes before, and finally he lifted his head in that perplexed way of his and said, "Wrestling?"

"Wrestling," I said. "Just the job you were cut out for."

He picked up his beer, but he only looked at it and then put it down and faced me again.

"You're joking, Bert," he said. "It's one of your jokes."

"Eighty quid a week," I said. "Don't believe me. Don't listen to me. Go and see Len Weatherhead."

He shook his head.

"Now look, Fred," I said. "Do you want to have nice things for Peter and Paula or don't you?"

"They're all right," he said, almost fiercely. "They don't go short. I take care of them, and we have good times together. They've got a house to live in and a garden ——"

"And they could have so much more," I cut in quickly, "if their father would just realize his own potentialities."

That last word threw him. It was the sort of word you hear chucked about in the private bar in the George, but not in the Lord Nelson, where we were.

"Don't mess me about, Bert," he said. "Don't mess me about with long words. I do a job, and the wage comes in, and we live on it. We can be happy."

I didn't want to get stuck on that point, so I just pushed along. First I drew a picture of Doreen's sufferings; then I looked forward to the time when the kids would need all sorts of things to help them keep up with the crowd—smart clothes and motor scooters and the rest of it. I told him it wouldn't always be enough for them to play with him in the garden.

"You're doing all right," I said, "now. But when they get bigger you'll need four, five times the money you're making now. Who's going to give it to you? Greenall? That's a laugh, and you know it."

I got him so worried that finally he agreed to come and see Len Weatherhead. But first I thought I'd better take him to a wrestling bout to give him an idea of what he was going into. I didn't want Len Weatherhead to write him off as a total nitwit the first time he met him.

So a couple of nights later we went down to the Town Hall for one of Len's promotions. It was the usual thing—tickets from about half a crown to a quid, the place pretty well packed out, and everybody excited at the prospect of seeing some licensed mayhem.

Right from the start I knew I was going to have trouble with Fred. I'd taken a lot of trouble to get him into a nice, relaxed mood, so much trouble that I wondered, now and then, why I was doing it. Just brotherly love, was all I could think of. I'd called at his house and picked him up by car—with Doreen's full approval, of course, because I'd told her what I was doing—and on the way down I'd stopped and got a couple of drinks inside him and even stood him a cigar, one of those one-and-ninepenny panatelas.

But it was no good. Even before the first pair of wrestlers came out I could see that he didn't like it. There was a kind of edge to the atmosphere that upset him. Of course he was always so gentle; he hated any kind of violence. As we sat there waiting, I looked round and for a moment I saw the scene through his eyes. There was the huge hall, dimly lit, with clouds of cigarette smoke drifting up to the ceiling. And the ring, with that white light beating down on it, like an operating table all ready for someone's guts to be cut out. And the faces of the people sitting round us weren't too pleasant. Probably you wouldn't have minded them on the street, but here they seemed more ugly and cruel, with the sort of thoughts that were going on in their minds.

Then I thought, *Eighty quid a week!* And I knew I'd talk Fred into it, with Doreen's help, whatever he thought about this evening.

Well, it started, and I hardly saw anything of the program. I was too busy hanging onto Fred, trying to calm him and make him stay in his seat. If I hadn't been there I don't think he'd have stayed beyond the first minute of the first bout.

One fighter was called Eskimo Jim and the other Paddy Doyle, or some such name. Eskimo Jim was the bad one. You could see at once he was going to fight dirty. He didn't look much like a real Eskimo, but he had thick lips and a flat nose, and his eyes were sort of slanted. The Irish chap was good-looking, of course. All the time the ref was briefing them, or pretending to, the crowd was jeering Eskimo Jim, and he was glaring murder and shaking his fist. Once he broke away and came to the ropes as if he was going to jump over and go for them, but the ref pulled him back, of course. And all the time Paddy stood there looking calm and handsome. I'd have laughed if I hadn't been so worried

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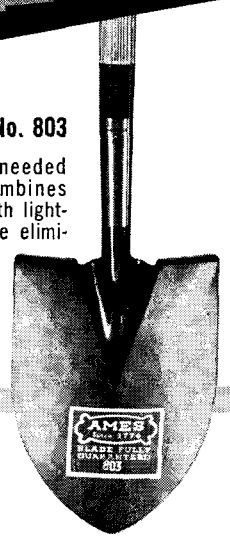

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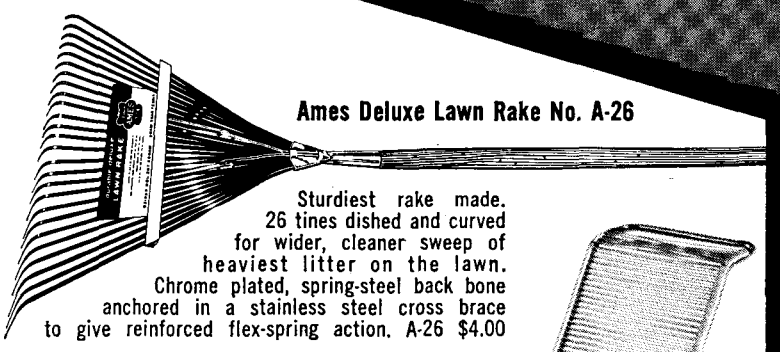

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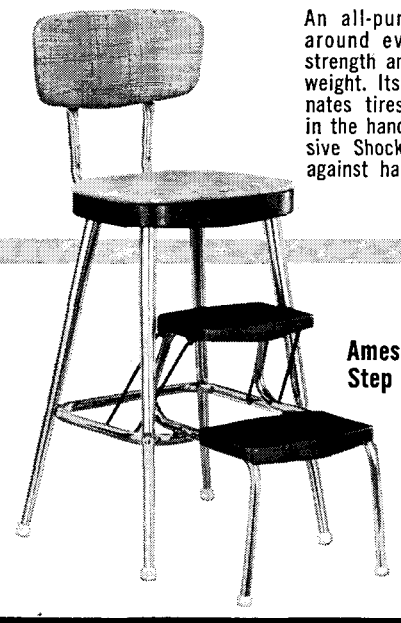

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about the way Fred was taking it. He didn't seem to see the funny side at all. The insults and the shouting, and the fist-shaking and threats, were all having a terrible effect on him. It was like trying to lead a horse past something it's afraid of.

"Relax, Fred, relax," I kept saying to him. "It's just entertainment, see? It's not a fight—it's an acrobatic performance. Remember that—just an acrobatic performance."

And just as I said the words, Eskimo Jim pushed the referee to one side and started the fight before Paddy was ready. Of course. He grabbed Paddy's head and swung it down to knee level, twisting it at the same time so that he damn near dragged it off. Then, while Paddy was reeling about dazed, he gave him a kick in the guts that you could hear all over the building. It was very clever, really, how they managed it. But it was too much for Fred. If we hadn't been sitting in the middle of a row he'd have been halfway down the aisle, and I'd never have got him back. It was the other customers who saved the situation for me. They'd paid for their seats, the butchery had just begun, and they didn't want their view blocked by this big elk of a man pushing past them. They hissed at him to sit down, and he did. But he wouldn't look at the ring.

Well, we stuck it out. Halfway through the evening Fred slumped in his seat as if the will to resist had left him, and he didn't try to get away anymore. Just sat there staring straight in front of him. I couldn't even decide whether he was watching the wrestlers or not. As for me, I settled down and watched the show. After all, I'd paid for it. And if Fred wasn't concentrating, then I'd got to watch hard enough for two. I don't like to waste my money.

We went across to the pub afterward and I lined up a couple of refreshing pints. Fred threw his down in four swallows. I could see his hand trembling. There was no need to ask him what he thought about all-in wrestling.

"Well, that's it, Fred," I said. "I'm not going to try to talk you into anything. I've lined up a chance for you, and if you don't want to take it that's your affair."

He turned and looked at me. His face was dead white: I'd never seen it like that before. "You mean you still want me to go in for that?" he asked. I didn't answer, and he didn't say anything more. I finished my pint, and then I drove him home. *Well*, I was thinking to myself, *that's one more thing that's no good.*

Doreen was waiting for us when we got back to the house. I was feeling pretty savage about wasting all that time and money, and when she asked me to come in for a cup of tea. I said no. I didn't even get out of the car. She called to me from the doorway, and when she saw I wasn't going to move she came out and spoke to me through the car window.

"What's wrong?" she asked, in her direct way.

"Oh, nothing," I said. "Fred doesn't like all-in wrestling; that's all. We'll have to think of some other sparetime hobby for him."

And I drove off. *Let him sort it out*, I thought. I could imagine him trying to explain to Doreen that he didn't want to go in for wrestling even if it did mean eighty quid a week. And, being in a savage mood, I felt it served him right. *I'd had a lot of trouble and expense—and, what was worse, I was going to look like a bigmouth when I next talked to Len Weatherhead. Just a stupid, unreliable bigmouth. Let her put him through it*, I thought as I locked up the garage.

After that I just assumed it was all over. I kept away from the George for the next few evenings because I wouldn't have known what to say to Len Weatherhead if I'd met him. I thought I'd let the idea just get lost of its own accord. Anyway, it was a good thing I didn't rush into any big explanations with Len, because the next thing that happened was something that really surprised me.

I was sitting in the office one morning. I call it the office, though it's only one room. But that won't last. I've got my eye on a bigger place already, and business is looking up all the time. Anyway, I was sitting there, working out a bit of costing on some washbasins, when the door opened and there was Fred. In the middle of the morning. I ask you.

"What's up?" I said. "Got the sack?"

"I'm on deliveries," he said. "I just wanted to have a word with you."

"What about?" I said. Rather cool. I wasn't in a mood to let him forget that he'd disappointed me.

"Look," he said, coming in, but not sitting down. "This Len Who's-it. When can you take me to him?"

I looked up into his face, and all of a sudden I saw what must have happened. He looked like somebody who'd just come back from Devil's Island.

"Been talking it over with Doreen, have you?" I asked him, keeping it as casual as I could.

"When can I see this Len?" he asked, ignoring my question. Of course he wouldn't want to talk about it. Doreen must have really turned it loose on him to drive him to the state where he'd rather go into the ring with Eskimo Jim than face her in his own house.

I reached for the telephone and dialed Len Weatherhead's office. I wasn't going to let this cool. Too much depended on it. The luck was with me: I got hold of him straightaway and fixed it for Fred to go and see him and talk business.

After that I relaxed. I knew that Fred wouldn't change his mind. He might change his mind about wanting to be a wrestler, but he wouldn't go back on his arrangement to see Len Weatherhead. Which made it Weatherhead's job to talk him into it. All I had to do was to sit back and collect thanks and smiles.

The next few days passed very smoothly. I bypassed Fred and got the score from Doreen. She welcomed me now as nice as pie. I was the lifesaver who had turned her grocer's-assistant husband into a big, rich wrestler. At least he was headed that way. Len had evidently taken to him and seen how far his strength would take him in the wrestling business, because he'd given Fred the full treatment. Taken him all round the gym and everything. If Fred still wanted to back out he didn't get a chance to, because the next thing Len did was to arrange for him to meet Billy Crusher. That's the fellow who had been in partnership with Mike the Moose, who'd now gone legit as a gym instructor.

I suppose Billy did more than anyone to talk Fred into the game. He had a professional attitude, which was all the more refreshing, because he was going to be with Fred, right there in the ring. He wasn't asking Fred to do anything he wasn't going to do himself. That put him straightaway in a different class from me, Doreen, Len Weatherhead and the crowd. I heard so much about Billy Crusher, whose name was really Arthur Trubshaw, that one Sunday morning I looked in, out of curiosity, to watch the pair of them training at Weatherhead's gym.

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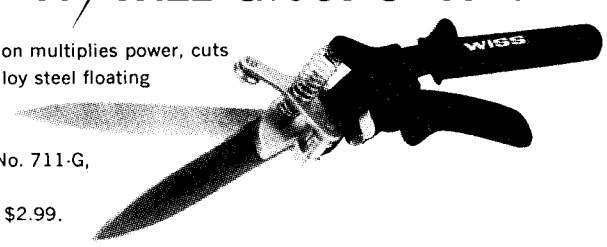

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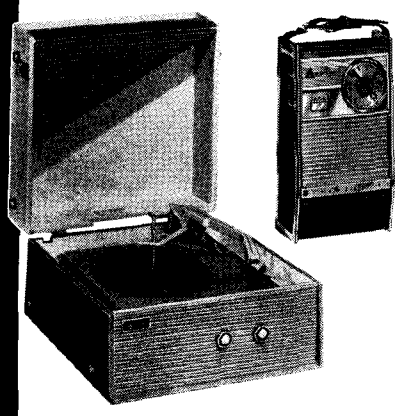

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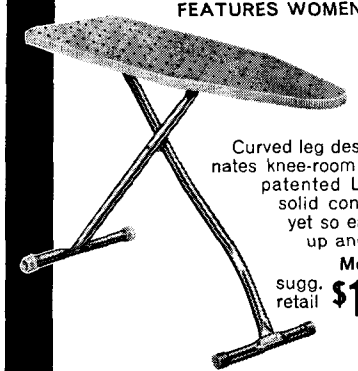

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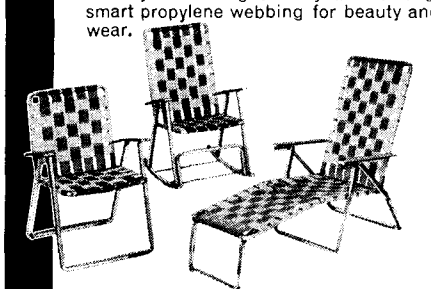

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CALIBAN

They were at it when I arrived, so I stood back and watched them. Arthur was a big, powerful chap, but not so strong as Fred. He was much faster and lighter on his feet, being a trained acrobat and all that, and I could see that he was watching Fred carefully. He wasn't exactly afraid of him, but he was wary. He didn't want any mistakes, because he knew that if Fred should forget the script and loose that strength of his in the wrong direction there was every chance of getting hurt. And he wasn't in the business to get hurt; I could see that. He was a clever performer and knew exactly what he was doing. And his face was unmarked. Nobody had ever taken a swipe at him and broken his nose, and they weren't going to if he could help it.

When I got there he was showing Fred the way to get out of a lock. The drill was that Arthur got Fred on his back and twisted his legs round in a way that looked bloody agonizing, but (as I heard Arthur keep telling Fred) wouldn't do him any harm as long as he was expecting it and relaxed. They were to hold this for a bit, while Fred was supposed to writhe about in agony, and then all of a sudden Fred was to kick out so that his feet caught Arthur full in the chest and threw him backward. Then they could go on to the next move. Arthur was pointing out to Fred, very carefully, the exact point on his chest where the feet were to land. No messing about. He didn't want a kick under the heart to make him groggy, nor did he want the feet to go too high up and get him in the throat. He rehearsed the thing till Fred could have done it in his sleep. Never an inch too high or too low. I was just leaning against the wall, having a smoke and watching the fun, when I heard Len Weatherhead's voice in my ear. "Seem to be getting to know each other all right," he said.

"That chap Arthur'll bring Fred along all right," I said. "He's working very hard on him."

"I should hope he is working hard," said Len a bit sourly. "He's on full pay during this training period, and he doesn't have to fight any bouts. He gets as much for one of these training sessions as he does for a fight in the ring."

Just as he spoke Fred brought his fist down on the small of Arthur's back. Arthur must have told him to, but perhaps Fred was an inch or two outside the target area or brought it down too hard or something. Anyway, Arthur collapsed on the floor, gasping that his kidneys were ruptured and that he was going straight round to his lawyer and sue everybody. Fred stood over him, looking apologetic and Len Weatherhead went over.

"Bad luck," he said, trying to pass it off cheerful. "Fred'll have to watch what he's doing—won't you, Fred?"

"It looks easy from where you're standing," said Arthur, fixing Len Weatherhead with a very cold eye. His face was white. "I ought to get double pay for this," he said.

"Oh, come on, Arthur," said Len, fencing him off. "You know you do all right."

"All right, is it?" said Arthur, climbing to his feet. "You come and have a bash at it if it's all right."

"What did I do wrong?" Fred puts in, as if he was back at Greenall's and had put some bags of flour in the wrong place or something.

"I'll show you what you did wrong," said Arthur, and suddenly he seized hold of the back of Fred's neck, dragged his head down till he was bent double, and then slammed him in the kidneys with his fist. It made me feel faint to see it. As for Fred, he crumpled up. I thought he was going to be sick. Finally he dragged himself onto his hands and knees, but he couldn't get any further.

"That's what I'm talking about," said Arthur. Really cool he was. "Get that into your head, and maybe we'll start making progress."

"Fred," I said through the ropes. "How are you feeling?"

"Don't overdo it, Arthur," said Len Weatherhead.

"He's got to learn," said Arthur. But he sounded a bit nervous, because Fred was climbing onto his feet now, with sweat breaking out all over him, and none of us liked the look on his face. The gentleness was gone, and it seemed full of nothing but pain and rage. His huge chest made him seem top-heavy, and as he took a step or two toward Arthur he seemed to waddle like a gorilla.

Arthur stood his ground, but he fell automatically into a wrestler's crouch, ready to defend himself. He sank his head down between his shoulders so that he wouldn't get his neck broken. Instinct, I suppose. Actually it was all over in seconds. Len and I both broke into action. Len climbed through the ropes and got between them, and at the same time I leaned over and got hold of Fred's arm.

"Don't do it, Fred," I said. "It's me—Bert."

He hadn't realized I was there, and the sound of my voice started him out of his trance. But his mind moved slowly, as usual, so it was like watching a diver come up from the ocean floor.

"He hit me," Fred said to me, as if we were back on the old asphalt playground.

"That's enough for today. Out of the ring," said Len Weatherhead in his manager's voice.

Arthur came over to Fred and looked him straight in the eye. I had to admire his pluck.

"No offense, Fred," he said. "I got a bit rattled when you hit me in the wrong place; that's all. Let's try that again."

I liked him for doing it his own way, ignoring Len Weatherhead's order to break it up for the day. And he was certainly risking something by inviting Fred to give him another punch. But it worked perfectly. They went through three or four movements that looked like dance steps, and then Fred swung his fist down, and this time it must have been placed right, because, although the sound thumped out like somebody kicking a suitcase, Arthur just grinned, and the two of them went off to get dressed.

I saw Len Weatherhead staring after them, looking very excited. "I've got a name for him," he said. "Did you see that look that came over his face? Sort of apelike? That's worth a fortune in the ring."

Well, a fortune was a fortune, but Fred was still my brother, so I didn't exactly gush over this discovery of his. "What's the name?" I said, a bit short.

"King Caliban," he said.

"King who?" I asked.

"Caliban. He was some kind of monster on a desert island. That's the angle to stress for Fred. The barbaric."

"Why not call him the Missing Link and have done with it?" I asked. But as soon as I'd spoken I wished I hadn't. If I wanted to stay in with Len, I had to leave him to run his business his own way. He gave me a look that told me clearly that when he wanted my advice he'd ask me for it. So I decided to button up and make myself scarce. I didn't want to spoil everything now that it seemed set fair. I mean to say, it's through playing along with chaps like Len Weatherhead that chaps like me get their place in the sun.

After that I played it cool for a while. I kept my nose out of it and didn't see anything of Len—or of Fred and Doreen, for that matter. Time jogged along, and I knew it must be time for Fred and Arthur to have a bout in public, but I didn't think about it much. Then, late one afternoon as I was just locking up the office, Doreen showed up.

"I want you to do me a favor, Bert," she said, coming to the point, as usual.

"I know," I said. "Hold Fred's hand when he goes into the ring."

"No; be serious," she said. Her face had gone thin, it seemed to me. Something had frightened her.

"Fred's acting up strange," she said. "Since he gave up at Greenall's and gave all his time to practicing with Arthur."

"I didn't know he'd done that," I said.

"Yes, the last three weeks before their first bout," she said. "That was the arrangement. Mr. Weatherhead's been paying him the same wage as he'd have got at Greenall's. The three weeks'll be up in four days, Tuesday night. That'll be his first professional fight, and then he'll get the same pay as Arthur."

So she hadn't touched the big money yet. Just the worry and uncertainty.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The face that launched a thousand spitballs."

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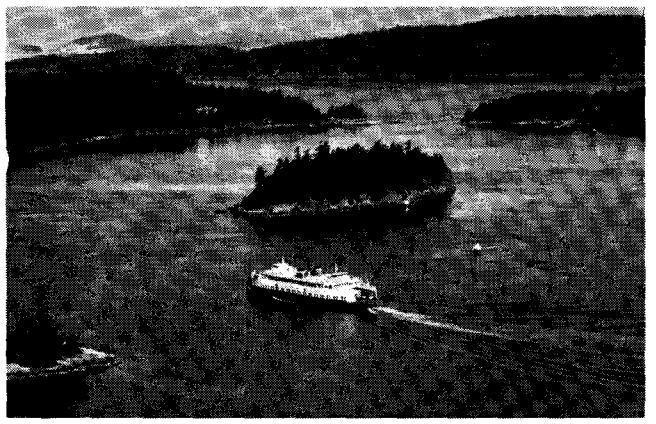

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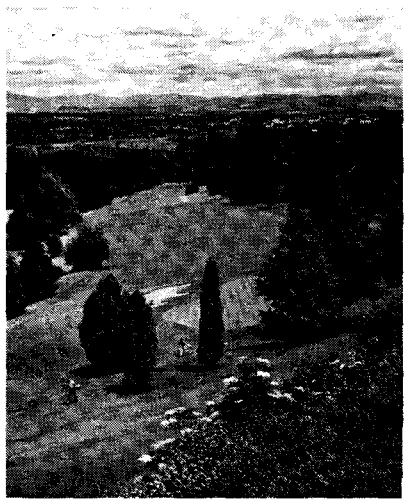

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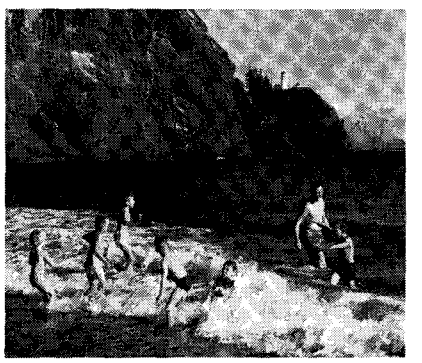

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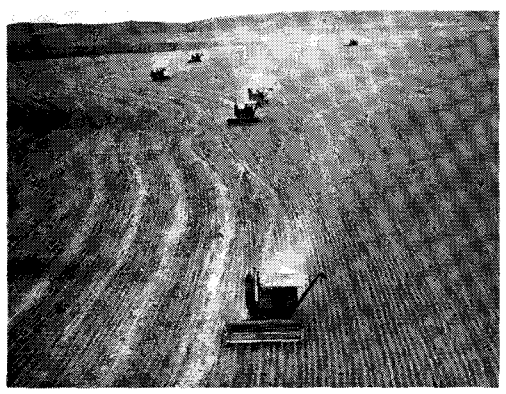

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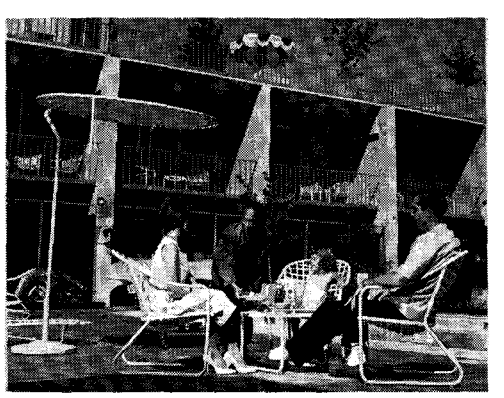

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CALIBAN

"Where do I come in?" I asked her.

"Fred doesn't like it," she said. "He's doing it, but he doesn't like it. And sometimes he seems so strange. I hardly know him anymore."

"When he's earning you eighty quid a week," I said, "you won't care whether you know him or not."

"Bert, that's not fair," she said, and all of a sudden if she didn't burst out crying. Doreen, of all women!

"He frightens me," she said, sobbing so you could hear her in the street. "The other day we had a bit of a difference. I was for telling the children about his new job, and he said no, let them think he still worked at Greenall's. 'But they're bound to find out, Fred,' I said. 'Why not tell them now? Besides, Peter'll be proud to have a real wrestler for his dad.' I was going on like that when all of a sudden he gave a sort of roar. I never heard him make a noise like that before. And he glared at me. His eyes seemed like an animal's, Bert. I thought he was going to murder me."

"Did he lay a finger on you?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"Well, then," I said. "If every man who shouted at his wife could scare her as much as you're scared, the world'd be a happier place."

She seemed a bit easier in her mind. After all, there's nothing like having somebody tell you your fears are just imagination. But she hadn't finished with me. She pressed on to the next point.

"Promise you'll come on Tuesday night, Bert," she said. "I feel I must be there but I can't stand it by myself."

"Why don't you stay at home?" I said.

"Oh, I couldn't," she said. "I must be with him."

It seemed a funny idea to me. With him. Her and five thousand other people. But I said I'd go. I wasn't keen, but she was so anxious—and, besides, I was curious to see how the act would go over.

I asked Doreen if she'd got any free tickets, and she said no. That riveted it. I mean it really convinced me that she *must* be feeling bad about things to miss a chance of saving at least fifteen bob.

Anyway, I called for her on the night. She'd asked me to go round at about six to have a bit of a meal before we set off, and as luck would have it I got there just as Fred was leaving. Len Weatherhead, giving him the VIP treatment because it was his first bout, had called for him in his Bentley, and Arthur was along too. The three of them were just coming out of the house as I got there, and I must say it looked exactly like a man being arrested by two Scotland Yard detectives. They were jollying him along, and Arthur was even carrying the little suitcase which I suppose contained his wrestling outfit. I recognized it. It was his old football case. He used to keep his shorts and boots and things in it, with a little bottle of liniment. That was when we were between about eighteen and twenty-one, both living at home. It made me feel funny to see the old football case going out through the door on such different business. And there was old Fred. He didn't recognize me. At least, I spoke to him and he looked to me, but he seemed to stare straight through me. His face looked sad and lonely, as if he'd spent about five years in a desert and given up hope of ever meeting another human being.

Well, I thought, *the first time is always uphill, whatever it is you're doing. He'll settle down.* I went on into the house and there was Doreen with the children. She'd got some game out on the table, a jigsaw puzzle or something, and was trying to get them interested in it to cover up for Fred. But she wasn't having much luck. They could tell there was something going on, and they both kept asking where dad was till it nearly drove her nuts.

We ate some kippers, neither of us saying anything much, and then the neighbor who was going to mind the kids came in, and we got into our coats and on our way. In the car I started trying to raise Doreen's spirits a bit. "As of tonight," I said to her, "you and Fred can kiss your worries good-bye. A solid fifty to eighty quid a week in the season, and he can always go back to humping groceries when his reactions begin to slow down and he can't wrestle any longer. You're a very lucky girl," I told her.

"But if it's going to make Fred different ——" she whined, but I cut her short. I wasn't having any of that.

"Different, my foot," I said. "It's just exchanging one trade for another. This isn't fighting. It's an acrobatic display, and Fred's been well trained for it. It's the chance of a lifetime. Considering he isn't overburdened with gray matter, this is the only kind of profitable work he can be trained for."

She quietened down a bit, but when we got to the Town Hall and saw the crowd streaming in she got all upset again, and to tell the truth I didn't feel any too good myself. The faces! Like things you'd see in a nightmare. I didn't know which were the worst, the men or the women. There were women of all ages, from grandmothers down to teen-agers, and they all had that bright-eyed look that people wear when they're going to see something really horrible. To see a man get hurt—that was what they were there for, and it was as plain as if they'd had it written on sandwich boards. Perhaps they'd all been ill-treated by a man at some time or other. Perhaps every woman has. *Well*, I thought, *at least the all-in wrestling game won't ever lack support. The cinemas can close, the dog tracks can close, but this'll keep going. Fred's onto a good thing.* But I wasn't too happy inside.

The usual flourishing and announcing went on, and then the first bout started. It was between a character covered from head to foot in red tights, with just little holes for his eyes, and another chap who'd gone to the other extreme and was nearly naked. The red one was called the Scarlet Fiend or the Red Devil or something. He was the one the crowd were supposed to be against, though as far as I could see they were both equally horrible, and when it came to fighting dirty, hitting the other chap when he wasn't looking and the rest of it, there was nothing to choose. But the crowd started to get worked up straightaway. The girls! Screaming advice as to how to hurt one another. And such technical advice too. Where they picked it up I don't know. But the worst was a big, bald-headed fellow about four seats away from me. We were in the third row from the ringside, and I could see that if they'd been ringside seats this chap would have had his head through the ropes to shout better. He seemed completely beside himself. Nothing short of complete bestiality would satisfy him. He must have been some kind of pervert like you read about in the Sunday paper. He never stopped shouting. And when the action really got hot he'd leap to his feet and start dancing about with excitement till the people behind him had to grab him and pull him down again so they could see.

I saw Doreen glancing at this bald chap once or twice, and I could tell what she was thinking. If he shouted like that when Fred was fighting she wasn't going to be able to stand it. I made a little joke about Baldy, to get her to see him as funny, but I couldn't put my heart into it. I didn't think he was funny myself. So I concentrated on the money. "It's worth it for eighty quid," I said to Doreen. She gave me an expressionless look and I couldn't tell what was going on in her mind.

We watched three or four more bouts, and I began to feel numb. My sense of proportion came back, and I thought, *Well, it's just a lot of silly fools shouting and getting worked up.* "All in the day's work," I said to Doreen. She gave me the same look again.

I got so sunk in my thoughts that I hardly watched the ring any more, and it shook me to hear all of a sudden the name Billy Crusher shouted out by the emcee. He went on to tell the fans that this popular fighter was back after a spell of rest and that he was matched tonight with the most dangerous opponent he had ever faced, an untamed giant straight from the jungle. And there they were climbing into the ring, and the emcee was bawling, "King Caliban!"

Anyone could tell how it was going to be slanted. Arthur had those flashy good looks, especially when you saw him from a few yards away with the arc lights shining down on that smooth torso. The idol of the gallery. Especially the women. Fred would have looked pretty lumpy and plain anyway, and to make it worse they'd dressed him in a leopard skin so that he looked like a jungle chieftain in a "B" picture. I don't think they'd actually used greasepaint on him, but it's a fact that his face looked much uglier than I'd ever seen it before. Perhaps it was just the angle at which I was looking up at him, but his forehead seemed narrow and sloping. I don't think I'd have recognized him if I hadn't known.

The crowd was well away by now, having witnessed half a dozen crimes of violence already, and they started jeering poor old Fred straightaway, calling him all sorts of names and telling Arthur to throttle him and put a stop to his career. I knew Fred was supposed to feed all this by reacting and making all sorts of threatening gestures, but he just stood there looking lonely. It made him seem subhuman, like a bear that had been brought in to be baited. I glanced at Doreen. She was staring down at her feet. I knew she wouldn't look at the ring.

The fight started, and they went pretty smoothly into the routine. Arthur's training had been good, and I was hoping they'd get through without any accidents and finish with it so that I could take Doreen home. Then when she had Fred back with her, plus a big fat pay packet, things would seem rosier. This was the low ebb, having to sit here and watch them twist one another's limbs.

The bald chap seemed to have taken a real dislike to Fred, hooting insults at him right from the start, rejoicing whenever Arthur looked like maiming him and groaning like a stuck pig when Fred was on top. I nearly leaned over and asked him to shut up, but it wouldn't have done any good. He was demented. I think he wanted to attract Fred's attention, to have him come to the ropes and shake his fist or threaten to come down and do him. That's what those nut cases want—to be in on the act. "Serve you right!" he'd

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scream whenever Fred got jumped on or twisted. "That's what you need!" I could see it was making Doreen sick, and I felt a bit shaky myself.

What was worse, I could see that Baldy was beginning to rattle Fred. His voice must have got in through Fred's insulation, so to speak. Every time he was taking punishment, to hear that screech right in his ear—it was enough to send him round the bend, if he hadn't been halfway there already.

At one point, after they'd done a very clever double fall which ended with Fred being thrown up in the air and landing on his back, Baldy set up such a howl of glee that Fred turned on one elbow and looked at him. He could see who was doing the shouting, and he gave Baldy the same look that I'd seen him give Arthur in the gym that morning. His subhuman look. I felt myself break into a sweat. If that was how he'd looked at Doreen, no wonder she was frightened. He slowly got to his feet, still glaring at Baldy, then slowly he turned to face Arthur, who was waiting to get on with the act.

From that moment on, Fred's performance went to pieces. His timing went off, and he seemed to be acting in a dream. He was so much slower than Arthur that Arthur had to keep waiting for him, and it began to look obvious. I saw Arthur's lips moving, and knew he was whispering to Fred, trying to get him to snap it up. Then suddenly Fred made a bad mistake. He put the wrong lock on Arthur and really hurt him. Arthur twisted away, and, with the same quick flash of temper I'd seen him show before, he dug his elbow savagely into Fred's ribs. It was more petulant than anything else—a kind of reminder to keep his mind on the job. But it was too much. Fred must have seen red. He swung round and slapped Arthur across the side of the head with his open hand. It made Arthur reel across the ring. And before anyone could stop them they were fighting. It was the strangest thing I ever saw, the way they switched from mock fighting to real in a couple of seconds. They were both mad and out to hurt each other.

Naturally that didn't last long. The ref saw what was going on and moved in to break it up. But at that moment Arthur got a punch in that went under Fred's ribs and made him gasp for breath. He stood there for a second, fighting for breath, and at that moment I saw his face. It was quite calm. Just very lonely. As if he'd gone beyond anyone's power to help him or speak to him.

It was all over in a moment. Fred pushed the ref away, turned to Arthur and suddenly swung his fist in the air, like a club, and crashed it down on Arthur's skull. The whole place fell silent. Everybody knew this was not fooling. Arthur lurched, tried to put his hands up to his head, then fell forward. I remember thinking, *He's killed him.* I still don't know, for that matter. He's still unconscious, but he may get better.

I said the whole place fell silent. But there was one still on his feet and shouting. Yes. The bald chap. He was pointing a finger straight at Fred and screaming, "Dirty! A foul! He fouled him!" Nobody else was moving or making a sound, but Baldy couldn't stop yelling.

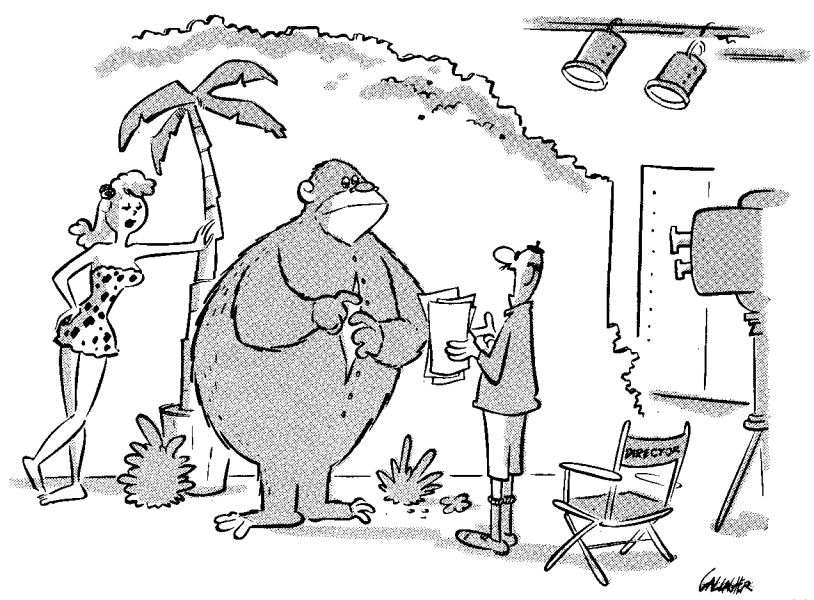
Then like a nightmare I saw Fred come across the ring and through the ropes. I tried to call to him, but my throat was dry, and nothing came out. I knew what he was going to do. The people in the front row scattered as he walked straight over them. And the second row. The ref jumped down and scrambled after him. Doreen was screaming. But it was too late. Fred had got hold of the bald chap and was lifting him above his head like a log of wood. Higher and higher he lifted him. My voice came back and I cried, "Don't do it, Fred! Don't do it!"

But he did it. He flung the man down across the wooden seats, as if it was the seats he hated and he was just using the man's body to break them with.

Don't ask me how we got out of there. Of course the police were in there within five minutes. They got Fred into a Black Maria even before they got the bald chap into an ambulance. As far as I can make out, he'll live. So it all might have been worse. Of course I feel a bit shaken. I spent the night on the settee at Doreen's after the police let me go. But I didn't sleep. And I haven't felt up to doing anything all day. As I said to them, that's what happens when you try to help anybody. Well, it's a lesson to me.

Doreen's telephoned to say that Fred's been asking for me. Well, let him ask. He got himself into this; let him get himself out. I mean to say, all right, it was my idea for him to go in for the wrestling. But how was I to know he'd do a bloody silly thing like that?

And what will I say to Len Weatherhead when I meet him? THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The script is a little weak, Howard, but superb acting could save it."

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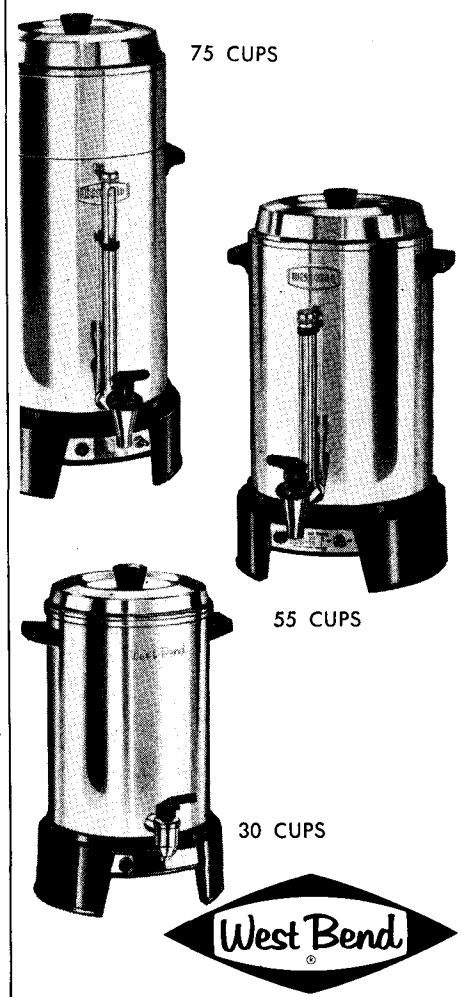

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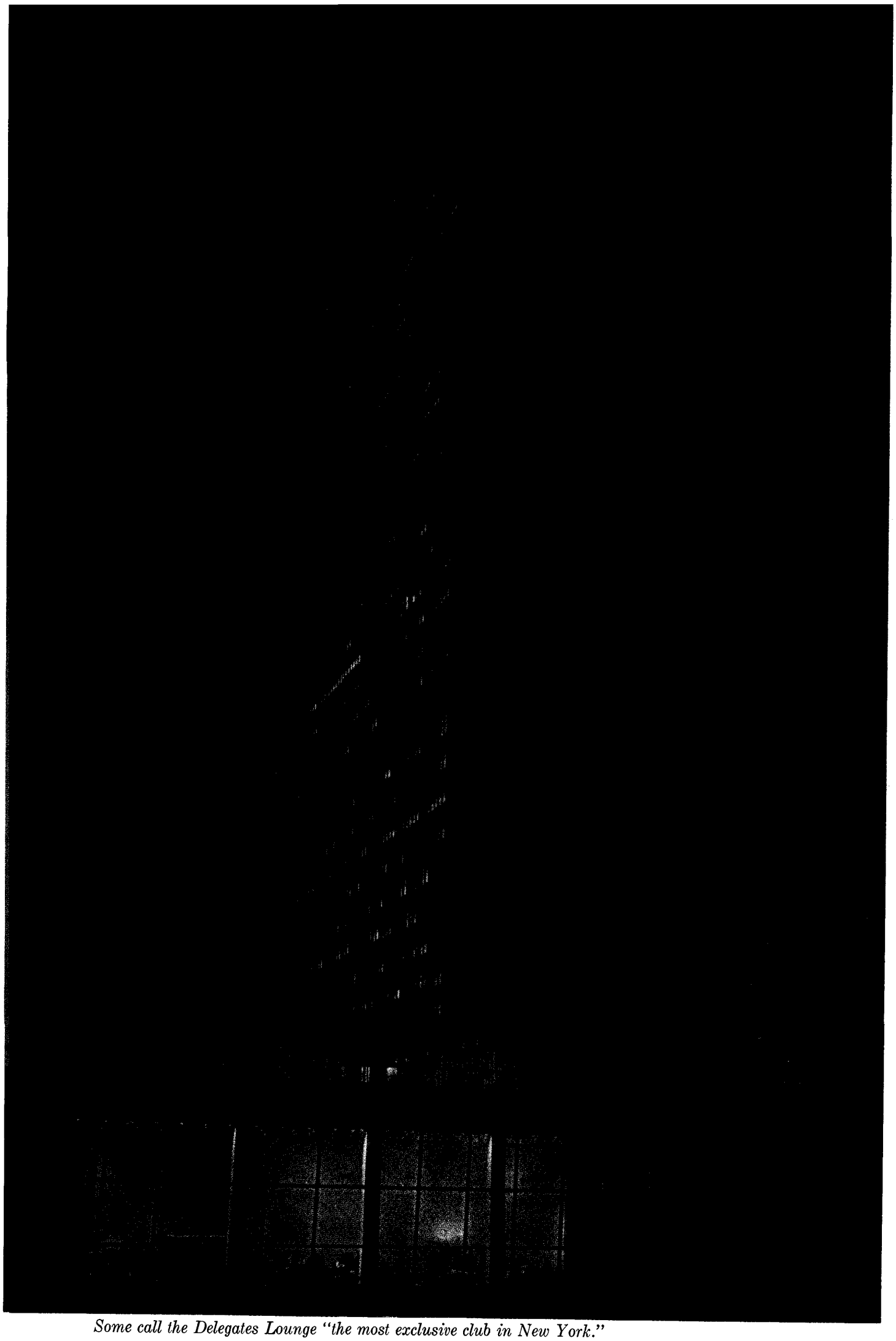
THIS IS THE U.N. AT PLAY

By Suzanne and Robert Massie



Some call the Delegates Lounge "the most exclusive club in New York."

Photographs by JOHN ZIMMERMAN

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NITED NATIONS IS A CHALLENGE TO DIETS AND STAMINA

At dusk, when the last of the tourists and school children have gone, and the TV cameras have panned away, the United Nations of thumping political debates and crisis headlines begins to fade. Night brings a different U.N., a dazzling, exotic, frenetic and exhausting social whirl that makes the glittering social life of New Frontier Washington look as simple and unadorned as that of old frontier Dodge City.

To discover what the social whirl of the U.N. is really like, we jumped into it this season. We went to huge receptions where more than 1,000 people jammed into a room, to intimate ambassadorial dinner parties on Park Avenue, to all-night parties given by young Africans, to boating parties on Long Island Sound. We met austere European diplomats, Hindu aristocrats, Arab sheikhs, Communist commissars and Algerian guerrilla chieftains. We learned that the U.N., like any society, has its stuffy bores, its predatory Don Juans and its distinguished gentlemen.

As we watched the diplomats at play, we also learned that they are being crushed under a self-inflicted avalanche of entertainment. Originally, when the U.N. had half the members it has now, each country gave one reception. Now, with 110 members, little countries give big parties to outdo big countries, and big countries give three, four, five, a dozen parties. This fall, white-bearded Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, of Pakistan, the president of the General Assembly, looked down from his green marble dais and told the delegates before him, "We cannot carry out all our social obligations and yet have all the time that we need for our work. Either we must cut down on one or we shall have to cut down on the other." Three nights earlier, the Pakistani Mission had given its second large reception of the season.

Suppose you were invited to a big reception at the U.N. What would you see?

In the gathering twilight a stream of taxis and limousines will sweep through the First Avenue gate, pull up at the canopied delegate's entrance and drop off elegant ladies with upswept hairdos, their shoulders draped in mink. In front of the private elevators that will lift you to the fourth floor U.N. dining room, you encounter a tide of delegates flowing out of the immense Delegates Lounge to your left. The Lounge, with its huge glass windows looking out over the river, its deep chairs and carpets and its generous drinks, has been called "the most exclusive club in New York." At the elevator a guard eyes you discreetly. He knows most of the guests and any gatecrasher will be pleasantly escorted back to the street. On the fourth floor, at the entrance to the dining room, a man in white tails announces you in a loud voice. You go down the line shaking hands with the ambassador, his assistants, their wives. Then, duty done, you move into the crowded room.

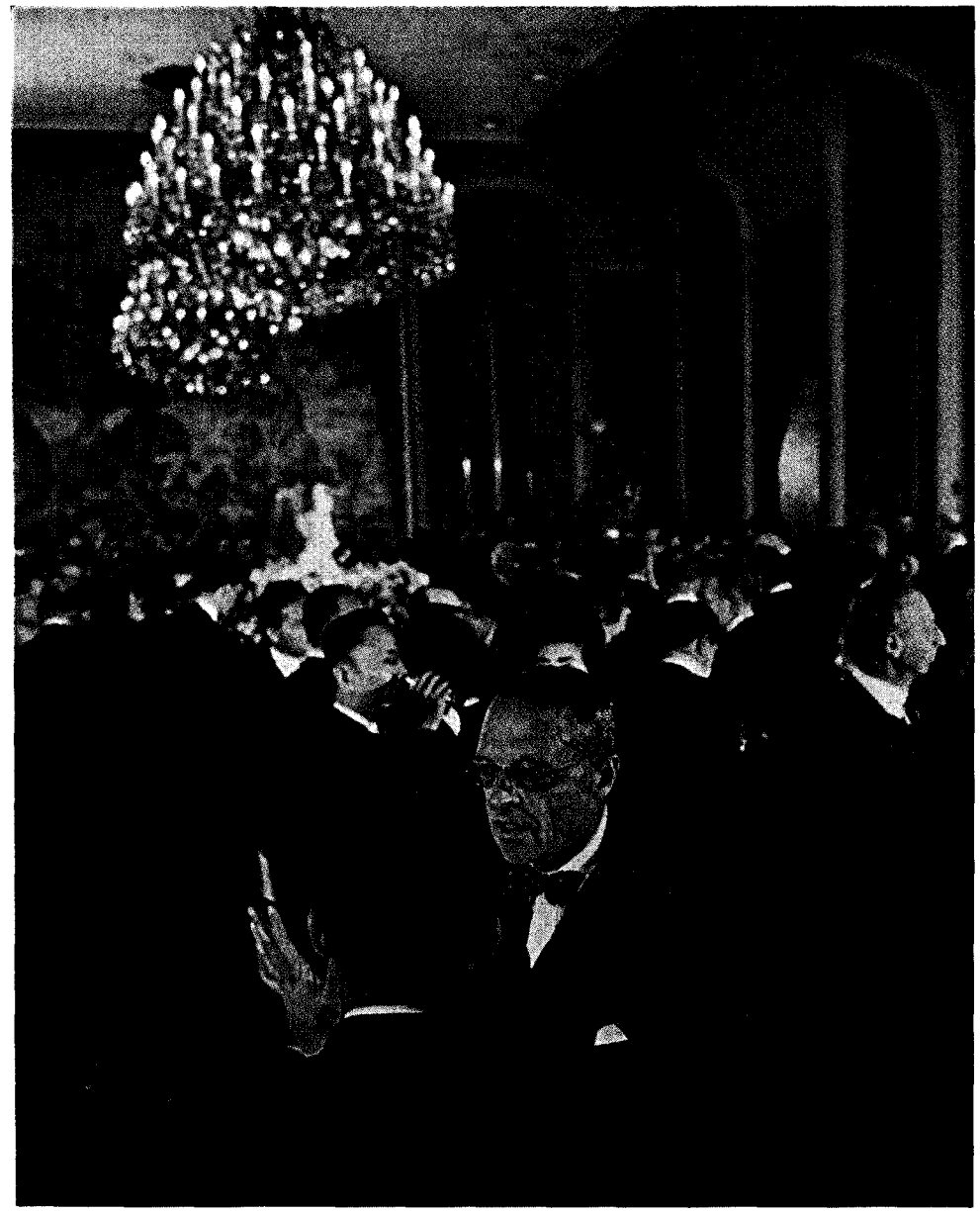
It is a splendid sight: tall Englishmen, impeccable in their tailored pin-striped suits, exuberant Ghanaians in robes of orange and blue, ladies from Japan wearing the traditional flat *obi* around their silken dresses. If Secretary General U Thant is there, he will be wearing a slight, shy smile and puffing on a Burmese cheroot. You might spot the short, round figure of American Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, his bright blue eyes sparkling with humor. If you turn your head when you hear a rich Oxford accent, you may find yourself face to face with Nigerian Foreign Minister Jaja Wachuku, who will be wearing the handsomest pair of silk pajamas you ever saw. The costume, which no Nigerian ever wore in Nigeria, has gold buttons engraved with the map of Africa, and there is a rumor that it was made by Dior.

Waitresses are passing glasses of champagne, whiskey or orange juice. You help yourself and squeeze your way toward tables covered with bowls of shrimp and trays of sandwiches. Most U.N. hosts also provide rolling hotcarts with meatballs, fried shrimp, chicken livers rolled in bacon. "We figure eight 'pieces' per person," says Henry Rickert, manager of the U.N. dining room. "If we've got 500 people, that's 4,000 pieces. That costs around $3.50 to $4.00 per person, exclusive of liquor, of course." If the party is lavish, Mr. Rickert charges $6.50 a head and lays a table with chicken curry, beef in a sauce, peas and an iced dessert. It is quite possible for a regular U.N. partygoer to subsist entirely on snacks during the fall season. One American newspaperman at the U.N. gains 20 pounds before Christmas every year; in January he fasts and tries to lose it.

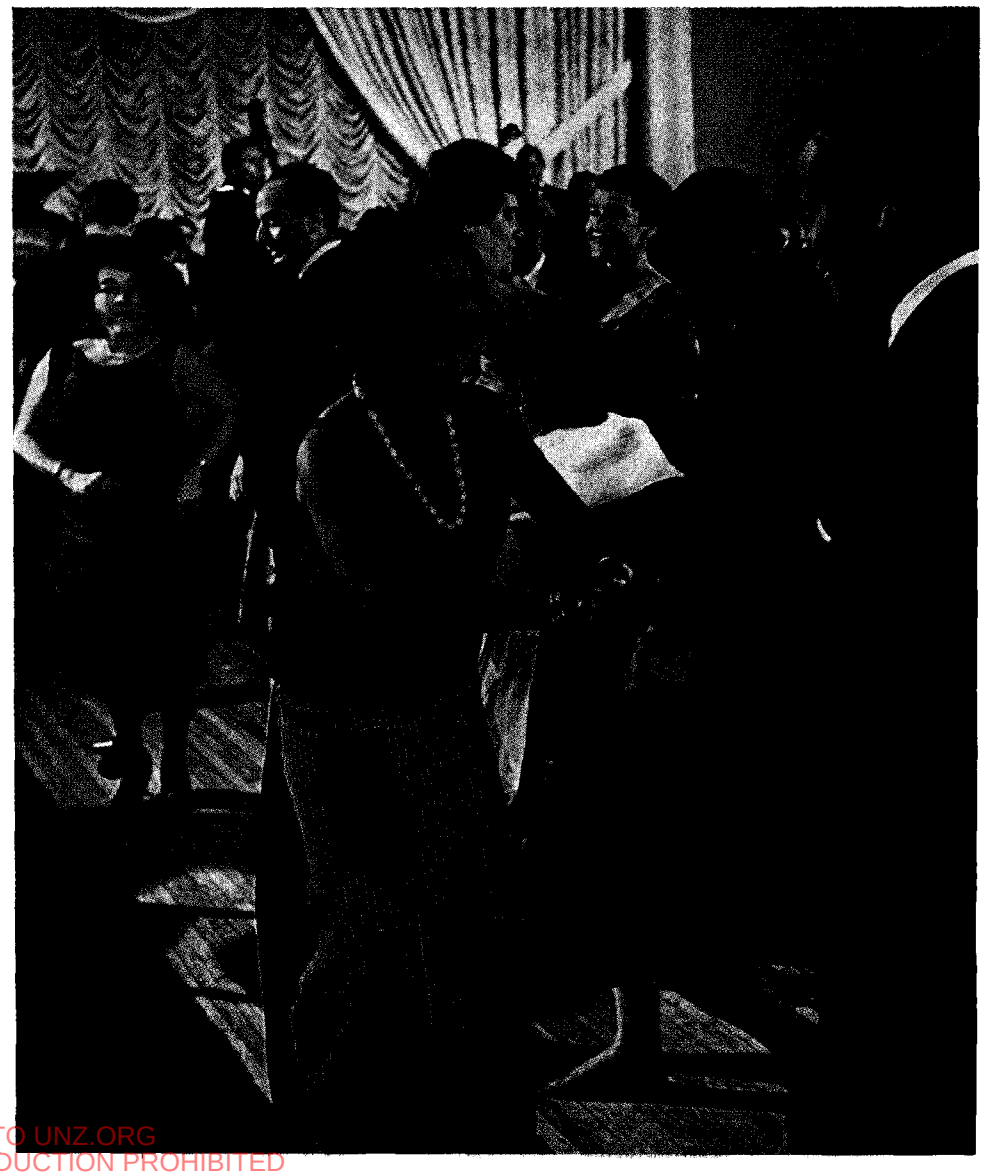
What are the U.N. people around you talking about? Themselves, of course. Over the conversational din you hear snatches of talk. A delegate from the Second (Economic and Financial) Committee: "Do you know what we spent the entire afternoon discussing? The rights of unborn babies!" A Communist lady from the People's Republic of Hungary: "It's so difficult to get help in New York. In Budapest we always had plenty of servants." Two ladies, eyeing a bushy-browed West European ambassador who had recently arrived from London trailing a massive reputation as a lady-killer: "I just can't see it."

Exotic talk and exotic people are a part of all big U.N. parties, but there is an infinite variety in setting, mood and reputation. The Moroccan party during this session was at the Plaza Hotel, and it featured a candlelit buffet of chicken, salmon, rice, jellied salads and rivers of champagne. Saudi Arabian delegates, wearing Arab headdresses and flowing robes, received their guests on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria. Ghana gave its big party at the U.N. itself and brought along a band to play the "high life," the rhythmic, shuffling West African dance which is now spreading across New York.

Some U.N. parties turn out to be flops, of course. One surprising disappointment was the huge reception that the Algerians held to celebrate their newly won independence. Delegates came in droves; the



U. S. Ambassador Francis Plimpton sports a bow tie at Argentina's reception.



A Nigerian girl demonstrates the art of dancing the "high life."

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UN AT PLAY

"WHAT KIND OF PARTY CAN YOU GIVE WHEN HALF THE GUESTS ARRIV

line at the door snaked four times back and forth. Algeria's baby-faced Premier Ahmed Ben Bella wandered through the jammed U.N. Dining Room, smiling happily, shaking hands and signing his autograph. But few of Ben Bella's guests shared his exhilaration. The trouble was that no alcohol was served. And the sad truth is that, at the end of a tough day in a tough week, most U.N. delegates need more than a glass of orange juice to get themselves into a festive mood.

Receptions of this kind are designed to embrace everybody. "We give big parties to wipe out all minor social obligations with a single sweep of the broom," explained a West European ambassador. "I invite all those people to whom I cannot afford to consecrate a dinner but to whom I must show some small sign of recognition. The press, for example," he said with a smile.

And the bigger the party, the less need to worry about protocol. Most diplomats in most diplomatic societies—Washington, London, Paris, Moscow—know exactly Who's Who and Who's Where in the diplomatic social scale. At the U.N., however, all rules and lists go out the green glass windows. Diplomats come and go so rapidly and in such numbers—the General Assembly seats roughly 1,000—that it is impossible to assign them any kind of rank. One week a U.N. delegation may be led by its permanent ambassador, the next week by its foreign minister or even its king. Among the permanent ambassadors, the secretary general establishes the simplest sort of precedence every year by reaching down into a hat and pulling out a name; all other ambassadors follow in purely alphabetical order. This year the top country is Guinea, a leftist African state of only three million people.

Lacking any real framework of protocol rules, the U.N. also lacks the traditional diplomatic society's ruler. In all this glittering international crowd no one hostess sets such an unsurpassed table or mixes guests so incomparably well that she is the acknowledged queen of U.N. society. The one hostess whose talents along this line win any mention at all is Lady Patricia Dean, wife of Britain's Sir Patrick Dean. Most West European wives continue to give intimate dinner parties once or twice a week, at which they serve their country's best wines and display a staggering array of silver plate and crystal glassware. But none of these ladies has a very high opinion of the big, mass parties.

"I simply hate those horrid, mob parties at the U.N.," said the chic blond wife of one ambassador. "I always manage to have a headache so I can stay home and paint."

The wives of most Asian diplomats are retiring by nature. Mrs. Thant, wife of the secretary general, goes to only one or two U.N. parties a year. The average African wife is still too new and bewildered to do more than cope with such basic problems as schools and supermarkets.

It is this sudden influx of hundreds of young African diplomats, many of them still in their 20's, which has done more than anything else to confuse and tangle U.N. social etiquette. Traditionally, the formal European dinner begins at 7:30 P. M. and ends—in midsentence if need be—at 11:30 P. M. African diplomats began appearing without their wives, upsetting carefully planned seating arrangements. Sometimes they appeared with lurid ladies not their wives, which upset the hostess's plans even more. And they were reluctant to leave on time; in Africa the last man to leave a party is considered the host's best friend. At some African parties these faithful friends do not stagger away until nine the next morning.

Such unusual customs have dismayed not only U.N. hostesses but also U.N. security guards. There are dozens of lonely delegates living in New York hotel rooms, a fact which New York playgirls quickly discovered. Often they stroll through the U.N. itself, where they are known as "ladies of the corridor." On Friday afternoons, just before the weekend, the deep leather chairs of the Delegates Lounge hold a gaudy variety of girls, fluffing their hair and painting their mouths. Guards who stop such a woman in the hall get firm and effective retorts: "Hands off, honey. I'm a gues of the ambassador from . . . what's the name of that little country?"

Women are no problem for one group of delegates, however. U.N. Communists rarely bring their wives either to their own parties or to other people's. A Western ambassador once asked a Russian why he never brought his wife to a party, and the Russian replied stiffly, "*Madame n'est pas necessaire.*" This was the rule applied by the Hungarian U.N. Mission when they gave a small, private party in their house on East 75th Street. We found a room filled with smoke and men in gray suits. They were Poles, Yugoslavs, Czechs. Two Russians roamed the room, slapping backs and guffawing loudly. For the most part, the East Europeans paid little attention to the Russians. One Czech talked about the West European Common Market with surprising enthusiasm. "We too are Europeans," he said. "Soon these political differences that divide Eastern from Western Europe will disappear." A Yugoslav found interesting similarities between the United States and the Soviet Union. "You both always talk about 'the

A lavish East European buffet features national dishes and fine wines.

The guests at a Greek reception discover much to talk about (usually themselves).

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biggest' and the 'best.' You both talk very loud and laugh very loud."

The Russians give one party that all U.N. delegates look forward to every year, the mammoth celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution. Until this year, the Soviets gave these parties in royal style with oceans of vodka and mountains of caviar. At this session, however, the Soviet Mission had just been moved from Park Avenue to a building on 67th Street and the reception hall was bare except for blinding lights and a portrait of Khrushchev on the wall. "We didn't have time to decorate," explained a Russian official. Vodka dribbled out in a trickle, and only a lucky few got a dab of caviar on a cracker. From a corner a sophisticated East European looked across the room and snorted. "These barbarians have no idea how to give a party. Those waiters don't know the difference between whiskey and gin, and they give you only one finger of either one. Do you know how the Russian press officer is explaining the shortage of liquor? He says he lost the key to the liquor cabinet. Now really. How ridiculous."

Americans serve nuts

Unlike the Russians, who go in for rare but massive parties, the American delegation, headquartered just across First Avenue from the U.N. building, gives a great many parties which vary widely in quality. Most of the time the U. S. Mission believes in keeping it simple: whiskey or gin, peanuts or pretzels. At one party for the U.N. press corps the Mission jammed 300 people into a windowless, airless room and offered them platters of sliced beef and ham without a knife or fork. Rolls still in a brown grocery bag sat next to the meat for those who wanted to grab. Ambassador Stevenson wisely escaped the scene by going outside the room and sitting on the steps. Before long his guests were making their own separate escapes. "Well," grinned a British newspaperman, "at least we know where we stand with the Americans."

For more important U.N. guests, the United States can do much better. Stevenson constantly entertains ambassadors at luncheons and dinners in his luxurious 42nd-floor apartment in the Waldorf Towers. As a bachelor he uses a variety of hostesses, including his sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives, and his old friends Mrs. Mary Lasker and Mrs. Marshall Field. Stevenson's U.N. deputies pitch in and help with the entertaining. Ambassador Francis Plimpton gives weekend house parties at his Long Island estate. Jonathan Bingham, U.S. representative to the Trusteeship Committee, gave an ice-skating party near his home in Riverdale and set Russians, Africans, Arabs all gliding or flopping about the ice.

In midseason, the United States gave two big parties and invited all U.N. ambassadors. A professional decorator festooned the glass-walled penthouse atop the U. S. Mission building with baskets of yellow chrysanthemums linked with red ribbons. A caterer prepared Stevenson's favorite dish: shrimps, artichoke hearts and mushrooms in cream sauce. The hit of the first party was a parody called *The Twelve Days of the Summit*. There was one alteration at the second party, however. The two Vermont folk singers omitted the last line, supposedly from J.F.K. to Khrushchev—"And get your hand off Jackie's knee." Stevenson's hostess that night was the President's mother, and Mrs. Rose Kennedy didn't think the line was funny.

In the spring and summer, U.N. parties move out of New York. U.N. ambassadors who live in suburban Westchester County and Long Island throw open their homes and gardens to guests. Ghana's dapper Alex Quaison-Sackey likes to serve Sunday buffet lunches for 60 to 80 people at his home in New Rochelle. The house, with its tall white pillars and sweeping lawns, looks like something out of *Gone With the Wind*. The guests can wander and talk in the rose garden or dance to the high-life records which go full blast without stopping. Because Ghanaians are sensitive about American criticisms of their leftist President Nkrumah, angry notes sometimes disturb these pleasant afternoons.

"Nkrumah does not ask our people to put up statues in his honor," one Ghanaian argued passionately. "The people do it themselves because they love him."

What good does all this partying do? No key votes are changed at parties. "Heavens, no," said a European. "My friends can talk to me at parties until they're blue in the face, and I still will vote according to my instructions." And, more and more, the parties are exhausting their victims. "This thing has gotten completely out of hand," said an American diplomat. "We were home only three nights all fall. We've given up completely on dinner parties. What kind of dinner can you give when half your guests are two hours late and all of them have to rush home early to rest for the next day's round? I think the time is ripe for rebellion." Most ambassadors, however, seem resigned. "After 25 years in the diplomatic service we are housebroken," says one. "We are disciplined to go through these little rituals with a fixed grin and relatively little pain."

Besides, there are several functions that U.N. parties do perform. At parties diplomats relax and take a breath. At one bitter meeting of the Security Council the British delegate suddenly interrupted to say, "My government would propose a short recess at which it would be happy to serve as host for a small libation—perhaps a whiskey and soda." Without batting an eye, the Russian representative replied, "The delegation of the Soviet Union will not abstain."

Once they relax, diplomats begin to get a little closer to each other. Sometimes, out of the drinks and the jokes and the parties, U.N. diplomats actually begin to get around their political difficulties and become personal friends. One Communist ambassador, for example, has been worrying about a Western ambassador who is a bachelor. "My wife and I agree," he said. "Our friend is far too fine a man to remain unmarried. We must all get together and find a woman worthy to be his wife." THE END

The gold stairway at the Yugoslav Mission provides a stage for an elegant throng.

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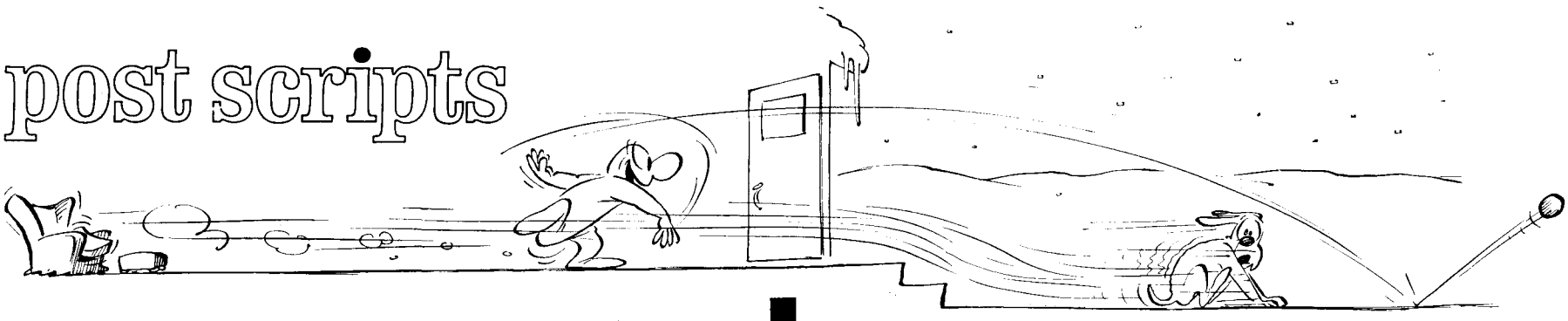
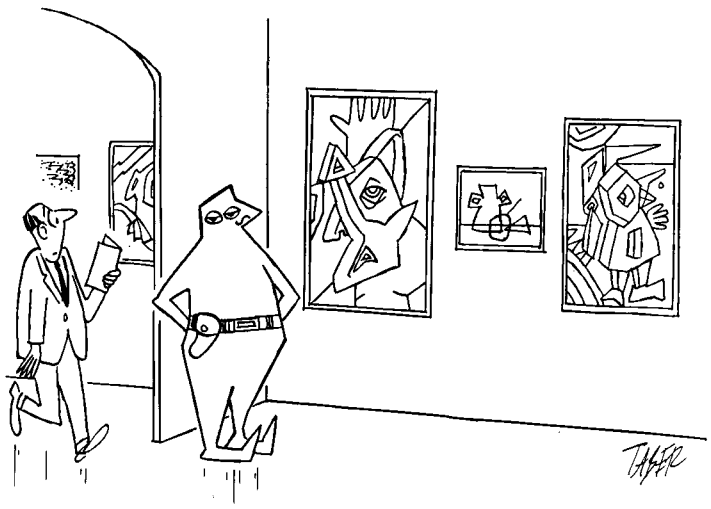
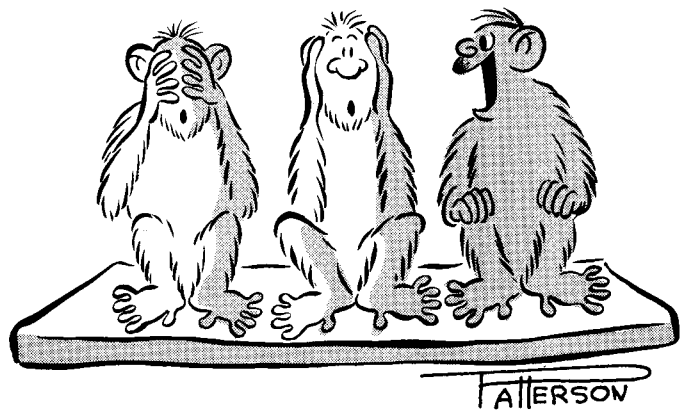
post scripts





"Oh, to heck with it—evil, evil, evil. . ."



Status Thimble

I've sports-car fever,
Sports-car raiment,
I've even made
A sports-car payment,
But, squeezing in,
This fact just hit me:
A sports car doesn't
Really fit me.

Loyd Rosenfield

"Well, we made it, lady."

"Suppose they refuse to accept the note?"

"Don't ever frighten me like that again!"

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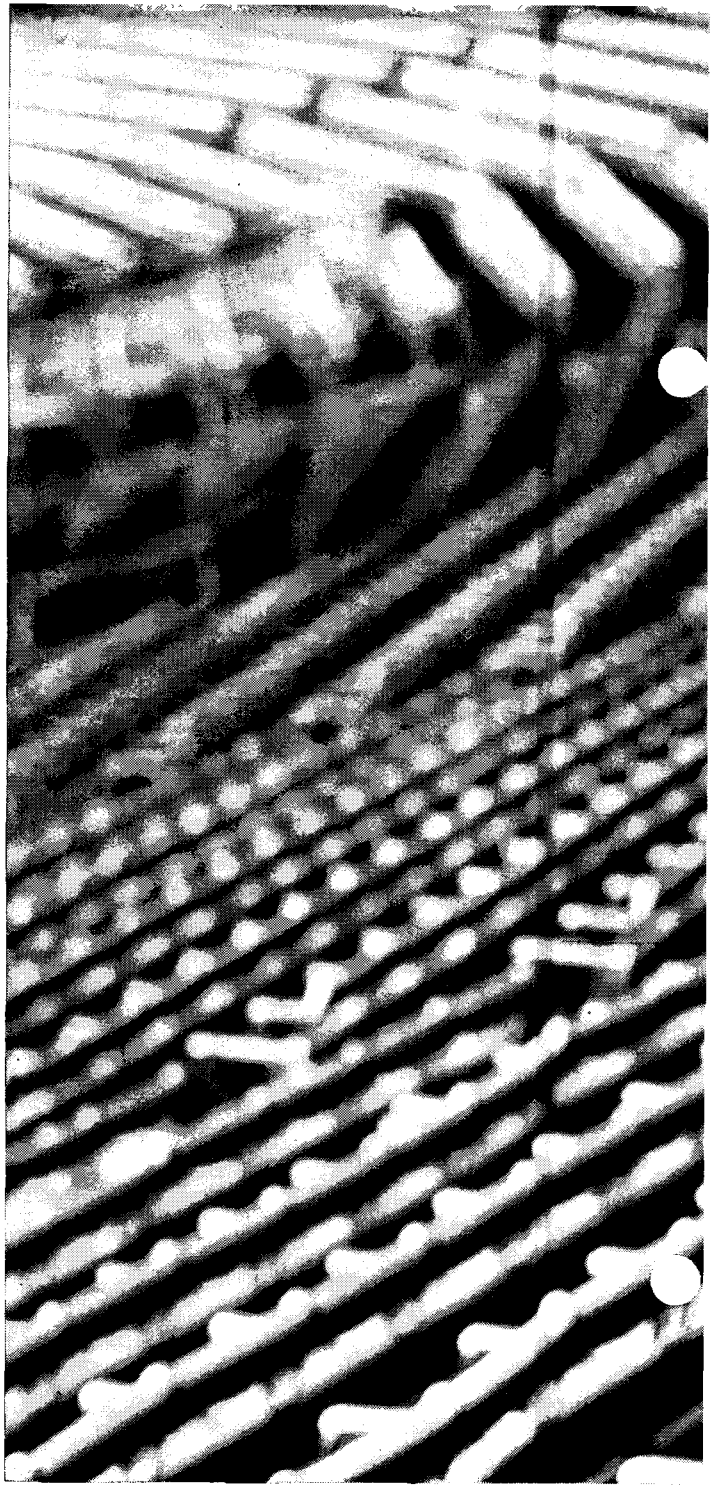
A great football player's statement of faith.

"I'm not unlucky"

All-American Ernie Davis here tells the story of his youth, his manhood, his triumphs and his hard, lonely struggle against leukemia.



By ERNIE DAVIS with BOB AUGUST

One day last fall I was standing outside a movie theater in downtown Cleveland when a stranger asked me, "Are you Ernie Davis?"

I didn't want any fuss. I said I wasn't.

"You're lucky you're not," the man said. "Ernie Davis has leukemia. He won't live six months."

I turned and walked away. There was nothing I could say. For all I knew the man could have been right. I knew something was seriously wrong.

This thing happened so suddenly. One July day I was practicing football with the College All-Stars, going through final drills for a game against the Green Bay Packers. The next day I was in a hospital. For many weeks I was to be in that hospital, and others, without knowing why.

I was never in pain and I never felt sick. That was the hardest part. I would lie there feeling good and strong, as if I should be able to leave and do what I wanted to do, which was play football for the Cleveland Browns, but I couldn't leave. Nobody knows much about leukemia. It's supposed to be a cancer of the blood. All I know is it hasn't made me feel sick.

What I remember most from last summer is waking up early in the morning and staring at hospital walls. There was nothing to do except think. At first, that was the worst part of it. It was a very lonely time.

In the beginning I had no idea what was wrong. Then I started getting letters from friends all over the country. They were trying to cheer me, but they wrote they had heard I had this or that, all the serious illnesses, right down the line.

During all that time I didn't press the doctors to tell me what was wrong. Even now I am not sure why I didn't. The little things I heard people say, the uncertainties, were hard to live with. At the same time I think that down inside I was afraid of what the answer would be. So I put off asking the question.

The waiting ended on October 4. Dr. Austin Weisberger, the specialist who was treating me, asked me to come to his office, as he had often done before. Dr. Vic Ippolito, the Browns' team physician, was there when I arrived.

We talked a few moments, and then Doctor Weisberger said, "Ernie, we think you are ready now to be told what your illness is."

I guess you always wonder what you would feel at a time like this. You might think something dramatic would happen, like a lot of things suddenly shooting through your mind. All I know is that it just wasn't that way with me. My mind had been conditioned by all the weeks of waiting.

The doctors talked to me very gently. They said my physical condition was excellent, that I had responded remarkably to treatment and that I had every reason to be encouraged.

Then Doctor Weisberger mentioned the word "leukemia" for the first time.

It's a word that jumps out at you, a frightening word. I can't imagine what my reaction would have been if they had told me my first days in the hospital. Now there was only the first shock, and that was all. For a long time I had realized leukemia was one of the possibilities.

The doctors explained that my condition was "in a complete state of remission," that my blood count was as good as anybody else's. They told me to try not to worry. And, best of all, they said I could start practicing football. There was, they said, no reason I couldn't play.

When I left the office, I felt I had heard the worst. It was bad enough, but now I knew what I was battling and that there was something to look forward to—football. That's what I thought when I was told I had leukemia.

Someplace along the line you have to come to an understanding with yourself, and I had reached mine a long time before, when I was still in the hospital. Either you fight or you give up. For a time I was so despondent I would just lie there, not even wanting to move. One day I got hold of myself. I decided I would face up to whatever I had and try to beat it. I still feel that way.

Some people say I am unlucky. I don't believe it. And I don't want to sound as if I am particularly brave or unusual. Sometimes I still get down, and sometimes I feel sorry for myself. Nobody is just one thing all the time.

But when I look back I can't call myself unlucky. My 23rd birthday was December 14. In those years I have had more than most people get in a lifetime. I think everybody wants some kind of recognition, something that will pick them out of a crowd and make people admire them.

There has been so much for me. I was the first Negro to win the Heisman award as the best collegiate football player in the nation. I made All-American teams. I led the graduation parade last June at Syracuse University, as the senior who had contributed most to the university, scholastically and athletically. From the time I started in sports I always was the player who got the limelight, who had the nice stories written about him.

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Ernie Davis stands alone in vast, empty Cleveland Municipal Stadium. "Leukemia," he says, "is a frightening word, a word that jumps out at you."

All this I gained merely by doing what I liked to do most. I worked to improve myself in sports, but the ability had to be there to begin with. That was a gift to me that made all the rest possible. That is why I can't say I have been unlucky.

During those weeks in a hospital bed I had plenty of time to look back over the happy years. Little things from far back seemed so clear, as if what occurred when you were trying to get someplace stayed with you better than what happened after you arrived. Games that had seemed so very big at Syracuse University sort of blurred together, and yet I could easily remember every detail of a Midget League baseball parade.

I was living in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and to understand why the parade was so important you would have to know about my neighborhood. Some great athletes had come from around there. Stan Musial was from Donora and Johnny Lujack from Connellsville, both nearby, and the Big Ten and Notre Dame always recruited players from our district. Sandy Stephens and Bill Munsey, who went on to become football stars at the University of Minnesota, were on the same playground with me. We pretty much lived on the playgrounds. Sports were the only recreation we had.

When I was eight, the Midget League was organized, and Sandy Stephens and I tried out for a team named the Bensons, which was backed by a clothing store. We wouldn't settle for anything else because the Bensons had the best uniforms, ones like the Dodgers wore, and we had never had real uniforms. We walked four or five miles to each tryout, and then back again.

The age limit was eight to twelve, so I barely qualified, and a lot of kids were out for the Bensons, but I was tall and could hit the ball a long way if they tossed it up easy.

The Bensons had only 15 uniforms, and my special goal was to be wearing one when the Midget League paraded through town to open the season. At the last tryout the coach told me I was the 15th man on the team. I could just imagine the looks on my buddies' faces when I came by in that uniform.

I arrived early the day of the parade. For some reason the coach couldn't make it, and there was a mixup in passing out the uniforms. I didn't get one. I couldn't believe it. I kept standing around, trying not to cry. Finally the parade took off. I can still see the way they looked, marching up the street, marching up the street and out of sight without me.

It was my first big disappointment in sports. Not many have hurt that much and, while it seems amusing now, I still can understand how I felt. Nothing seemed as important to us as succeeding in athletics. We wanted to play so badly that season Sandy and I kept walking the eight or ten miles to and from practice, and we never did get in more than a couple of innings late in the games.

I lived with my grandmother in Uniontown until I was 11. My mother was separated from my father, whom I never knew and who was killed in an accident. My mother had moved on to Elmira, New York, and at 11 I moved there. I liked Elmira, especially the way it had sports programs organized for kids.

I was one of the few freshmen ever to play a varsity sport at Elmira Free Academy, and I remember my first game because of an unusual circumstance. I played varsity basketball with a broken wrist in a cast.

I had broken my left wrist in the first minute of my first game of junior varsity football, which was the last time I was sidelined with an injury. I went out for the basketball team anyway, and the coach took one look at the cast and said I couldn't play. I kept hanging around, and finally he gave in.

I didn't start the first game, but midway in the opening quarter the coach sent me in. I wasn't any scared little kid. At 15 I was already six feet and 175 pounds, and I had been playing organized sports since kindergarten. I scored 22 points, and from then on I was a regular.

The honors started coming fast. We had good teams; in fact our basketball team set a state record by winning 52 straight, and I got used to being the big guy. I was an end and then a halfback in football, and I made all-state and high-school All-American in football and basketball both my junior and senior years.

Almost from the beginning at Syracuse University I found I had drawn a tough role. I would pick up the papers, even when I was still a freshman in 1958, and see myself referred to as "another Jim Brown." Jim, the great fullback with the Cleveland Browns, had played his final season at Syracuse in 1956. When I entered Syracuse I knew this much: I wasn't another Jim Brown. I wasn't that good.

But I don't think they were disappointed with me at Syracuse. I broke 10 of Jim's records, including the ones for rushing, total yardage and scoring. I was a regular halfback from the start as a sophomore on a team that went undefeated and won over the University of Texas in the Cotton Bowl, and in one game that year I scored two touchdowns against West Virginia. I led the team in rushing all three years and made All-American as a senior.

So I had every reason to expect a good offer to play pro football. I had no idea how good it would be.

On December 29, 1961, in San Francisco, where I was practicing for the East-West Shrine game, I sat down in a room full of reporters and photographers and signed a contract that was called the largest ever given to a football rookie up to that time. At the table with me were Anthony DeFilippo, my lawyer and friend from Elmira, and Arthur Modell, owner of the Cleveland Browns. The contract would net me a $15,000 bonus and $65,000 over three years. While the photographers were shooting pictures, a reporter asked me what I had in my pockets. I pulled out 16 cents.

That was a happy day to look back on, and there seemed to be no end to the success and good fortune coming my way. But sometimes you see a football game in which one team gets every break, then all of a sudden everything goes the other way. It happened to me, and change came almost from the start of 1962.

There certainly was no hint of problems ahead when I returned to classes at Syracuse in January. But then my college life began to change. I would go to classes, and when I returned there would be messages for me to call this person or that person, from all over the country. I would sit down at night to study and there would be more calls. They all wanted me to appear at banquets, to speak or accept awards. I began to realize what it meant to be the Heisman winner and an All-American.

I found myself leaving college almost every Friday and not getting back to the campus until Sunday, traveling all over the East and Midwest. Finally I reached a point where I decided I had to get some time to sit down, relax and enjoy myself. I stopped making appearances in April. Even then, after graduation in June, I still felt worn down.

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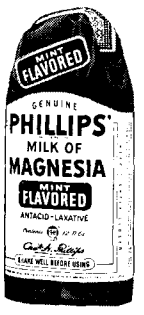

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

"I'M NOT UNLUCKY"

I was scheduled to report for practice for the All-American Bowl game, which was in Buffalo, June 29. I would have liked to skip it, but I didn't think I could without stirring up a fuss. The game turned out to be a personal disappointment, even though our eastern team won. I was used mostly as a blocker and got to carry the ball very little.

After that I reported to Hiram, Ohio, on July 8, for the Browns' preliminary training camp, and from there I went directly to Evanston, Illinois, to join the College All-Stars for their game against the Packers on Friday, August 3.

Things still were not going well. Two wisdom teeth which started bothering me in Buffalo had become worse. I also had contracted trench mouth. I went into the hospital to have the teeth pulled and missed the first three days of All-Star practice. Even after I rejoined the team, my mouth was very sore. I hadn't enjoyed a meal for a month.

Surprisingly enough, I was in good football condition, and when I told the doctors this after going into the hospital, they had a hard time believing me. My wind was up and I could run a long time without tiring. The week before the All-Star game I was our leading rusher in a scrimmage against the Chicago Bears.

On the Tuesday before the All-Star game I woke up and found the side of my face had blown up where a tooth had been pulled. A trainer sent me to the Evanston hospital. Even then I was certain I would play against the Packers. Of course I did not. Instead I was started on the long ordeal that took me to Marymount Hospital in Cleveland and the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, and left me with the questions for which there would be no answer for so long.

I left Doctor Weisberger's office the day I learned I had leukemia and stepped into the October sunshine. Everything looked brighter. Even knowing what I did, I felt relieved. I felt almost free and easy, as if something that had been pressing down on me for weeks had suddenly been lifted.

The public announcement of my illness was made the next day, along with the news that I was to start working out. The plan was for me to undergo an individual conditioning program for three or four weeks. After that I was supposed to start practicing with the team. The Browns still had 11 games to play. I hoped to be ready for the last part of the season.

It helped merely being around the players again. They acted as if nothing had happened. They never mentioned my illness. I was always perfectly at ease with them, and thoughts of my problems didn't enter my head. I was living in an apartment with John Brown, a tackle who had been in my class at Syracuse, and Charley Scales, a halfback. The only lonely times were the weekends when the team played out of town.

Each day the Browns practiced I was there working out by myself, running and throwing the ball. Weeks went by, and my condition kept improving. After a month I felt I was as ready as I ever could be without actual competition. Still nobody said anything to me, and I was not practicing with the team.

When only three games remained, Mr. Modell called me in. He told me as kindly as he could that it had been decided that I would not be allowed to play at all for the Browns during 1962.

That wasn't the end of it. In January Mr. Modell replaced Paul Brown as coach, and that really stirred things up. A lot of the stories said that a disagreement over playing me had been a big factor. I think that part was blown up out of proportion. The Browns had been through a generally disappointing season. I do know, however, that Paul Brown personally didn't think that I should play, even though the doctors did, and that was why I never got to practice with the team. Maybe he thought I couldn't make up for all the lost time. Maybe he had other reasons. Whatever his reasons were he never told me.

But I certainly hold no ill will toward him. I can understand he had plenty of other problems. In the few dealings we had, he treated me very well.

Now all this is in the past and, as far as I am concerned, forgotten. I am keeping fit playing with the Browns basketball team. I am looking toward the future. I have been promised that, if the doctors still approve, I will be with the Browns when training opens in July.

I have no big ideas that I could start right out being an outstanding halfback in the National Football League. Pro defenses are so much tougher. A running back like myself has a lot to learn, things like timing, knowing the holes and the opposing teams' personnel. Even Paul Hornung and Jim Taylor didn't do too much their first seasons at Green Bay. Jim Brown, of course, was great from the start, but he is the exception to everything.

I know some people have wondered whether it would be fair to the other teams to let me play, whether the opposing players would be reluctant to tackle me as hard as they would somebody else. I am sure it wouldn't make any difference. In the heat of the contest they would forget there ever had been anything wrong with me. If I felt differently I wouldn't play.

As I sit in my house in Cleveland now and look out the window, it seems a long time until July. But I have become accustomed to waiting.

I remember the night at the Evanston hospital when they told me I couldn't play in the All-Star game. Mr. Modell, who has been a good friend to me, came to my room and, I guess, I sort of broke down and shed some tears and got very emotional. I thought I had either the mumps or mononucleosis and that I might have to wait a couple of months to play football. That seemed like the end of the world.

It is hard to explain how I feel about football. The money isn't too important, because the Browns have promised to pay me even if I never play again. A lot of things go into it: the excitement, the physical contact, the skill, the crowds.

But the big thing to me in football has always been the competitiveness. Sometimes when the game is close and the play is roughest you forget the crowd and the noise, and it is just you against somebody else to see who is the better man. This is what I liked and took pride in the way I could do and, after all the waiting, I want a chance to do again.

For me 1962 was a long year, and I hope I never have to go through another like it. I think I have faced up to my problems and now I am looking ahead and trying to prepare for my future as if nothing had happened. THE END

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"We out of soap?"

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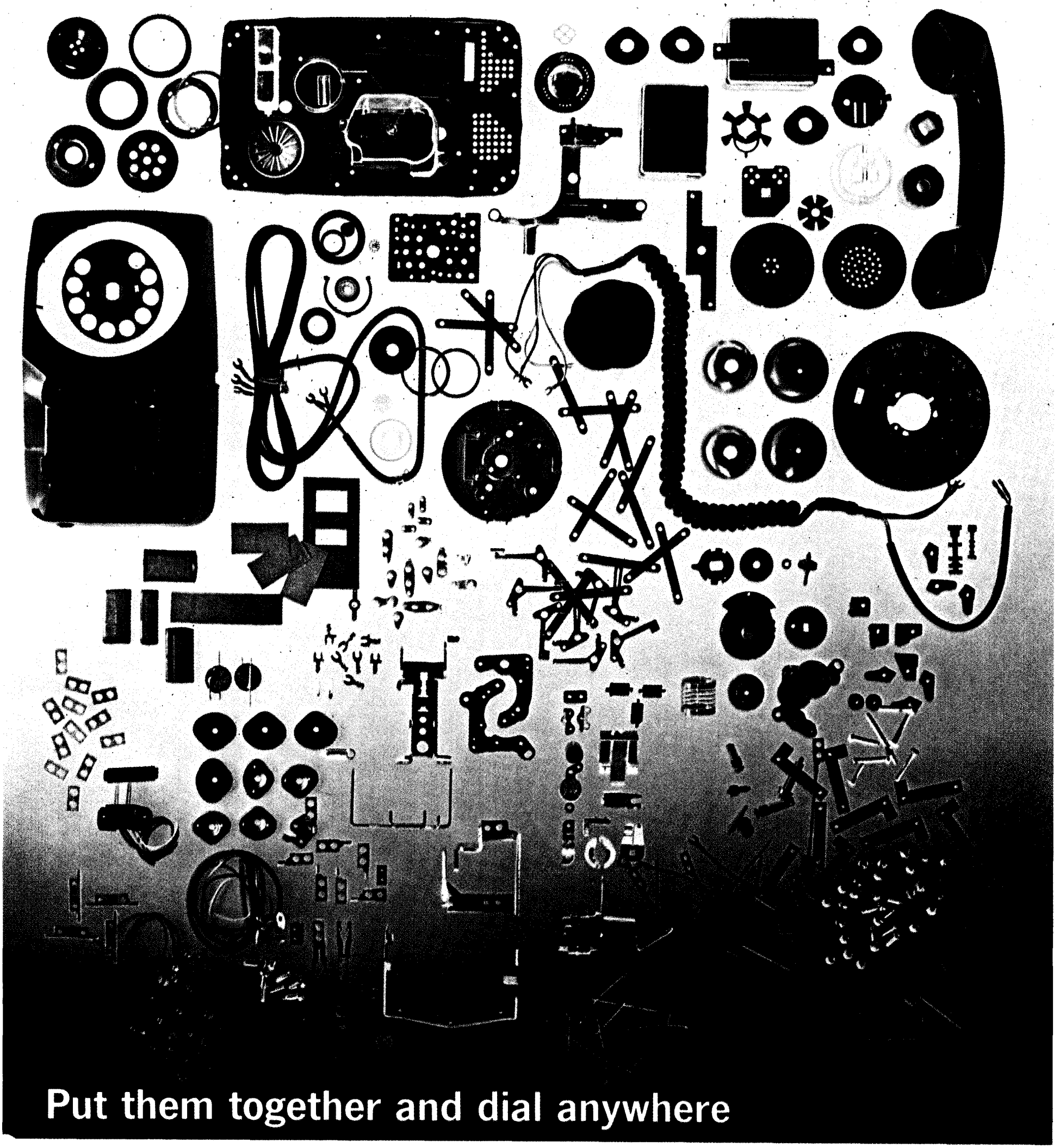

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HOLLYWOOD HEROICS SHELL-SHOCK A NOTED WAR NOVELIST.

PHONY WAR FILMS

BY JAMES JONES

James Jones, a onetime combat soldier and famous novelist of men of war (FROM HERE TO ETERNITY, THE THIN RED LINE), *finds movies about war totally unaware of its true nature. Jones herewith dissects some recent films and uncovers what he considers the essence of modern warfare.*

In the battle-blackened tropic terrain, the Young Sailor lay sprawled flat, head propped against a coconut log. One leg was a bloody mess. Just over his head a few feet away, a Japanese machine gun began to spit again. Painfully, the boy picked up a hand grenade and pulled out its cotter pin, letting the lever fly off. As the ignited fuse spluttered, his lips counted silently, "One. Two. Three." Then he tossed the grenade over his shoulder and ducked. A satisfying explosion rocketed over his head. The Jap MG was stilled. An Army captain crawled up to him and shook his hand. Then he told the boy they were going to have to leave him. The Young Sailor nodded. Wetting his lips, but with resolute bravery, he rolled over on his belly dragging his smashed leg. He poked his rifle out over the log, and began to wait.

This, more or less accurately after twenty years, is a scene from a movie called *Bataan*. The Young Sailor was Robert Walker. The captain was Robert Taylor. When I saw it in 1943, I was 22 and not long back from overseas, and in the theater I commenced to roar with maniacal laughter. People turned to stare disapprovingly at the cynical young soldier who carried a cane but wore no ribbons. They did not know that in my set it was a point of honor to disdain ribbons and medals. I got up arrogantly and proudly limped out, even though my limp really wasn't due to a wound. My wound was in my scalp above the hairline where the scar did not show, a thing which often distressed me.

OK, so I was a schmuck. I should have had more understanding for civilians. Granted. But only a few months before, a lieutenant I knew had blown off most of his right hand by throwing a grenade in the *normal* way while blasting fish in the Matanikau River for a company fish fry. It had happened to have a half-second fuse. And it wasn't the only one we had come across. That anyone would dare hold a leverless, ignited grenade and count three before throwing it, was just too much. Since then I have seen this routine in many war films, and it never fails to bug me. It's one of my pet peeves about combat films. And the phony heroics about leaving Walker behind angered me almost as much.

Technical quibbling about the grenade? I don't think so. Such a basically different viewpoint of infantry techniques from my own conveyed to me that the makers of this film had chosen to approach my war via an attitude of antiquated individual heroism which, by my experience, no longer pertained. Either because they had been ordered not to, or had cynically decided to play to sentiment for the box office, those film makers had not even attempted to show—perhaps had no concept of—the random quality of cipherdom, the totally arbitrary, numerical killing upon which I knew modern "industry-oriented" warfare to be built. At the time (1943) I cynically chalked it all up to the necessity for propaganda in wartime. Today I'm not so sure.

Not long ago—when I undertook to write this article—I spent three days watching war films, of which there has been a great resurgence lately. They ranged all the way from *The Guns of Navarone* (a superb Western in a World War II setting) through *Pork Chop Hill* and *Men in War* ("realistic" portrayals of the Korean conflict) to things like *Kings Go Forth* (which is not really a war film at all but which throws in a dash of "combat" in order to try and cover all box-office approaches).

When I finished, I was not only almost cross-eyed from watching film, near deaf from explosive sound effects, I was more depressed with the essential adolescence of America (maybe I should say of the race) than I have perhaps ever been. If our war films are any indication of our social maturity in an age when we have the capacity of destroying ourselves, there is little hope for us. Modern war films in 1963 have, after much effort to advance, contrived to remain at almost the same point where my Robert Taylor-Robert Walker film of 1943 left off.

Now, why is this? Why, after so much soul-searching by Americans, so many advances in so many other fields during the past 20 years, have war films remained at the same essentially adolescent level as the war films of 1943? Immediately the question arises of film makers versus audience desire: Are film makers giving audiences the kind of war films the audiences want? Or are they seriously underestimating the mental capacities of their audiences? I can only assume, from the huge success of *The Guns of Navarone*, that some film makers are giving audiences what they want.

So let's look at that one first. Just to see what American audiences like. *The Guns of Navarone*. This one is strictly a Wyatt Earp-type Western, and like old Wyatt, a myth of toughness wed to virtue. These men are the fastest draws in the Middle East. And because of their talent they are trying to come to the relief of Tombstone, which is under siege by these same Apaches. This mythopoeic element is so apparent that the producer feels constrained at the beginning to point out apologetically that the story is in fact a myth of the Aegean. OK. Well and good! We suspend our critical sense, if we have it, and sit back to enjoy a good rousing adventure story. And well the writer warned about the myth. Our six fastest draws in the Middle East start off in an old beat-up fishing trawler, from which they are able—because of their talent—to shoot up, destroy and sink a highly efficient, heavily armed and well-staffed German patrol boat!

The heroes can't lose

From there on things get tougher though. They climb an unclimbable cliff. After that, in their long trek toward objective, they more or less easily hold off and whip what appears to be at least two full German divisions, complete with mortars, heavy MG's, bombing and strafing airplanes, and I believe in one case field artillery—all this while they are having to suffer the disadvantage of a beautiful female spy in their midst who tells their plans to the Germans, and whom—eventually—somebody has to shoot. They are captured but they escape by taking over the office and uniforms of the German guards (all of which fit them miraculously). During the fighting, Anthony Quinn pulls the pins of innumerable hand grenades with his teeth, another pet peeve of mine and a feat difficult enough to accomplish even once, even with one's own uncapped teeth.

Eventually they reach the guns, beautifully photographed to resemble some 21st-century mechanism (but in the middle of a German-held fortress!), and after much satisfying battle shooting are able to blow them up, creating from a mountain a visually very satisfying minor volcano. Even my wife, who hates all violence and will not even shoot a quail or a rabbit, enjoyed that one.

But what does all this say about modern warfare? The answer is: nothing, of course. And this is almost certainly why the audiences liked it so. But of the regimentation of souls, the systematized reduction of men to animal level, the horror of pointless death, the exhaustion of living in constant fear, there is nothing in this film. But OK. Fair enough. The producer warned us, didn't he?

But then, behind all the adventure stuff, beneath the mythopoeic element, what is the deeper story the writer is trying to tell about people, about human beings? I think that's a fair enough question. And what emerges, after the various side plots are winnowed away, is the story of what I choose to call "The Misunderstood Leader": a commander maligned by the ranks below him (and even sometimes by those above), but who is virtuous and whose motives are above reproach, and who is—also—always *right*. This Image of the Infallible Father, one perhaps crudely begun back in the propaganda days of *Bataan* and *Back to Bataan* but highly refined since then, is one I saw again and again during my lost weekend.

Even the "realistic" ones used it. It is almost as if, in their despair, film makers could think of no other intelligible approach to modern war. Or dared not. Take the much-touted "realistic" films *Attack!* and *Paths of Glory*, both of which I saw again. Both are essentially stories of corruption among "higher" officers. Both did poorly at the box office, I believe, but both are considered superior war films by my more intellectual friends. Yet what is the real story of each? In both it is the story of an Individual Champion-Hero doubling as Infallible Father who attacks the System and the Powers-That-Be in order to get justice for his men.

In *Attack!* it is Jack Palance, lieutenant of a rifle platoon in a National Guard outfit, whose men are being killed off piecemeal by the Incompetence of a cowardly company commander (Eddie Albert) who is being kept in his job by a corrupt colonel (Lee Marvin) because of postwar political ambitions. In *Paths of Glory* it is Kirk Douglas, colonel of a World War I French regiment, three of whose men are chosen by lot to be sentenced to execution for the failure of an impossible attack ordered by two corruptly ambitious generals (George MacReady and Adolphe Menjou).

In both films Hero fails: Palance tries to shoot his company commander but dies himself first, though the CC is later shot by the second-string quarterback, so to speak, who then tells all and brings about the downfall of the colonel; Douglas defends his three men at the courts martial but cannot save them, though he is able to cause the worst general, MacReady, to be relieved of his command. But even though Hero loses, in both films "human virtue" triumphs through his actions, and thus the two villains, those pore divils selected by the writers to carry all the villainies of our race around on their backs like overloaded trucks, find that being a bad boy never wins nothin'.

Once again one asks, what has this to do with the statistical manipulations of modern war? And once again the answer is: absolutely nothing. In fact, both films state this. In *both* films the point is clearly made that these are isolated incidents they are dealing with, not the norm, and I certainly agree with them. But then what's the point of the story? In fact, the second-string quarterback in *Attack!* says as

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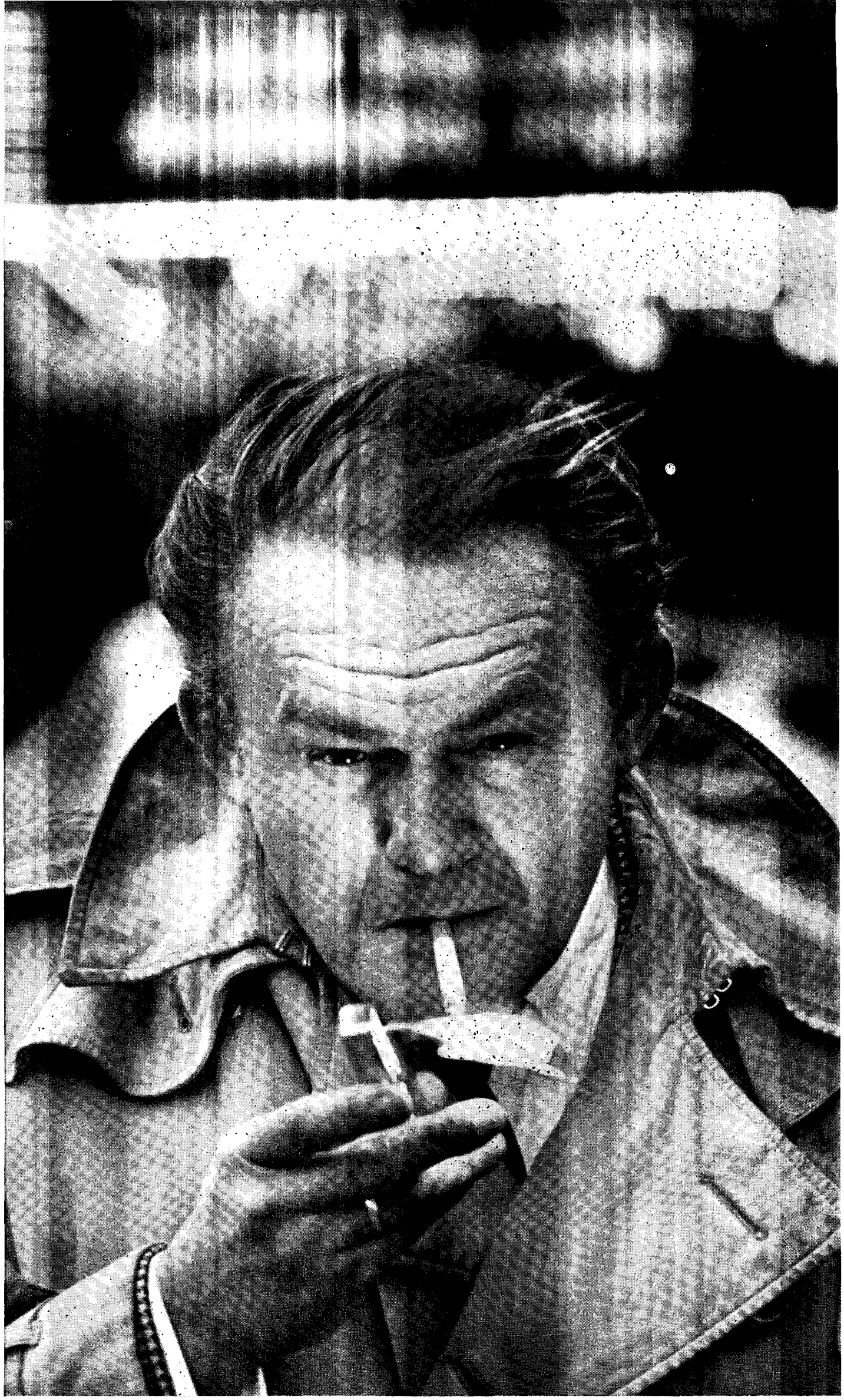
much to Palance at one point: "The Army is not a mockery! The war is not a mockery! It's just this small part!" And by implication (or so I read it): If it wasn't for these few bad guys, the Army would be fine, the war could go on being good sport, and we could go on enjoying killing Germans and being shot at.

Well, for my own personal taste, this is being practically as romantic about war as *The Guns of Navarone*. And when one knows for a fact—as I happen to—that the producers of *Paths of Glory* actually shot *both* endings (i.e., the "downbeat" or "unhappy" ending in which the three men get shot, and the "upbeat" or "happy" ending in which the three men are saved at the last minute and do *not* get shot), it makes the whole thing doubly ludicrous and ridiculous.

Another sore point which I saw over and over again in the films I watched—one which is also cleanly, starkly illustrated in *The Guns of Navarone*—is this matter of the death of near-principals for "meaningful reasons." (In war films principals never die; or if so, only at the end.) Out of six fast draws only two die in *The Guns of Navarone*, and these two are the two most minor characters of the six. One might almost believe they were included in the story for the sole purpose of dying. Certainly they are set up for it from the start. One is the Knifer Who No Longer Has the Heart to Knife, and the other is the Greek Boy Whose Only Thought Is to Kill Germans. When their times come, the Knifer is knifed by a man he has knifed inefficiently and the Greek Boy keeps on killing Germans until his own chance to escape is lost. *Ergo:* each is responsible for his own death through his own psychological failure. This gives the audience a simple, easily apprehended meaning, a moral reason for each death, which the audience can mull over and philosophize about to its heart's content.

Now, how does this compare with death in actual war? Well, it doesn't compare at all. Most deaths in infantry combat are due to arbitrary chance, a totally random selection by which an unknown enemy drops a mortar or artillery shell onto, or punches an MG bullet into, a man he has never seen before—and perhaps never does see at all! Such a death is totally reasonless and pointless from the viewpoint of the individual, because it might just as well have been the man next to him. It only has meaning when it is viewed numerically from a higher echelon by those who count the ciphers. And for that very reason it is a much more terrifying death to the individual soldier, *and* to an audience seeking "meaning." About the only good thing that can be said for such a death, really, is that the individual is generally so dehumanized already, and so dulled emotionally and mentally, that being killed doesn't really hurt him half as much as he may have once imagined that it would.

Why is this kind of information not put into modern war films? It was certainly included in the original *All Quiet on the Western Front* long, long ago, wasn't it? Today in the United States (as well as in Russia! where their war films are even worse than ours, despite the Eisenstein techniques) there is no such thing as an antiwar film. They all pretend to be; "nobody likes war"; but the true test of a *true* antiwar film is whether or not it shows that modern war destroys human



James Jones: "The true test of an antiwar film is whether or not it shows that modern war destroys human character."

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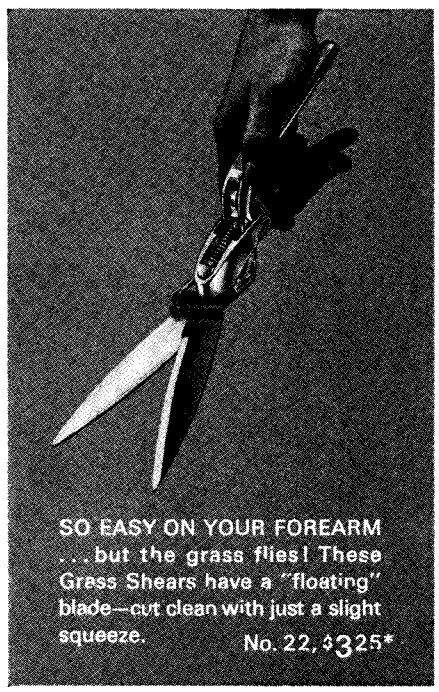
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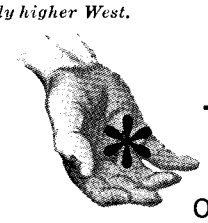

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character. None of these films does. Instead, they show that (for our side, if not for the enemy) war develops and enlarges human character, through the exercise of personal courage. If *All Quiet* were produced in America today (or in Russia) about the American Army (or the Russian) of World War II, it would be labeled cowardly, defeatist, unpatriotic, even "pro-pacifist"! Why? The quickest and easiest answer to give is that the mood of the United States today (and of course Russia!) simply cannot afford to admit what modern warfare (and I mean prenuclear war!) is, i.e., essential dehumanization; if it did, its "citizen" soldiers (heh, heh) would not be nearly so willing to become part of it.

And there may be some truth in this answer too.

But I myself believe the truer, deeper answer is even more frightening, and more sad, than that. I think that modern man, victim of an impersonal, too complex society created by himself initially for reasons of safety, but now "a society grown too big to be comprehensible in human terms" as *Time* magazine wrote on Franz Kafka, has, in order to escape, reverted to the simpler "battle ax" philosophy of the Middle Ages and before. In this way he can avoid facing—among other things—the fearsomeness of the essentially organizational, dehumanizing factor, which is the quality of modern war, by believing in The Individual Champion-Hero and/or The Misunderstood Leader, both concepts which have been antiquated in all military thought since the last Grant-Sheridan campaign against Lee at the close of America's Civil War.

This paradox—of willingly living and fighting as an unhuman cog in a machine because of a belief in unique individualism—is the same one which allows *Time* magazine (that same *Time* which spoke so glowingly of Kafka's concepts!) to speak seriously of an invasion of Cuba that admittedly could result in 25,000 to 40,000 U.S. casualties as an operation of "surgical speed."

Of the dozen-odd war films or scripts I looked at during my three-day ordeal, there was not one which did not employ as its major theme The Individual Hero or The Misunderstood Leader concept. Three of them were about Korea. Now Korea, which (a) was not a "war" at all officially but a "police action," and (b) was not "won" by anybody, presents a somewhat different problem to thinking people than did World War II with its "clear-cut purpose" and its more or less clear-cut victory. Yet of the three Korean ones I saw (three of the best, I'm told, and all ballyhooed as intensely realistic), not one attempted to touch, let alone explore, any such new material.

Two of them employed almost classically the now-worn, standardized Misunderstood Leader theme. And, indeed, in one of them, *Pork Chop Hill*, we find again our old friend Gregory Peck (whose solemn, humorless, Lincolnesque face must lend itself to this role) doing exactly the same routine we saw him do in the romantic *Guns of Navarone*—though it must be admitted, with considerably less box office. There is the Bitter Negro to whom Infallible Father Peck preaches group-oriented togetherness with conspicuous success. And there is also (another of my particular pet peeves in war films) the Young Wounded Boy Who Refuses to Go to the Rear. This young man, who begins the film as one of those youngsters who refuse to fire their weapons for fear of enemy retaliation (of whom there were a good many in Korea, according to S. L. A. Marshall's excellent book, also titled *Pork Chop Hill*), is still there with his wounded arm at the end to say, when asked by Peck why he hasn't left (and he actually does say the line!): "I just couldn't leave and let them throw us off of Pork Chop, sir."

Now I have known a fair number of wounded men. I have never—if we except the few Audie Murphys of this world—once known of one who was not, however unseriously wounded, damned glad to *be* wounded, because it gave him an excuse to leave the field, and happy to get the hell back over the first hill to the rear as quickly as possible. If one stops for a moment to think that to his regiment, division and up, each infantry private is one of a large number of statistical risks, a fact of which every infantry private is well aware, then there is no other sensible thing to do but go to the rear, where there is a series of battalion aid stations, regimental field stations and division hospitals all set up and waiting to patch up their investments so that they may be used again someday. So that, in a way, a wounded soldier who stays up on the line might very well be accused of damaging government property (himself) needlessly. Of course, with the boy in question here, his whole story is intended to show that, in and through the hell of combat, he grew up and became a Man. The truth, as I pointed out earlier, is usually just the reverse. But where does one find the war film which tells the story of the Man who grew up and became an Animal?

Another "Infallible Father"

The second Korean film which employed the Infallible Father theme (*Men in War*) and which in its way is probably the best of the films I saw, tries in its lugubrious fashion to deal with just this problem. It fails, and in the end all is wrapped up in that lachrymose sentimentality which American film makers and/or American audiences demand, but at least it tries. I could take it apart on all sorts of minor points (such as the Eternal Colored Guy, now appearing in all war films, who when serving as rear point in enemy territory, sits down with his back to the bush to rest his feet, tucks some pretty flowers in his helmet net, and is therefore caught off guard and knifed), but I won't, because the film is interesting for what it tries to do with its story.

In *Men in War* Robert Ryan is the conventional Infallible Father figure, leader of a "Lost Platoon" caught out and cut off by the Chinese push. His outfit runs into and ties up with a tough, combat-wise killer of a sergeant in the person of Aldo Ray. Ray has a jeep which Ryan needs, and in the jeep is Ray's shell-shocked colonel who can no longer speak and whom Ray is trying to save. Ray treats him with great gentleness and looks after him because, as it turns out, the colonel is the only man who ever called him "son" and treated him fairly, but other than this Ray has no loyalties to anything. Notice the interesting switch on the Infallible Father theme. Ray is kept with the outfit almost at gunpoint, and through a series of combat incidents his cynical, vicious killer hatred of the

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Chinese proves consistently to be more right in handling these situations than the original Infallible Father Ryan's more kindly, humane reactions. Ray is indeed the Man who had grown up and become an Animal, a vicious, cruel, shrewdly functioning Animal who saves the outfit time and again. And this, of course, is our really superior combat soldier. However, eventually Ryan accosts him and delivers what is, I guess, the writer's moral of the film: "If we have to win our wars with people like you," he says, "God help us!"

But, of course, we do have to win our wars with people like him, and always have had. And every high-ranking soldier—and I suspect most politicians—knows it. And it is in fact their job to find them, or create them—no matter what their speeches say. At this point the whole thing breaks down in an effort to wind up with a properly moral American ending. The colonel gets his voice back, tells Ray they must help Ryan, is killed, and Ryan and Ray together save the remnants of the platoon. A pretty sorry resolution to an interesting beginning.

Yet, in comparison to the third Korean film I saw, it can at least be called a fairly serious effort. This third one, a recent (1962), highly advertised (again that big word: "Realistic!") film called *War Hunt*, is probably the most dishonest war film I've ever seen. The sorry thing is that it begins marvelously and contains some of the best-filmed episodes of what it's like to be in a modern war that I have seen. The first time I saw it, I thought excitedly for a while that here was the masterpiece which in our day and age would compare with *All Quiet on the Western Front*. At one point a filmed barrage had me flinching and ducking in my seat. Unhappily, long before it is half over it degenerates into the nothing story of a "pathological killer" straight out of some first-year college psych textbook, complete with the full catalog of symptoms. It hardly deserved mention here, except that the second time I saw it I decided to try and study it to find at what point in the story it went bad. Interestingly, I found that this point coincides exactly with the point where the moral issue is clearly stated and moral battle joined (the fight for the Soul of a little Korean boy) between the idealistic good guy and the bad-guy killer.

There is a scene in the trucks as they leave for the front line, and the little Korean boy goes with them, which rather archly but not without subtlety suggests there might be a homosexual relationship between the killer and the boy—though this is never even alluded to again. There is a pretty good battle. Then the hero tries to give a baseball glove to the boy and has it coldly returned by the killer, and everything goes to hell. The kid prefers his knife. Baseball equals healthy children; knives do not. Moral issue has been stated, moral battle has been joined.

The killer is mad; therefore what applies to other infantrymen does not apply to him. From here on out it's a kindergarten morality lesson, and there's no use staying to the inevitable, sickening end.

It's a shame things like this have to happen. Usually in a case like this, assuming the writer is a serious man and not just a hack, it is the director and/or the producer who for esthetic or business reasons of their own (and there is always the Code to watch out for!) attempt to impose upon material they do not really understand a preconceived morality symbol. But life simply will not be pigeonholed like that—even by totalitarian governments. Coloring books with the drawings complete and the color areas numbered are for children, not for painters. And what might have been great films get ruined.

There is one last film I ought to mention, if only because I worked on it some myself. But Darryl F. Zanuck's *The Longest Day* had some interesting war-film problems of its own. In its own peculiar way, and quite unintentionally, it is probably the most true to what modern war is like of all war films. Simply because of its magnitude, the filming of it was like conducting a major military campaign. So many stars appear in it that they come close to achieving the true anonymity of modern infantrymen. By its very scope it is precluded from concerning itself with basic human character, even as modern war itself is. It is basically a historical documentary, and like history it records the personalities of generals, such as the German High Command, and does not record more than a glimpse of the personalities of American, British or German privates. Its organizational problems were so stupendous that it is no wonder everybody on the sets laughingly called Zanuck "The General." Whatever it is or is not as art, it is a triumph of modern managerial genius, even as the June 6th invasion itself was. And it may well foreshadow a future in our tightening managerial society in which giant films are made and watched simply for the problems acquired in making them, enjoyed for the fact that they were made at all, rather than for what they say about interior human life.

D Day was too bloody

My own assignment on the film (outside of rewriting the American Army dialogue) was to avoid expressly the documentary in favor of the human. In the end though (even as in modern war itself), most of that material had to be sacrificed: taken out totally, or cut to where only a glimpse as a clue remained, because of the technical problems (as in war itself) of handling so much material, so many people.

And of course I couldn't write *real* Army dialogue. I remember seeing the Johnson Office report on a late version of the script. Each "damn" and "hell" was carefully marked to be deleted. What was more interesting was the Johnson Office's general comment on the script that it was too bloody. They realized, the Johnson Office said, that many men had died during the June 6th invasion. But they felt that this aspect of the story should be minimized rather than stressed.

There is a Kingston Trio recording of a ballad called *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?* and the story of it is that the flowers have gone to young girls, and the young girls have gone to young men, and the young men have gone to soldier, and the soldiers have gone to graveyards. The last stanza begins: "Where have all the graveyards gone?" and ends by saying: "Gone to flowers, every one. When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?"* THE END

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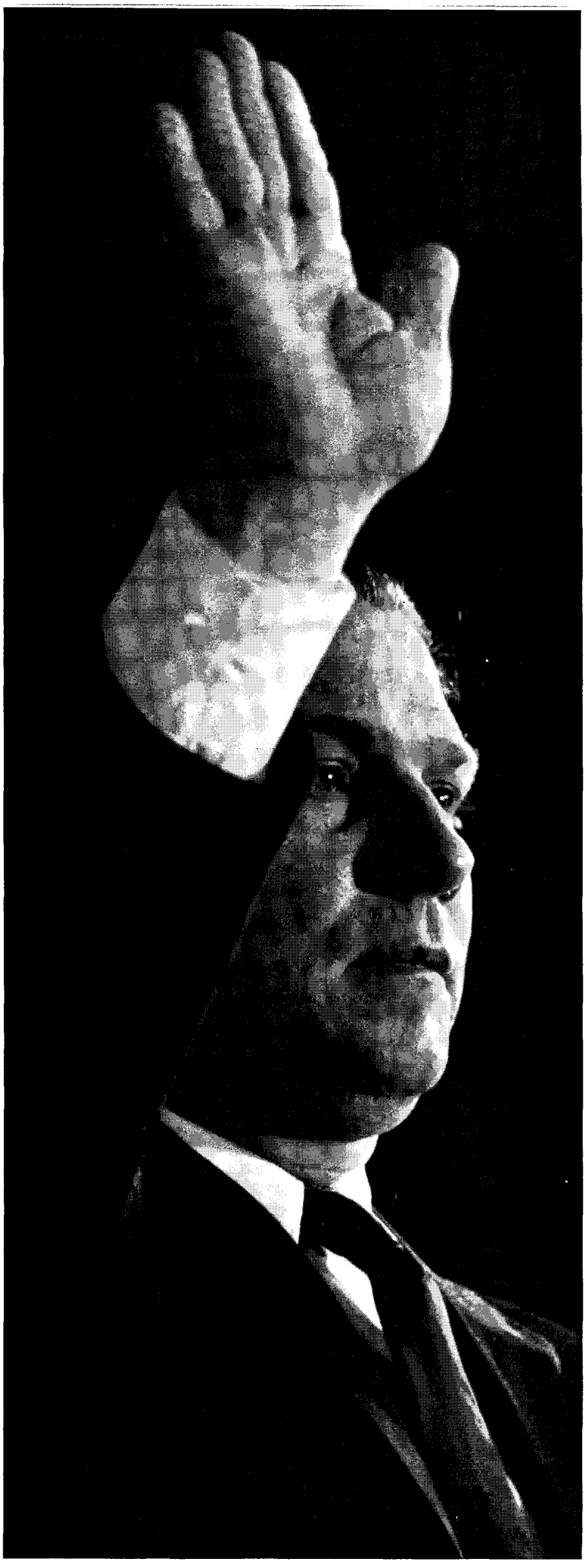
WILL THE LAW EVER GET HOFFA?

HE HAS BEATEN FOUR RAPS, BUT HOFFA WILL YET GO TO JAIL, BOBBY KENNEDY INSISTS.

By HOMER BIGART



CALLED BEFORE McCLELLAN COMMITTEE IN 1957, HOFFA PIOUSLY SWORE TO TELL THE TRUTH, THEN TANGLED WITH BOBBY.

In a moment of triumph last December, Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa ventured a printable and, for him, almost tender assessment of his favorite and most tenacious enemy, Bobby Kennedy.

Jimmy mildly referred to the Attorney General as "that spoiled brat . . . that crumb-bum," and added, "Someday I'm gonna break both his arms."

Hoffa, whose raw teamster idiom is usually peppered with promises to break both arms and both legs of whatever bum comes to mind, was feeling charitable. It had been a satisfying day. In Nashville, Tennessee, a few hours earlier, he had beaten off the Government's fourth major attempt in five years to put him in jail. This time, a Federal jury had been unable to decide whether or not he was guilty of sharing a million-dollar payoff from a trucking firm as the price of labor peace. The case had ended in a mistrial.

It was a stunning setback in the Attorney General's crusade to divest Hoffa of the presidency of the 1.7-million-member International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers (and casket workers, quarry workers, barbers, musicians, stagehands, hotel employees and car washers).

Flying back to Detroit in a chartered twin-engine plane, Hoffa relaxed from the strain of nine weeks in court by playing a few hands of gin rummy. Later he snoozed. Sharing the plane were part of the Teamster corps of lawyers and aides. Everyone felt jovial: Mistrial was as good as acquittal in the Nashville case. But Hoffa, before dozing off, made a point of warning his minions against complacency.

"Bobby, small and dangerous as he is, is liable to try anything," he said. "What does it cost him? Not a nickel. The taxpayer picks up the tab."

For years Hoffa has sought to foster the myth that he is the innocent victim of a rich kid's vendetta. The fact is, however, that he has rather impressive resources at his own disposal. Jimmy himself has estimated the Teamsters' assets at about $1 billion, and there seems to be no limit to the funds he can tap for legal expenses.

As Teamster boss, furthermore, Hoffa has a stranglehold on the American economy anytime he wants to squeeze. Teamsters drive the trucks that distribute the vital necessities of life—food, clothing, fuel, and merchandise—more than 80 percent of all freight moved in this country. A word from Hoffa can shut off supplies from stores and factories. Not even the dead escape him: A teamster drives the hearse. And next year Hoffa hopes to be in a position to dictate the terms of a master contract for all inter-state trucking, thus putting himself in a position to paralyze the nation's economic life by a coast-to-coast strike.

The thought that any one man, however personally trustworthy, should wield such unprecedented power has alarmed thoughtful Americans in and out of government. And that the man should be Jimmy Hoffa, notoriously arrogant and greedy for power, often accused of misuse of funds, and infamous for his toleration of hoodlum associates, makes the prospect still more perilous for the country.

In 1957 the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations voted to expel the Teamsters after its own investigation showed that the union "has been and continues to be dominated or substantially influenced by corrupt influences." More recently a leading

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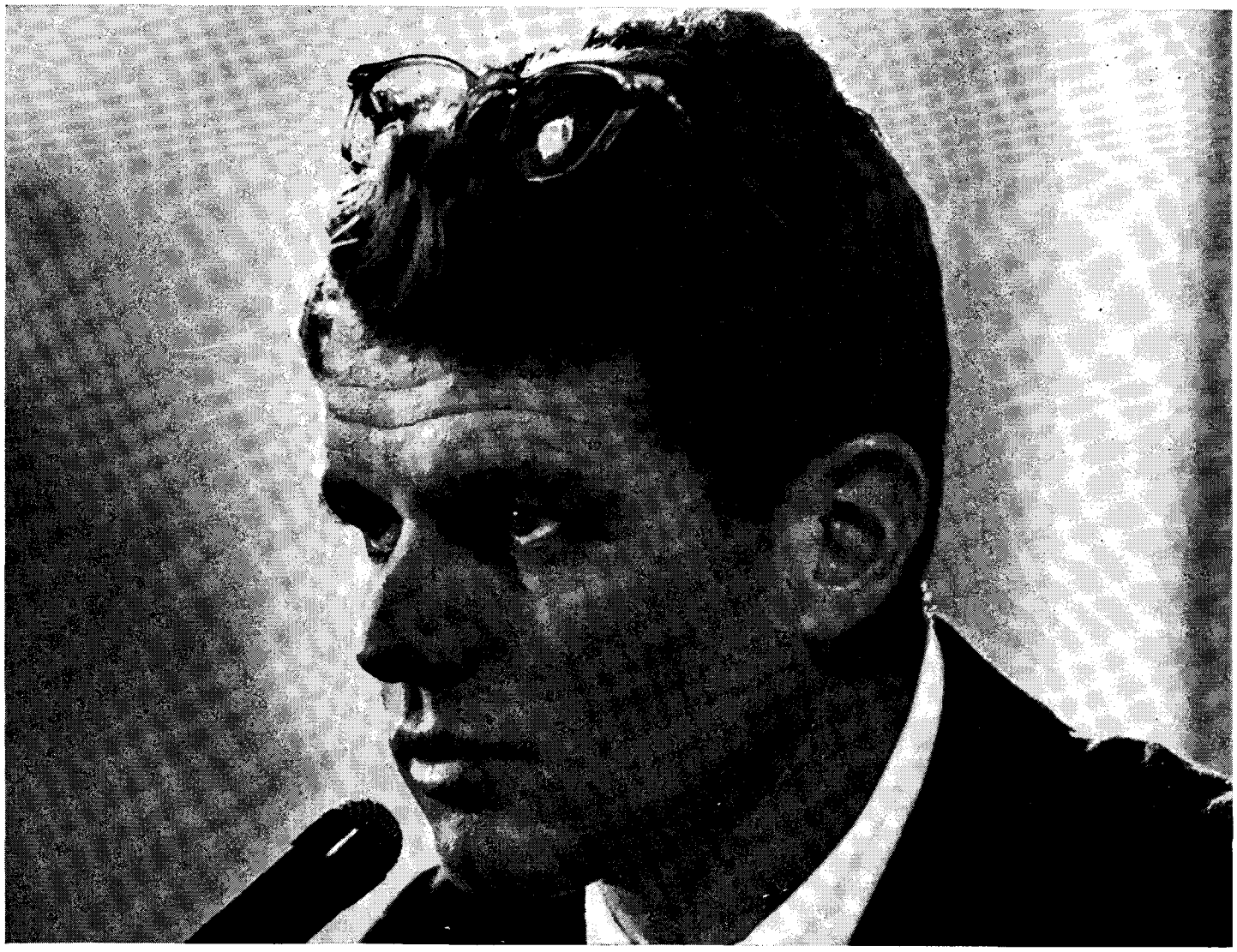
labor attorney said, "Hoffa no longer makes any pretense of purging the Teamsters of hoods and gangsters."

Still powerful in the union are such unsavory characters as Anthony Provenzano, better known as "Tony Pro," an international vice president and the president of Local 560 in Hoboken. At the moment Tony Pro is awaiting trial on two Federal indictments charging extortion and accepting illegal payments.

In Hoffa's own Local 299 in Detroit, George Roxborough, business agent, has pleaded guilty to and Roland McMasters has been convicted of accepting payoffs. McMasters is awaiting the outcome of an appeal. William Presser, president of the Ohio Conference, recently started serving an eight-month sentence in Federal prison for perjury. John J. Felice, president of Joint Council 41, Cleveland, has been convicted of accepting payoffs but is out on appeal. Frank Matula of Los Angeles remains one of the trustees appointed by Hoffa to guard the union's funds although he has served a term for perjury.

Bobby Kennedy's crusade to eliminate or at least reduce the menace of Hoffa began in 1957 when he first clashed with the cocky little teamster at hearings of the Senate Rackets Committee. Kennedy was counsel for the committee, and Hoffa, then a Teamster vice president under Dave Beck, was the major witness. Kennedy concluded at the time that Hoffa was just about the most sinister figure in the land because of his "venality, his shady business deals, his gangster connections, his roughshod abuse of democratic procedure within the union."

The Attorney General still holds that conviction. So, presumably, does his brother the President, who said during the 1960 campaign, "I am not satisfied to see such men as Jimmy Hoffa . . . still free."



FACING HOFFA IN THE SENATE HEARINGS, COUNSEL KENNEDY BEGAN HIS STILL-CONTINUING CRUSADE.

Three times before Nashville the Government had tried to bring Hoffa to book. In 1957 he was acquitted on a charge of attempting to bribe an investigator for the Senate Rackets Committee. Later the same year he was brought to trial on a wiretapping count but went free when the jury failed to agree. Tried again on the charge in 1958, he won an acquittal.

Of these three defeats, the most humiliating for the Government was the first. John Cye Cheasty, a New York lawyer, told Bobby Kennedy that Hoffa had given him money and told him to get a job on the Rackets Committee so he could secretly feed information back to the Teamster leader. Kennedy arranged a trap. FBI men were on hand with cameras when Cheasty delivered papers to Hoffa on a Washington street corner and was paid off. The case seemed airtight, so solid that Kennedy said he would jump off the Capitol dome if Hoffa were acquitted.

Teamsters have been hollering "Jump!" at Kennedy ever since. Hoffa, on the witness stand, coolly admitted paying Cheasty $3,000 in cash out of a "revolving fund" in his office but said he wanted Cheasty as a lawyer, not a spy. The jurors apparently believed his story. Kennedy, furious, blames the Justice Department for sloppy handling of the case.

Having seen Hoffa wriggle free three times, the Attorney General was determined that the Government's case be meticulously prepared by the time the Teamster boss came to trial on the payoff charge. Kennedy accordingly dispatched to Nashville a task force of New Frontiersmen headed by his special assistant, Walter Sheridan, and two of his brightest young attorneys, James F. Neal, 33, an ex-Marine who was born on a farm near Nashville, and Charles N. Shaffer Jr., 30, a New Yorker who graduated from Fordham Law School at the top of his class.

If Hoffa was worried about the caliber of his adversaries, he gave no sign of it. Aged 50 and carrying 190 pounds on his five-foot, five-and-one-half-inch frame, he kept his truck-solid body hard by continuing his long-standing practice of exercising on a chinning bar and doing as many as 25 push-ups each morning. (He and the Attorney General once engaged in a spirited but inconclusive argument over which of them could do the most push-ups.) Most mornings Hoffa also took a brisk four-to-six-mile walk through Nashville before going to court.

On one of these morning hikes, accompanied by this reporter, Hoffa suddenly froze in his tracks as a big truck passed, snarling its way up a grade. A look of rapture crossed his tough, square face. "Ah," he cried, "listen to that exhaust charge. He's kicking her in right now. Ah, he kicked her in just at the right speed and goosed her. Ah, just like music." Standing there bareheaded on that Nashville corner grinning with boyish delight at the shriek of a diesel being goosed, Hoffa seemed not to have the least qualm about the treachery to his own union members which Kennedy regarded as clearly evident.

The Government's case against Hoffa was basically simple. It accused him of violating a fundamental concept of trade-union morality—that no labor official may reap personal profit from dealings with a company whose workers his union represents. A violation of the Taft-Hartley Act, the crime carries a maximum penalty of two years in jail and a fine of $20,000. Furthermore, although it was not an offense that would automatically remove Hoffa from his union presidency under the Landrum-Griffin Act, the Government hoped that conviction would encourage a revolt by teamsters who resented their boss's dictatorial methods but who were kept in line by the belief that nothing could stop him.

Specifically the Government charged that Hoffa and a Teamster crony, the late Owen (Bert) Brennan, shared a payoff from Commercial Carriers Inc., a Detroit-based firm that hauls new automobiles from factories to dealers in rigs driven by teamsters. Commercial Carriers had run into serious labor trouble in 1948 at its terminal in Flint, Michigan, when it suspended an arrangement permitting teamsters who owned their own tractors to lease them to the company. The drivers went on strike, and there was considerable violence and sabotage.

A Government witness, Louis C. Broome, an employee of Commercial Carriers, testified that during the strike he attended a meeting in the office of Bertram B. Beveridge, then vice president and a part owner of the company, when Beveridge received a significant telephone call. After hanging up, according to Broome, Beveridge told the group: "It appears it will be necessary for us to lease equipment from someone Hoffa designated in order to settle the Flint strike."

Shortly thereafter, Hoffa arrived in Flint, denounced the Teamster strike as illegal and ordered the drivers back to work. Right after this, the Government charged, Commercial Carriers staked Hoffa and Brennan to a fleet of trucks which the company then leased back—for 65 percent of each load's revenue.

A St. Louis banker, John Fox, an official of the Mercantile Commerce Bank and Trust Company, testified that he had received a telephone call from Beveridge asking for a loan to finance the purchase of nine new tractors for a new company called Test Fleet.

Fox made a detailed memorandum of the conversation, and his memo became the Government's most important exhibit. In it Fox had written that Test Fleet was being organized "for a Mr. Hoffa and a Mr. Brennan, who, according to Beveridge, are the dominant figures in the union picture in Detroit." Beveridge guaranteed the loan, and it went through.

Test Fleet was chartered in Nashville in 1949, with all of its stock held by the wives of Hoffa and Brennan under their maiden names of Josephine Poszywak (Hoffa) and Alice Johnson (Brennan). This arrangement, the prosecution contended, was a transparent attempt to conceal the true ownership of Test Fleet. Transparent or not, the Government, to win a conviction in Nashville, had to convince the jury that Hoffa (with Brennan) was the real owner and beneficiary of the arrangement.

To this end, the Government sent 29 witnesses to the stand. Several of these said they had never heard of Josephine Poszywak or Alice Johnson but had always dealt with Jimmy Hoffa on Test Fleet business. Even more damaging to the defense was evidence tracing $51,000

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HOFFA

Judge Miller accused Hoffa underlings of trying to sway the jury.

of Test Fleet dividends to Hoffa. The prosecution showed that he had used some of this money to buy mining stock and some for a hunting-and-fishing lodge in upper Michigan which he then magnanimously leased to Teamster officials.

Apparently still more discomforting to Hoffa was the testimony of an old friend, George S. Fitzgerald, a leading Teamster attorney. Called as a Government witness, Fitzgerald testified that Hoffa had once asked him to take a $15,000 dividend check from Test Fleet and give him another check in the same amount. Fitzgerald said that the Test Fleet check was made payable to Mrs. Hoffa and had been endorsed by her. He said he had agreed to the swap, and the check he gave Hoffa was introduced in evidence to show that Hoffa had cashed it.

Shortly after this revelation, Fitzgerald encountered Hoffa in the corridor outside the courtroom. Hoffa was seething with anger. According to Fitzgerald, the Teamster boss told him, "You are finished. You are fired. I want you to turn over all your books and records to the union." (Hoffa denied firing Fitzgerald and insisted the lawyer had resigned. Fitzgerald called Hoffa's statement a "fabrication.")

By the time Hoffa took the stand he had cooled off. He denied that he was involved in or personally profited from the truck-leasing deal. He contended that he had sought legal advice as to whether his wife's part-ownership of Test Fleet was a violation of the Taft-Hartley Act; lawyers had told him it was not. And he contradicted Fitzgerald's testimony on the check swap. He said Fitzgerald had come to him seeking a $15,000 loan. Knowing that by a happy coincidence his wife had just received a dividend check for that very amount, Hoffa said, he had suggested that she give it to Fitzgerald and take the lawyer's personal check for the same amount, holding it until he could make it good.

Hoffa blandly admitted that he had used his wife's Test Fleet dividends to finance certain business investments of his own. But, he said righteously, he considered the money a loan, and he always "put it back in our joint funds at home." There was nothing unusual about this arrangement, he told the jury. After all, he added, "I happen to be the husband of Mrs. Hoffa."

Fatuous as Hoffa's protestations sounded, the Government was unable to prove them false. Perhaps even more damaging to the prosecution's case was the dull, stale, cumulative nature of its testimony.

The only moment of real drama came early in December when an unemployed dishwasher strode through the swinging gate, marched up to the defense table and, drawing a BB pistol from his trench coat, fired point-blank at Hoffa.

"The gun made a much flatter noise than a pistol," says chief prosecutor Neal. "It just went 'Splat, splat, splat.' I thought, *What in the world is holding Hoffa up?*"

But Hoffa was in no genuine trouble. The innocuous pellets struck him on the left arm, raising small welts. His assailant, a 23-year-old former mental patient named Warren Swanson, fared far worse. Hoffa, springing to his feet, caught Swanson with a right to the head. A deputy marshal's revolver butt knocked him to the floor, where Hoffa's bodyguard then kicked him.

Swanson later admitted that he had intended to kill the Teamster boss. "I know it sounds crazy," he said, "but I got a message from a higher power."

In any event, after this one flash of action, the court proceedings inevitably seemed more tedious than before. Everyone was relieved when the weeks of testimony finally ground to an end.

The jury was out for 17 hours. Three times it reported "hopeless deadlock." Finally Judge William E. Miller, furious over instances of attempted jury tampering by "close labor-union associates of the defendant," reluctantly declared a mistrial.

Hoffa, cocky and exuberant, strutted out of the courtroom, leaving the Government lawyers crushed and despondent. It was unlikely, everyone knew, that the case would be brought to trial again. Most of the jurors, it was learned, had been for Hoffa. They had voted eight to four for acquittal on the first poll, seven to five for acquittal at the end.

Nevertheless, no one thinks that Bobby Kennedy's battle to save the country from Hoffa ended on December 23 in Nashville. Already, both sides are laying the groundwork for the next round.

Hoffa for his part has been taking every opportunity to picture himself as the victim of wholly unwarranted Kennedy bias. Recently, for example, he gave signs of pressing the $2.5 million libel suit he filed in 1960 against the National Broadcasting Co., accusing Kennedy of libeling him on a 1959 Jack Paar show.

Early this year, moreover, he charged that Kennedy was trying to put him out of business by preventing Teamster officials from obtaining bond against the loss or theft of union funds.

"The minute a bonding company bonds our union," he declared, "the FBI descends on the company and subpoenas its records. This is the kind of police-state Gestapo system we are living in today."

The Justice Department denied the charge, and Hoffa, asked by the House Labor Committee for evidence to support his charges, admitted that he had no direct personal knowledge of Government pressure on bonding companies.

But a regard for such niceties as evidence is unlikely to keep Hoffa from raising the cry of persecution at every opportunity this spring. For he knows the Government is engaged in preparing the next and perhaps last major effort of the Kennedy crusade.

Last year, even before deciding to bring him to trial in Nashville, the Justice Department had begun moving against Hoffa on a massive front. Throughout the country at least a score of grand juries began investigating various activities of the Teamsters. One grand jury, in Orlando, Florida, returned a criminal indictment against Hoffa, charging that he has misused $500,000 in union funds and committed fraud "by mail, telegraph and telephone" in promoting Sun Valley Inc., a Florida real-estate development touted as the "Teamster Model City of Tomorrow." Many building lots in this model city, the jury charged, were "so low and permeated with water as to make them not suitable for construction of homes." The indictment further charged that Hoffa had a hidden option to buy 45 percent of Sun Valley's stock.

Conviction in this case would make Hoffa liable to 20 years in prison and a fine of $85,000, and the Government debated for months whether to try him in Orlando or Nashville. It was finally decided that the Test Fleet case offered a better chance for quick conviction.

Now Kennedy's lawyers can either revive the Orlando case or drop it in favor of a far more comprehensive charge of mishandling millions of dollars of the Teamsters' pension and welfare funds. This case centers in Chicago, where an indictment is expected to be sought charging Hoffa and other Teamster trustees with using part of the huge pension fund of the union's Central States Conference to finance a series of questionable real-estate ventures.

Reportedly about 60 percent of the $180 million fund administered by these trustees is invested in real-estate loans and mortgages, and the underlying suspicion is that some Teamster officials received kickbacks. Questioned about these investments, Hoffa puts on his practiced air of injured innocence. "Nobody got defrauded out of a nickel," he says, "so where in the hell is the problem?"

THE TEAMSTER TEAM IN NASHVILLE: AIDE JOSEPH KONOWE, TEAMSTER COUNSEL WILLIAM BUFALINO, HOFFA, DEFENSE LAWYER JAMES E. HAGGERTY, HOFFA'S SON JIMMY.

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The Chicago case certainly promises no quick decision; it is immensely complicated. Hoffa, furthermore, has not reached his present eminence in a hoodlum-infested union without learning a great deal about the uses of power; and he has a corps of extremely shrewd legal minds ready to jump at a snap of his fingers. Nevertheless, Justice Department agents have been quietly sifting evidence for more than 18 months. Grand juries have investigated Teamster pension and welfare funds not only in Chicago but in 13 other major cities.

This time the Government knows its case, however complex, must be solid. Each past failure to make its charges stick has only lent apparent substance to Hoffa's carefully wrought self-portrait as the blameless victim of a personal vendetta. "There aren't many bites left in the apple," one Government official explains, "so the next one better be good."

It particularly had better be good because of Hoffa's goal of negotiating a coast-to-coast trucking contract in 1964. The prospect of any one man's holding such extraordinary power over the country is a chilling one, and no one who has seen Hoffa in action thinks that he would hesitate to use that power to enforce his will on the nation.

Hoffa himself scoffs at fears that he might call a nationwide strike. He maintains that it wouldn't be necessary, that the mere threat to strike one or two major lines would be enough to break employers' resistance to his demands. He may well be right. Even now most of the trucking industry is at his mercy.

Against Hoffa's sinister power no bargaining is possible. Contract terms are dictated. The employer can either accept them or be struck. "How do you bargain if you can't say no?" asks Joseph M. Adelizzi, managing director of the Empire State Highway Transportation Association. "How do you bargain if the other fellow holds a strike gun pointed at your belly? Saying no to Hoffa would be like committing suicide." THE END

HOFFA CARRIES A CHINNING BAR ABOUT WITH HIM, ONCE ARGUED WITH BOBBY OVER WHO COULD DO THE MOST PUSH-UPS.

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How big is Jimmy Hoffa?

According to Homer Bigart's story on page 68, Jimmy Hoffa still thinks he is bigger than the people of the United States. We think he is five feet, five and a half inches tall. We hope the courts or the little man's own Teamster Union colleagues confirm this observation soon.

The secret caves of Cuba

As many geologists have known for years, and many so-called intelligence experts are beginning to discover, the island of Cuba is honeycombed with thousands of underground caves. Many of these caves, as the geology textbooks point out, open directly on the sea. It is quite possible for a Soviet submarine to steam directly into some of these caves.

Cuban refugees and exiles have warned our Government *for three years* that the caves of Cuba have been the scene of mysterious and possibly sinister activity. Curiously, when Castro took over, Antonio Nuñez Jiménez, Cuba's leading spelunker (a person who explores caves), was appointed to a top government position. Some of the Cuban exiles now in this country actually worked in these caves, cleaning them and pouring concrete. Then they were barred from further work in the caves. Today, if reports of the refugees can be believed—and we should not be quick to doubt them—the entrances to many of these caves are heavily fortified and no Cubans, not even top-level military personnel, are permitted near them. Whole villages have been relocated away from the caves. The caves are guarded by military personnel of the Soviet Union or satellite soldiers, reportedly including Czechs.

What is inside these caves? The exiles and refugees say some of them contain intermediate-range ballistic missiles, complete with guidance and launching systems. Other caves, they charge, house Soviet-built and Soviet-manned supersonic jet fighters, any of which could be easily converted to carry nuclear weapons. At least five of the caves, those opening on the sea, are said to be complete, operational Soviet submarine bases. Appearing before a Congressional committee recently, the Army's Chief of Intelligence, Major General Alva R. Fitch said, "From the large volume and frequency of reports concerning the underground storage of ammunition, supplies, vehicles and even aircraft, it is certain that there is considerable activity in connection with underground installations through the island. In numerous caves, reports indicate that this activity is being carried out solely by Soviet personnel and that Cubans, including highly placed military officers, are not permitted access.

"There are several thousand caves in Cuba," General Fitch continued, "and many have been used for storage over the years. With the reported addition of dehumidification and air-conditioning equipment, many would be suited to storage of both large and delicate electronic items. Aerial photography has further revealed the extension of roads to known and suspect cave locations. In view of the shortage of aboveground facilities and the requirement for storage of the large amounts of military supplies and equipment believed to be in Cuba, and the relatively simple adaptation of caves for this purpose, it is considered highly probable that much military equipment and supplies are being stored underground."

General Fitch does not believe that the Soviets have installed intermediate-range ballistic missiles in the caves, as the exiles insist. He says, "While all such reports receive exhaustive analysis, it is our belief that the Soviets did, in fact, remove all strategic weapons systems that were in Cuba at the time the quarantine was imposed." General Fitch, an Army man, did not comment on the possibility of underground Soviet submarine bases in Cuba. Thus far, our Navy experts have remained silent on this point.

To date the Government's intelligence-gathering activities in Cuba have inspired little confidence. Defense Secretary McNamara's theatrical television briefing raised a good many more questions than it answered. Moreover, McNamara recently admitted that, when the going got tough, CIA surveillance aircraft were inadequate to cope with Cuba and airplanes of the Strategic Air Command had to be pressed into service. But even those skilled SAC recon experts cannot photograph the inside of a cave. If the Soviets do not even permit the "highly placed military" of Cuba near the caves we would doubt that our CIA men have penetrated them either. Thus, it seems to us that we really don't know what might be inside the caves. We think it is dangerous to assume that they *do not contain* IRBM missiles and submarine pens.

If, as the exiles contend, the caves are loaded with IRBMs and submarine facilities, then Cuba, in fact, has become a Soviet Gibraltar. Only a few Soviet IRBMs in Cuba dangerously tilt the balance of power in Soviet favor. If the Soviets are allowed to operate Polaris-type submarines from Cuban bases, the Reds can attain a serious "third force" threat, with only one-third the number of nuclear submarines required to operate from Soviet home bases. This is the grave threat of the caves of Cuba.

To Americans, the important point is that we do not know what the caves conceal. We think it is vital that our Government find out, beyond doubt, and soon. Having failed once to listen to the warnings of Cuban exiles, it seems to us the Government now has an obligation to disprove their present charge, by whatever means are necessary, including force.

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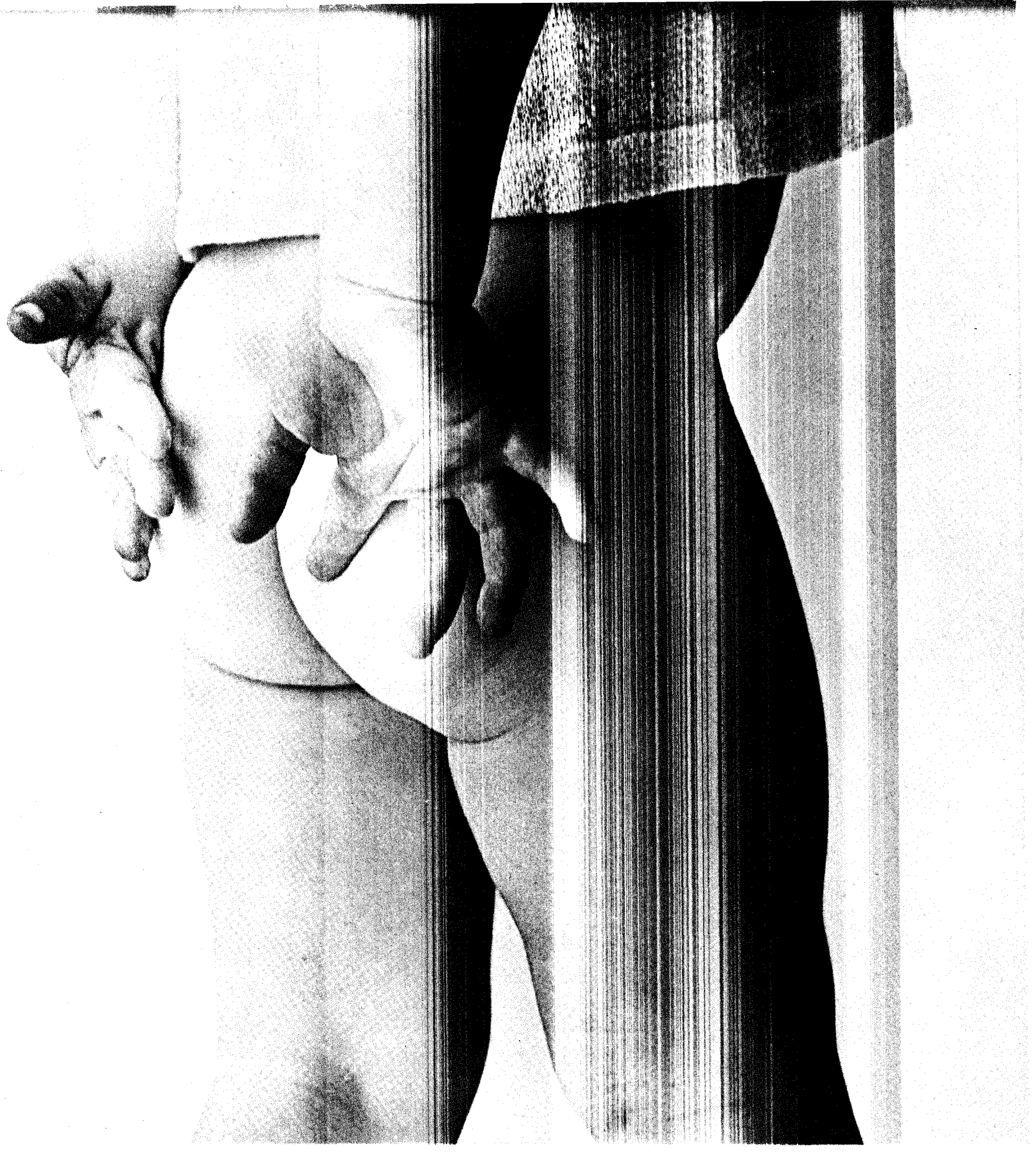

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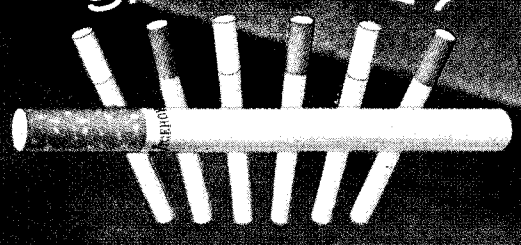

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